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LITURGY
AND
HYMNS
WITH TUNES



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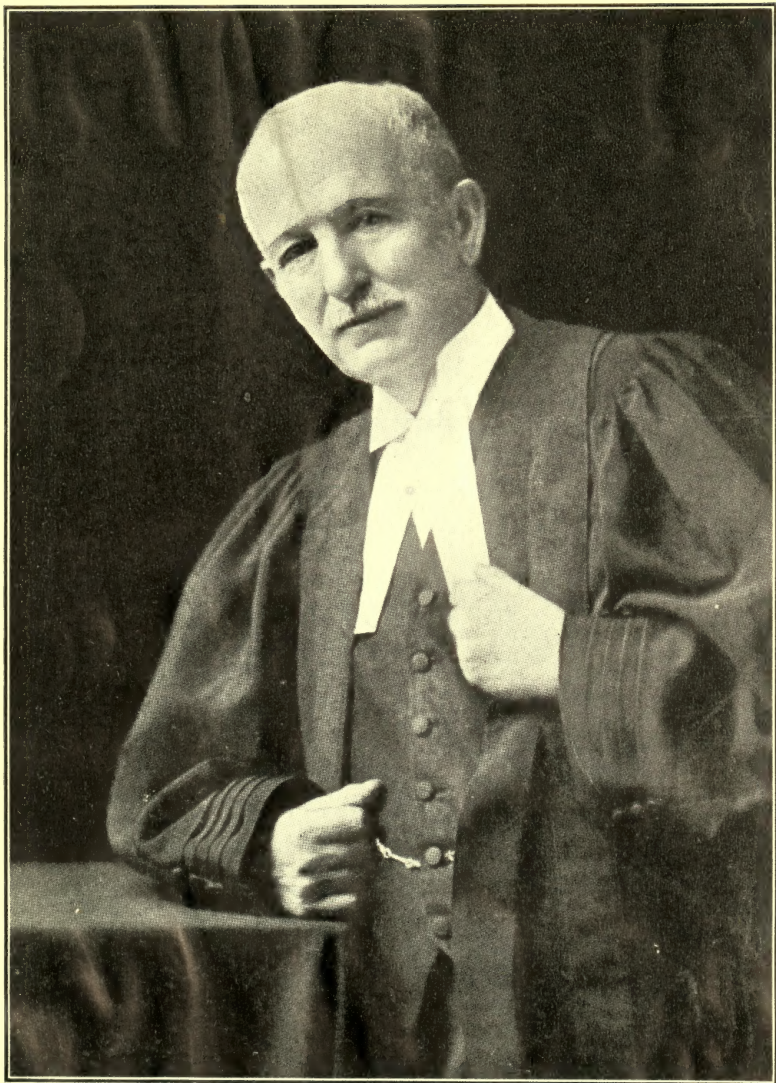
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THE MORAVIAN HYMN BOOK

THE
LITURGY AND CANTICLES

AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN

THE MORAVIAN CHURCH

[UNITAS FRATRUM]

IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

LONDON :
MORAVIAN PUBLICATION OFFICE
32 FETTER LANE


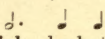

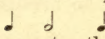
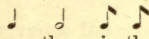
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
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
I.—The Pointing: The word, or first syllable of a word, printed in heavy type, denotes the point in the line where time or rhythm commences. This word or syllable should receive a slight accent.

When between this word and the first bar following there are other words, a dot is used to show whether they should follow only after a pause has been made on the accented word (*see a*), or whether one or more of them should be sung *immediately* after the accented word (*see b*):—

- (a)  **Heaven** . and | earth are | full
-  And the **sick** . he hath | sent ... | empty a- | way
- (b)  We therefore **pray** thee . | help thy | servants
-  **Thou** art . the | King of | Glory.
-  The Lord **hear** thee . in the | day of | trouble.

Two words, or syllables, sung to one note, are printed together, thus:

 of the a- | postles.

 set up our | banners.

II.—The indication of Composers and Dates of Chants follows the method adopted in the case of Hymn Tunes; *see* Preface to Hymn Book with Tunes. Biographical Notes will be found in the Index of Composers at the end of the Hymn Book.

III.—For permission to use copyright chants the Editors are indebted to the following owners of copyright:—

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The Liturgy.

(The words printed in ordinary type are said by the Minister, or sung by the Choir.

The words printed in italics are said or sung by the whole Congregation.)

1.—Public Worship.

(A Liturgic form of prayer is used at one Public Service at least on each Lord's Day.)

First Liturgy at Public Worship.

O COME, let us worship and bow down ; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is our God ; we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good ; his mercy is everlasting ; and his truth endureth to all generations.

(Here may be sung the following Psalm or a Hymn of praise) :—

PSALM 95.*

- 1 O COME, let us sing | unto the | Lord :
Let us make a joyful noise • to the | rock of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving,
And make a joyful noise | unto | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord • is a | great ... | God,
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth :
The strength • of the | hills is | his ... | also.
- 5 The sea is his, | and he | made it :
And his hands | formed the | dry ... | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship | and bow | down :
Let us kneel • be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For | he is our | God ;
And we are the people of his pasture, and • the | sheep ... | of his | hand.
- 8 To-day if ye • will | hear his | voice,
Harden | not ... | your ... | heart,

* For settings of this Psalm, see p. 64.

THE LITURGY.

- 9 *As in · the | provo- | cation,*
And as in the day · of temp- | tation | in the | wilderness :
- 10 *When your fathers | tempted | me,*
Proved | me, and | saw my | work.
- 11 *Forty years long was I grieved · with | this gener- | ation,*
And said, It is a people that do err in their heart · and they | have not |
known, my | ways :
- 12 *Unto whom I swear | in my | wrath*
That they should not · | enter | into my | rest.
Glory be, etc.

(The Minister then says):—

LORD, Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that wilt by no means clear the guilty ;

Incline thine ear and hear : for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses, but for thy great mercies.

(Or,)

THE sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh ; and having an High-priest over the house of God ; let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith.

(Or,)

GOD is light.—If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

(Or,)

I WILL arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord ; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

The Litany.

Let us pray.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

CONGREGATION.

For thine is the king - dom, and the power, and the glo -

ry, For e - ver and e - ver. A - - men.

CHOIR.*

O Son of God, thou Sa - viour of the world,

CONGREGATION.

CHOIR.

Be gra - cious un - to us. O Ho - ly Ghost, the

* Note.—Where there is no Choir, the words set for the Choir, here and throughout the Litany, should be said or sung by the Minister, the Congregation singing the Response.

THE LITURGY.

CONGREGATION.

Com - fort - er, A - bide with us for e - ver.

CONGREGATION.

* Glory be to the **Father**, and to the Son,
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and e - ver shall be,

and world without end, Ho - ly Ghost;
A - - - - - ren.

Let us pray.

CHOIR.

CONGREGATION.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us. Christ, have mer - cy up - on us.

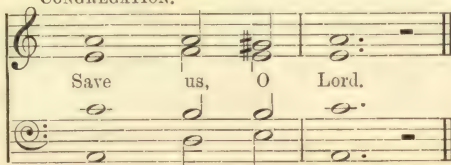
CHOIR.

CONGREGATION.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, Christ, hear . . us.

FROM coldness to thy merits and death,
 From the loss of our glory in thee,
 From error and misunderstanding,
 From hypocrisy and fanaticism,
 From pride, vanity, and hardness of heart,
 From unhallowed ambition,
 From the influence of the spirit of this world,

CONGREGATION.



FROM envy, hatred, and malice,
 From all uncharitableness,
 From needless perplexity,
 From untimely projects,
 From the devil's power and craft,
 From the deceitfulness of sin,
 From all sin, and from eternal death,

Save us, O Lord.

BY thy human birth,
 By thy holy life,
 By thy watching, fasting, and temptations,
 By thy obedience, diligence, and faithfulness,
 By thy humility, meekness, and patience,
 By thy poverty and sorrows,
 By thy prayers and tears,
 By thy having been despised and rejected,

CONGREGATION.



BY thy agony and passion,
 By thy cross and precious blood,
 By thy dying words,
 By thy atoning death,
 By thy rest in the grave,
 By thy triumphant resurrection,
 By thy appearing to the disciples,
 By thy glorious ascension,
 By thy sending the Holy Ghost,
 By thy prevailing intercession,
 By thy abiding presence,
 By thy word and sacrament,
 By thy coming again in glory,
Bless and comfort us, good Lord.

THE LITURGY.

(The following petitions may be used either here, or at the end of the Litany.)

CHOIR.

CONGREGATION.

O Christ, thou Son of God, Have mer - cy up - on us.

This musical block contains the first petition. It features a choir part on a treble clef staff and a congregation part on a bass clef staff. Both parts are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The choir part begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, and a quarter note D. The congregation part begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "O Christ, thou Son of God, Have mer - cy up - on us."

CHOIR.

O thou Lamb of God, which ta - kest a - way the

This musical block contains the second petition. It features a choir part on a treble clef staff and a congregation part on a bass clef staff. Both parts are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The choir part begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, and a quarter note D. The congregation part begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "O thou Lamb of God, which ta - kest a - way the"

CONGREGATION.

CHOIR.

sin of the world, Re - ceive our prayer. O thou Lamb of

This musical block contains the third petition. It features a congregation part on a bass clef staff and a choir part on a treble clef staff. Both parts are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The congregation part begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, and a quarter note D. The choir part begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "sin of the world, Re - ceive our prayer. O thou Lamb of"

God, which ta - kest a - way the sin of the world,

This musical block contains the fourth petition. It features a choir part on a treble clef staff and a congregation part on a bass clef staff. Both parts are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The choir part begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, and a quarter note D. The congregation part begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "God, which ta - kest a - way the sin of the world,"

PUBLIC WORSHIP: FIRST LITURGY.

CONGREGATION.

CHOIR.

Own us to be thine. O thou Lamb of God, which

The first system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Congregation and the bottom staff is for the Choir. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The Congregation part begins with a treble clef and the Choir part with a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the Congregation part starting on the first staff and the Choir part on the second staff. The lyrics are: "Own us to be thine. O thou Lamb of God, which".

CONGREGATION.

ta-kest a-way the sin of the world, Leave thy peace with us.

The second system of the musical score. It consists of two staves, both for the Congregation. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "ta-kest a-way the sin of the world, Leave thy peace with us."

CHOIR.

CONGREGATION.

O Christ, hear us. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.

The third system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Choir (treble clef) and the bottom staff is for the Congregation (bass clef). The lyrics are: "O Christ, hear us. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us."

CHOIR.

CONGREGATION.

Christ, have mer - cy up-on us. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.

The fourth system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Choir (treble clef) and the bottom staff is for the Congregation (bass clef). The lyrics are: "Christ, have mer - cy up-on us. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us."

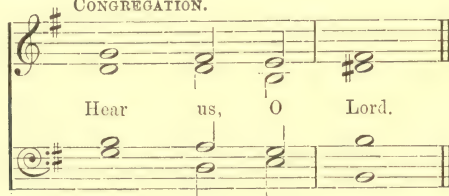
THE LITURGY.

(Here may follow the lessons with the Te Deum or Psalms ; or a Hymn may be sung.)

Let us pray.

Prayer for the Church. O THOU Shepherd of thy people,
Rule and lead thy holy Church universal ;
Unite all the children of God in one spirit,
Increase the knowledge of the mystery of God, even Christ,
And ever manifest in us the glory of thy life, death, and resurrection.

CONGREGATION.



Prayer for the Peace of the Church. DELIVER thy people from all who deceive, and restore those who have been led astray ;

Hinder all schism and offence ;

Enable us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate us ; and being at peace with thee, may we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men ;

Let love and unity prevail throughout thy Church.

Hear us, O Lord.

Prayer for the spread of the Kingdom of God. THOU Light and Desire of all nations,
Watch over thy messengers by land and sea ;
Let thy spirit and power rest upon their witness ;

Send faithful labourers into thy harvest ;

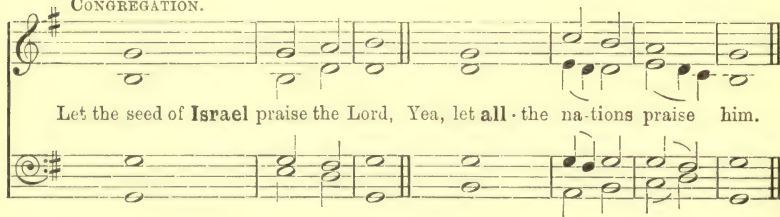
Uphold all who suffer for the sake of the gospel.

Bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen.

Have mercy on thy ancient covenant people, the Jews : deliver them from their blindness ;

And bring all nations to the saving knowledge of thee.

CONGREGATION.

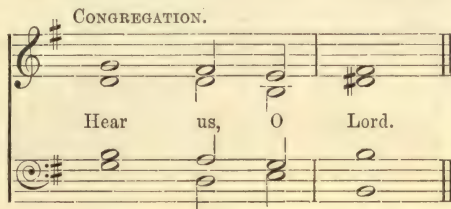


**Prayer for
the Servants of
the Church.**

ANOINT all bishops and ministers with thy Holy Spirit, that they may have true knowledge and understanding of thy word, and in soundness of faith and holiness of life may feed thy Church, which thou hast purchased with thine own blood;

Help our elders to rule well, and guide those who bear office in our congregations;

Command thy blessing on all schools and colleges; may those who teach therein themselves be taught of God.



**Prayer for
those in
Authority.**

WATCH graciously over all kings, princes and governments;
Incline their hearts to righteousness and peace;

Let thy favour rest upon our Sovereign, King George, Queen Mary, Alexandra the Queen-Mother, Edward Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family;

Endue the ministers of state with wisdom; [direct the counsels of Parliament;] guide and protect our magistrates and all in authority; and grant us to lead under them a godly, righteous and sober life.

Hear us, O Lord.

**Prayer for
our own and
all lands.**

SANCTIFY our earthly citizenship, that we may serve our generation according to thy will;

Prevent war and civil strife;

Save us from fire and tempest, drought and earthquake, pestilence and famine;

Let the earth be like a field which the Lord hath blessed;

Give peace and safety, O God, to this land, and to all orders of men therein.

Hear us, O Lord.

(In time of War.)

[GRANT, O Lord, unto our King in these times of danger, thy gracious counsel. Be thou the Protector of this nation, and of our fellow subjects in all parts of the world:

Incline us to humble ourselves before thee, to confess our sins, and to acknowledge that it is of thy mercies that we are not consumed;

In thy tender pity stay the shedding of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease;

To this end, put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations thoughts of peace, that we may see it soon established, to the glory of thy name.

Hear us, O Lord.]

(In time of Industrial Strife.)

[O GOD our heavenly Father, in whose great family all men are brethren and members one of another, grant that thy Spirit may so move the hearts of those who at this time are at variance, that each may look not only to his own things, but also to the things of others, and that all may live in peace and unity.



(In time of an Election.)

[O GOD in heaven, who alone knowest the hearts of men, give us the wisdom from above, which is pure and peaceable, and the love that seeketh not her own; that we may at this time exercise the rights and duties of our citizenship as pleaseth thee; and grant to those elected righteous purpose, and every needful gift, that they may fill their office to the glory of thy name.

Hear us, O Lord.]

(Here may be sung the following Psalm or a Hymn):—

PSALM 67.*

- 1 *GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us ;
And cause · his | face to | shine up- | on us :*
- 2 *That thy way · may be | known up- on | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.*
- 3 *Let the people praise | thee, O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.*
- 4 *O let the nations be glad · and | sing for | joy :
For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern · the | nations
up- | on ... | earth.*
- 5 *Let the people praise | thee, O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.*
- 6 *Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ;
And God, even · our | own ... | God, shall | bless us.*
- 7 *God | shall ... | bless us ;
And all the ends · of the | earth shall | fear ... | him.*

Glory be, etc.

* For settings of this Psalm see p. 62.

Let us pray.

**Prayer for
the
temporal life.**

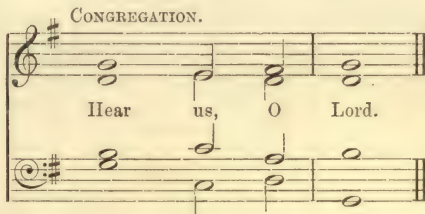
SUPPLY, O Lord, all the wants of thy Church ;

Enable us to provide things honourable, not only in thy sight,
but also in the sight of men ;

Incline our hearts to do good and to bear each other's burdens ;

Bless the sweat of the brow, and faithfulness in business ; but let none
entangle himself with the affairs of this life ;

May all our labour of body and mind be hallowed unto thee.



**Prayer for
Sanctification.**

THOU Head and Saviour of thy body, the Church,

Sanctify and keep thy members through the truth ;

By thy holy humanity make us chaste in soul and body ;

Teach us to serve one another in love ;

Grant us wisdom to bring up our children in thy faith and fear ;

Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all mankind, till we all attain unto the unity of
the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God.

Hear us, O Lord.

THOU Lover of men,

**Prayer for
those in need.**

Send help to all in distress or danger ; watch over all travellers
by land or sea ;

Defend and provide for fatherless children, and widows, and all who are
desolate and oppressed ;

Support the aged and the sick, and, in weakness and suffering, let them feel
that thou lovest them ;

And when thou takest away men's breath, that they die, reveal thyself to the
dying : comfort them with thy presence and peace and with the assured hope of
life eternal.

Hear us, O Lord.

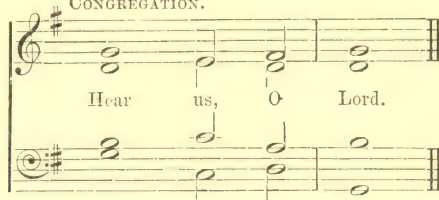
THE LITURGY.

**Closing
Petitions.**

O LORD, who art over all, God blessed for ever, the Saviour of all men,

Have mercy on thy whole creation; for thou camest, by thyself to reconcile all things unto God, whether things in earth, or things in heaven.

CONGREGATION.



Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours.

Hear us, O Lord.

Doxology.

NOW unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to set us before the presence of his glory without blemish in exceeding joy, to the only God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, dominion and power, now, and for evermore.

CONGREGATION.



(Or.)

* O CHRIST, thou Son of God,

Have mercy upon us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Receive our prayer.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Own us to be thine.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

* For musical setting see above, pp. 6 and 7.

Second Liturgy at Public Worship.

(The Minister says one or more of the following sentences):—

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.

God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing.

GOD, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son. And this is the word that we have from him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Dearly beloved, in many ways we all offend and come short of the glory of God. Let us therefore beseech him who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not, to grant us the will and the power truly to repent; increasing in us a right faith, firm hope, and the constant fear of God.

Let us pray.

BE merciful unto us, O Lord,

And enter not into judgment with us.

Pardon our offences in thought, word, and deed, in knowledge or ignorance, in act or intention,

And put our sins out of remembrance for ever.

Create in us a clean heart, O God,

And renew a right spirit within us.

Guide our steps into the way of peace,

And strengthen our hearts to obey thy commands.

THUS saith the Lord, I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood. Being justified by faith let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name.

We offer thee our humble praise, O Lord, for that thou hast sheltered, upheld, and brought us through the past of our life, to this very hour. Above all thy gifts we bless thee for thy Son, Jesus Christ, and for salvation in him. Thou hast created us for thyself, that thou mightest bestow upon us thine everlasting kingdom, and bring us to thy heavenly glory. For all thy mercies we give thee

THE LITURGY.

thanks: for blessings known and unknown, for gifts manifest or concealed. And we beseech thee, O Lover of men, grant us to run our course in safety, health, and joy. Such things as are expedient and excellent, command thou for us. Give what thou wilt, and what thou wilt, deny. Forsake us not who put our trust in thee, but deliver us from the evil one and all his works, through the merits of thine only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

(Or,)

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

Assist us, O Lord, by thy Holy Spirit, that humbly, but with confidence and joy, we may call upon thee as our Father, saying:—

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

MOST merciful Lord, who hast caused us to hear thy wholesome and divine teaching, enlighten our souls to the understanding of thy holy word, so that we may be not only hearers of spiritual truth, but doers of good works, following after faith, hope, charity, and living without offence or blame. *Amen.*

(Here is read a lesson from the Old Testament, after which follows this Psalm or the Te Deum, or a Hymn.)

PSALM 96.*

1 *O SING unto the Lord · a | new ... | song:*

Sing · unto the | Lord, ... | all the | earth.

Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name;

Shew forth · his sal- | vation from | day to | day.

2 *Declare his glory · a- | mong the | heathen,*

His | wonders a- | mong all | people.

For great is the Lord, and greatly | to be | praised:

He is · to be | feared a- | bove all | gods.

* For settings of this Psalm, see p. 66.

3 *For all the gods · of the | nations are | idols :*

But · the | Lord ... | made the | heavens.

Honour and majesty | are be- | fore him :

Strength · and | beauty are | in his | sanctuary.

4 *Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds | of the | people,*

Give unto the Lord | glory | and ... | strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due | unto his | name :

Bring an offering · and | come ... | into his | courts.

5 *O worship the Lord · in the | beauty of | holiness :*

Fear · be- | fore him, | all the | earth.

Say among the heathen · that the | Lord ... | reigneth :

*The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved : he · shall |
judge the | people | righteously.*

6 *Let the heavens rejoice, and let · the | earth be | glad ;*

Let the sea roar, | and the | fulness there- | of ;

Let the field be joyful, and all · that | is there- | in ;

Then shall all the trees of the wood · re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord :

7 *For | he ... | cometh ;*

For · he | cometh to | judge the | earth :

He shall judge · the | world with | righteousness,

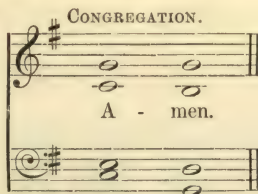
And · the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be, etc.

(Then a lesson from the New Testament is read, after which a Psalm or Hymn is sung.)

Let us pray.

BLESSED Lord, we beseech thee mercifully to accept the prayers we now present unto thee ; and grant, through thy heavenly grace, that asking in faith, we may, according to thy promise, receive the things asked for, through Jesus Christ our Lord.



THE LITURGY.

O LORD our God, we beseech thee

That it may please thee to bless the whole human family ; to give light to the peoples that are in darkness ; to lead all kings, princes, and governors in the way of righteousness ; and to unite all nations in the bonds of peace and love.

CONGREGATION.



That it may please thee to bless our Sovereign King George and all the Royal Family, to rule in their hearts, and bring them to thine everlasting kingdom.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

[That it may please thee to bless the high court of Parliament at this time assembled, and to order all its doings to thy glory, and the welfare of mankind.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.]

That it may please thee to establish our national life in righteousness, to make us reverent in the use of freedom, just in the exercise of power, and generous in the protection of weakness.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

That it may please thee to give, and preserve to us, good laws, and righteous magistrates, who shall administer justice wisely and in the fear of the Lord.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

That it may please thee to purify the commerce of our land, to save the people from indifference and self-indulgence, the greed of gold, and the pursuit of vanity ; and to grant that drunkenness, impurity, and every form of evil may cease from among us.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

That it may please thee to endue the thought and literature of our time with honesty, purity, and reverence.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

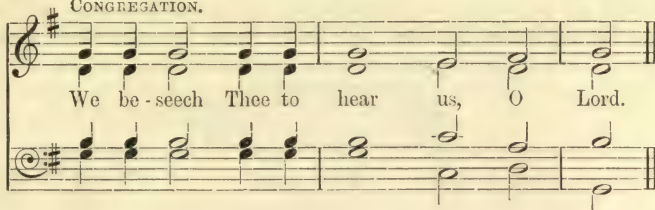
Hear us, O Lord our God, as we pray—

For those who preach the gospel, for bishops, ministers, and teachers ; and all who seek in any way to serve their fellow-men and to extend thy kingdom.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

For the Church universal, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led to the full understanding and practice of their holy faith.

CONGREGATION.



For our own church in all her provinces, that her light may shine forth as of old.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

For the spread of thy kingdom and the hastening of thy return in glory.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

For the poor and ignorant, the weak and lonely, and such as are troubled in mind or conscience, that they may prove thy grace sufficient in all their need.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

For the aged and infirm, the sick, the suffering and the dying; for such as are sad and desolate; that they may find comfort and strength in God.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

For all fathers and mothers, that they may train their children according to thy precepts; for the young, that they may follow the example of the Lord Jesus; and that the members of every household may live in unity and serve one another in love.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

For the careless and unbelieving, the wilful and depraved, that they may turn from their folly, and be delivered from the bonds of their iniquity; and that all may know the love of God and the power of thy salvation.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

That it may please thee to implant in our hearts such love towards thee that we duly serve our fellow-men; and fail not in our duties to the lower creation.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

Finally we entreat thee to accept the prayers of all who call upon thee, and of thy compassion to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord.

THE LITURGY.

ASSIST us mercifully, O Lord, in these our supplications and prayers, and dispose the way of thy servants towards the attainment of everlasting salvation; that, among all the changes and chances of this mortal life, they may ever be defended by thy most gracious and ready help; through Jesus Christ our Lord.



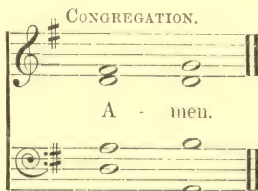
(At the Morning Service :—)

O LORD, our heavenly Father, almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; defend us in the same with thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance, to do always that is righteous in thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(At the Evening Service :—)

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech thee. O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY God who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.



An Alternate Form of Prayer.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Christ our Lord.

CONGREGATION.

We be - seech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

Almighty and most merciful Father; we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; according to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name.

CHOIR * CONGREGATION.

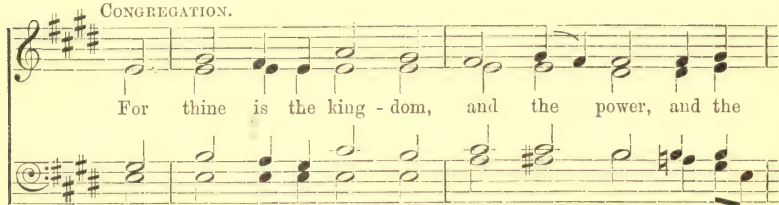
O Lord, have mercy up - on us, And blot out our trans-gressions.

* Where there is no Choir, the words of this Service set for the Choir should be said or sung by the Minister, the Congregation singing the Response.

THE LITURGY.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

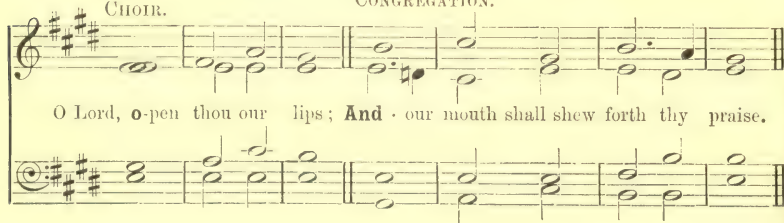
CONGREGATION.



Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life ; but above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives ; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days ; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end.

CHOIR.

CONGREGATION.

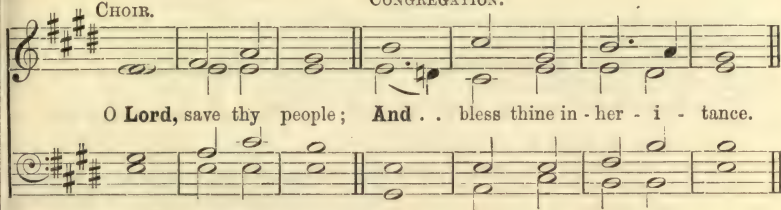


ALTERNATE FORM OF PRAYER

ALMIGHTY Lord and everlasting God, vouchsafe, we beseech thee, to direct, sanctify, and govern, both our hearts and bodies, in the ways of thy laws, and in the works of thy commandments; that, through thy most mighty protection, both now and ever, we may be preserved in body and soul.

CHOIR.

CONGREGATION.

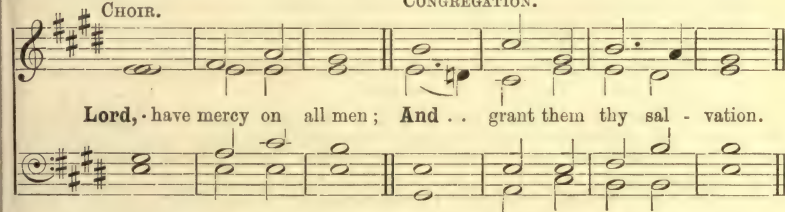


O Lord, save thy people; And . . . bless thine inheritance.

O GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that thou wouldest be pleased to make thy ways known unto them, thy saving health unto all nations. More especially, we pray for the good estate of the catholic Church; that it may be so guided and governed by thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally we commend to thy fatherly goodness all those, who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate [especially those for whom our prayers are desired]; that it may please thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions.

CHOIR.

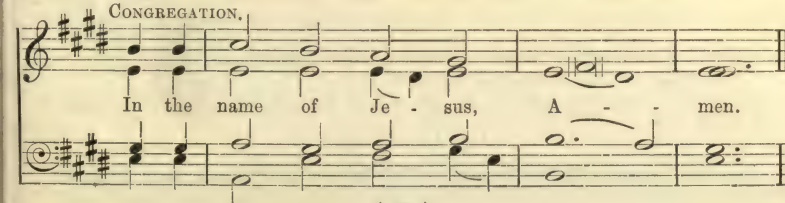
CONGREGATION.



Lord, have mercy on all men; And . . . grant them thy salvation.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise, that where two or three are gathered together in thy name thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting:

CONGREGATION.



In the name of Jesus, Amen.

A Confession of Faith.

(To be used on the first Sunday in Advent, Easter Day, Trinity Sunday, and other occasions.)

I BELIEVE in the one only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who created all things, and was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.

Glory be to thee, O Lord most high.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who chose us in him before the foundation of the world ;

Who delivered us out of the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of his love ;

Who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ ;

Who made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light ; having fore-ordained us unto adoption as sons through Jesus Christ unto himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, which he freely bestowed on us in the Beloved.

In him I verily believe.

I believe in the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him ;

Who became flesh, and dwelt among us ;

And took on him the form of a servant ; Jesus of Nazareth the Son of Man.

He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.

He spake that which he did know, and bare witness of that which he had seen ;

As many as received him, to them gave he the right to become the children of God.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world ;

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, and the third day rose again from the dead.

He ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of the Father, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil ; not with gold or silver, but with his holy, precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying ; to the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him, and serve him in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness ; even as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

In him I verily believe.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after he went away, that he should be our Comforter, and abide with us for ever ;

That he should help our infirmity, and make intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered ; that he should bear witness with our spirit, that we are children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father ;

That he should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God ;

And make our bodies his holy temple ;

And that he should work in us the will of God, dividing his gifts to each one even as he will.

In him I verily believe.

To God be glory in the Church which is in Christ Jesus, the holy universal Christian Church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity. *Amen.*

The Easter Liturgy.

The Lord is risen ;
He is risen indeed.

CONGREGATION.

Chris-tians, dis-miss your fear, Let hope and joy suc-ceed ;

The joy-ful news with glad-ness hear, 'The Lord is ris'n in - deed' ;

The pro-mise is ful - fill'd In Christ, our on - ly Head ;

Jus - tice with mer-cy's re - con - ciled, He lives who once was dead.

THE LITURGY.

(Here is read the history of the Resurrection. After the Confession of Faith the Minister shall say):—

NOW hath Christ been raised from the dead, the firstfruits of them that are asleep. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

(Or,)

NOW hath Christ been raised from the dead, the firstfruits of them that are asleep. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive.

For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. Yet we faint not, for though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast and entering into that which is within the veil; whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us.

CONGREGATION.

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns
2. The high - est place that heaven af - fords

Is crowned with glo - ry now; A roy - al di - a -
 Is his, is his by right; The King of kings and

dem a - dorns The migh - ty Vic - tor's brow.
 Lord of lords, And heaven's e - ter - nal Light.

Let us pray.

LORD Jesus Christ, who through thy resurrection hast opened to us the gates of eternal life, raise us we beseech thee from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, in the communion of thy Church on earth.

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren and sisters of this Congregation who in the past year have entered into thy joy :

Also with all the members of our church whom thou hast called home; and with the whole Church triumphant; and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

GLORY be to him, who is the first and the last. He was dead and behold he is alive for evermore. He is the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on him, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on him shall never die.

Glory be to him in the Church which waiteth for him, and in that which is around him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

2.—The Lord's Supper.

The Lord's Supper is celebrated once a month, and during the preceding week a special Preparatory Meeting is held.

(The Service is opened with a Hymn and Prayer. Another Hymn is then sung, and, all standing, the Minister says):—

OUR Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it and gave it to his disciples, and said: Take, eat, this is my body, which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

(The bread is then distributed while Hymns are sung. All having received the bread, the Minister says):—

Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ's body was given for you, and feed upon him in your hearts by faith with thanksgiving.

(All partake at the same time, kneeling. After silent prayer, all sing, still kneeling):—

Most ho - ly Lord and God, Ho - ly, Al - migh - ty God,

Ho - ly and most mer - ci - ful Sa - viour, Thou e - ter - nal God;

Grant that we may ne - ver Lose the com-forts from thy death;

Have mer - cy, O Lord.

Or this ending:

Have mer - cy, O Lord.

(Verses of thanksgiving are then sung; and, all standing, the Minister says):—

IN like manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup after supper, and when he had given thanks he gave to them, saying, Drink ye all of it: this is my blood, the blood of the new covenant, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

(All then partake of the Cup, while Hymns are sung. During the last Hymn the right hand of fellowship is given. The service closes with the blessing):—

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

CONGREGATION.

* In the name of Je - sus, A - - - men.

3.—The Lovefeast.

The Lovefeast [Jude 12, cp. Acts 2: 46] is observed with the singing of Hymns, Prayer, and Addresses bearing on Christian life and work.

A Lovefeast usually precedes the Lord's Supper and may also mark the celebration of Church festivals.

4.—The Cup of Covenant.

The Service is opened with a Hymn; after which may follow Prayer, Reading from the Scriptures, or Address. During the singing of verses treating of brotherly union in the service of Christ, the Cup is passed from hand to hand. During the last Hymn the right hand of fellowship is given. The service closes with the Benediction.

* Note.—The Key in which this is played should be identical with or related to that of the preceding Tune.

5.—The Thanksgiving of Mothers.

When a mother desires that the Congregation join her in giving thanks to God, this may be done at the Baptismal Service, or on some other fitting occasion.

(The Minister says):—

OUR sister [N.N.] here present desires to render thanks to God in the presence of his people for the special mercy and deliverance he has vouchsafed to her.

(Then may be read Psalm 116, verses 1-9, 12-14, 19, followed by Prayer, Hymn No. 762, and the Old Testament blessing.)

6.—The Baptism of Infants.

(After the singing of a Hymn, which may be followed by an Address, the Minister says):—

Let us pray.

ASSIST us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally by thy mercy obtain everlasting life. *Amen.*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

By all the merits of thy life, sufferings, and death,
By thy resurrection and ascension,
By thy abiding presence,
By thy holy sacraments,

Bless and comfort us, good Lord.

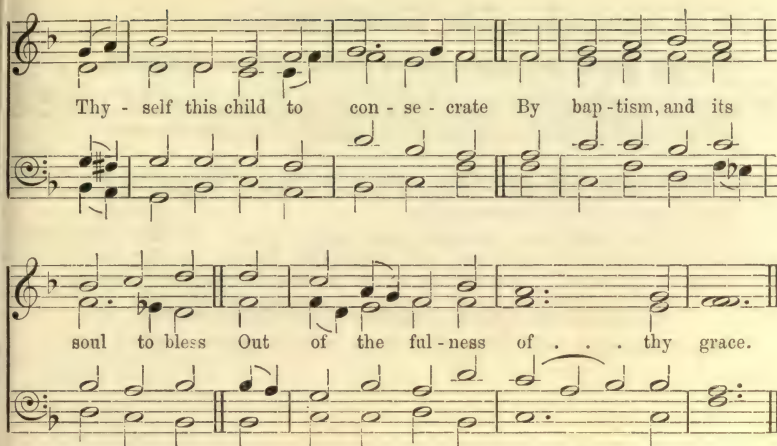
(During the singing of the following verse the infant is brought in):—

CONGREGATION.

An in - fant we pre - sent to thee, As thy re - deem - ed

pro - per - ty, And thee most fer - vent - ly en - treat,

The musical score is written for a congregation and consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system contains the lyrics 'An in - fant we pre - sent to thee, As thy re - deem - ed'. The second system contains the lyrics 'pro - per - ty, And thee most fer - vent - ly en - treat,'. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).



Thy - self this child to con - se - crate By bap - tism, and its
soul to bless Out of the ful - ness of . . . thy grace.

(The Minister then says) :—

BAPTISM was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, who said unto his disciples: Go ye and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you.

He also said: Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven; and he took them up in his arms, and blessed them, laying his hands on them.

The parents (guardians) of this child, desiring to train him (her) up as a follower of Christ, consecrate him (her) to the Lord in the presence of his people; and the congregation receives him (her) into the fold of Christ, in the ordinance of baptism, mindful of his command to the Apostle Peter, Feed my lambs.

Let us pray.

(After a short prayer, the father presents the child, which the Minister baptizes, saying):—

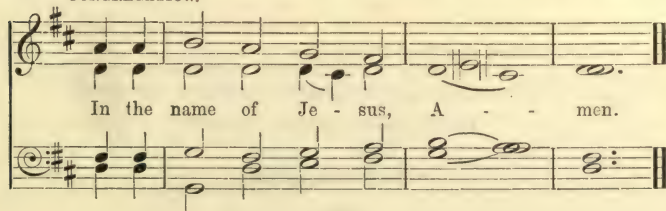
N., I baptize thee into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

CONGREGATION.



In the name of Je - sus, A - - - men.

7.—The Confirmation

Of such as have been baptized in infancy.

Previous to Confirmation, Candidates are instructed by the Minister in our Holy Faith, in the duties and responsibilities of Church Membership, and in the meaning of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. They partake with the Congregation at the next celebration.

(The Service is opened with a Hymn, Prayer, and the reading of Scripture ; after which follows an Address to the Congregation, and especially to the Candidates. Another Hymn may then be sung, after which the Minister says):—

WITH the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation ; for Jesus said : Every one who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven.

(The Minister then asks the Candidates these or similar questions) :—

Do you believe in Jesus Christ who loved you and gave himself for you ?

(Answer.)

I do.

Is it your set will and purpose, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world, following and serving Christ ?

(Answer.)

It is.

Is it your earnest wish to continue steadfastly in the teaching and fellowship of the Church ?

(Answer.)

It is.

(The Congregation standing, the Candidates kneel, and the Minister lays his hands on each, pronouncing a text of Scripture, such as) :—

The very God of peace sanctify you wholly ; and I pray God, your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(Or,)

The God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ.

(After this the Minister adds) :—

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

*In the name of Jesus. Amen.**

* For setting, see p. 29.

(The Minister gives to each the right hand of fellowship, in token of reception into the communicant fellowship of the Church of Christ. The Minister then says):—

Ye have confessed the good confession in the sight of many witnesses; I charge you, in the sight of God who quickeneth all things, and of Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed the good confession, that ye keep the commandment, without spot, without reproach, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(The Congregation kneeling, prayer is offered, after which the Service is closed with a Hymn and the Benediction.)

8.—The Reception of Communicants.

The reception of persons from the Communicant Membership of some other branch of the Christian Church takes place at a Communion Lovefeast, or at the Communion Service. The Minister announces the name of the persons to be received, and during the singing of a Hymn, such as No. 622, the Minister gives to each the right hand of fellowship.

9.—The Baptism of Adults.

(The Service is opened with a Hymn, Prayer, and the reading of Scripture; after which follows an Address to the Congregation, and especially to the Candidates. Another Hymn may then be sung, after which the Minister says):—

BAPTISM was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, who said unto his disciples: Go ye and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you.

If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith: Whosoever believeth on him shall not be put to shame. For there is no distinction between Jew and Greek: for the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all that call upon him: for, Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

And our Lord Jesus said: Every one who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven.

(The Minister then asks the Candidates these or similar questions):—

Do you believe in Jesus Christ who loved you and gave himself for you?

(Answer.)

I do.

THE LITURGY.

Is it your set will and purpose, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live soberly, and righteously, and godly in this present world, following and serving Christ ?

(Answer.)

It is.

Is it your earnest wish to continue steadfastly in the teaching and fellowship of the Church ?

(Answer.)

It is.

(The Congregation standing, the Candidates kneel, and the Minister baptizes each, saying) :—

N., I baptize thee into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

*In the name of Jesus. Amen.**

(The Minister gives to each the right hand of fellowship in token of reception into the Communion of the Church of Christ.

The Minister then says) :—

Ye have confessed the good confession in the sight of many witnesses. I charge you, in the sight of God who quickeneth all things, and of Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed the good confession, that ye keep the commandment, without spot, without reproach, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(After Prayer the service is closed with a Hymn and the Benediction.)

10.—The Ordination of Ministers.

(The Service is opened by singing the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, Hymn No. 196, 197, or the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, No. 680. After the reading of Scripture, and Prayer for God's presence and blessing, the Bishop addresses the Congregation, with a charge to the Candidates for Ordination. After a Hymn the Bishop says) :—

THERE is one body, and one spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all. But unto each one of us was the grace given according to the measure of the gift of Christ. He gave some to be apostles ; and some, prophets ; and some, evangelists ; and some, pastors and teachers ; for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ : till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a fullgrown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

* For setting, see p. 29.

THE ORDINATION OF MINISTERS.

(At the Ordination of Deacons the following questions may be put to each Candidate):—

Do you bring a ready mind to spend and be spent in the service of Christ and his Church?

(Answer.)

I do.

Do you take the Holy Scriptures as the standard of truth in all your teaching in the things pertaining to God?

(Answer.)

I do.

Do you promise to work loyally with your brethren, according to the principles and rules of the Moravian Church?

(Answer.)

I do.

(Next follows the Ordination Prayer.)

(At the Ordination of Deacons or Presbyters.)

MOST merciful Father, we beseech thee to send upon these thy servants thy heavenly blessing; that they may be clothed with righteousness, and that thy word spoken by their mouths may have such success, that it may never be spoken in vain. Grant also, that we may have grace to hear and receive what they shall deliver out of thy most holy word, or agreeable to the same, as the means of our salvation; that in all our words and deeds we may seek thy glory, and the increase of thy kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(At the Consecration of Bishops.)

ALMIGHTY God, and most merciful Father, who of thine infinite goodness hast given thine only and dearly beloved Son, Jesus Christ, to be our Redeemer, and the Author of everlasting life; who, after that he had made perfect our Redemption by his death, and was ascended into heaven, poured down his gifts abundantly upon men, making some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers, to the edifying and making perfect his Church; Grant, we beseech thee, to this thy servant such grace that he may evermore be ready to spread abroad thy Gospel, the glad tidings of reconciliation with thee; so that as a wise and faithful servant, giving to thy family their portion in due season, he may at last be received into everlasting joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who, with thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

(Then, with the laying on of hands by the Bishops present, the presiding Bishop says):—

I ordain (*consecrate*) thee to be a Deacon (Presbyter) (*Bishop*) in the Church of God, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

*In the name of Jesus. Amen.**

* For setting, see p. 29.

THE LITURGY.

(After silent Prayer the Service is usually closed with a Doxology as follows) :—

Doxology at the Ordination of Deacons and Presbyters.

CHOIR.

C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.

Glo - ry be to thy most mer - i - to - rious Min - is - try,

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves.

O thou Ser - vant of the true tab - er - na - cle, who didst not

The second system continues the melody and harmony. The treble staff has a key signature change to D major (two sharps) for the final measure. The lyrics are written below the staves.

come to be min - is - ter'd un - to, but to min - is - ter, to

The third system continues the melody and harmony. The treble staff has a key signature change to D major (two sharps) for the final measure. The lyrics are written below the staves.

min - is - ter. A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah,

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features a key signature change to D major (two sharps) and a time signature change to 3/2. The lyrics are written below the staves.

THE DOXOLOGY AT ORDINATION.

CONGREGATION.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Doxology at the Consecration of Bishops.

CHOIR.

C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.

Glo - ry be to the Shep - herd and

Bis - hop of our souls, the great Shep-herd of the sheep thro' the

blood of the e - ver - last - ing cov - e - nant; Glo - ry,

THE LITURGY.

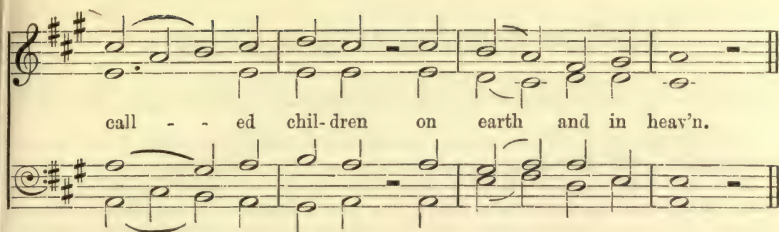
Glo - ry and o - be - dience be un - to God the Ho - ly

Ghost, our guide and com - fort - er; Glo - ly

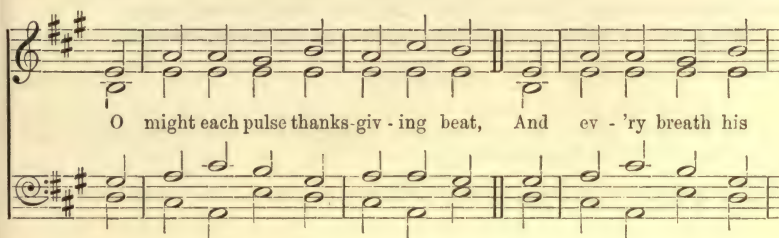
ry and a - do - ra - tion be to the Fa - ther of our

Lord Je - sus Christ, who is the Fa - ther of all who are

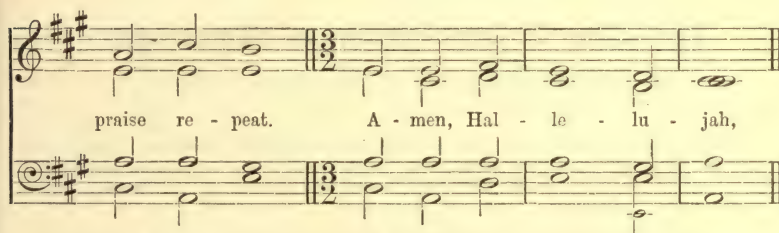
THE DOXOLOGY AT ORDINATION.



call - - ed chil-dren on earth and in heav'n.

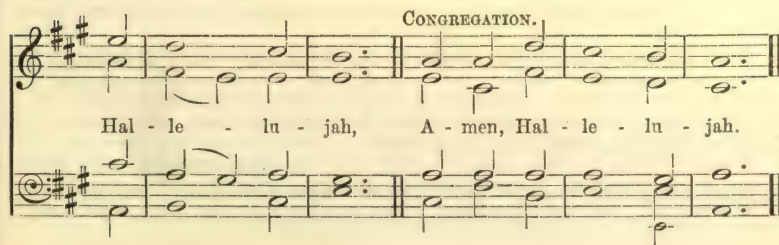


O might each pulse thanks-giv - ing beat, And ev - 'ry breath his



praise re - peat. A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah,

CONGREGATION.



Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah.

11.—The Dedication of a Church.

(The Service is opened with a Hymn, followed by Prayer and the reading of Scripture. After the Te Deum or other Canticle or Hymn, the Congregation standing, the Bishop says):—

THUS saith the Lord: In every place where I record my name I will come unto thee and I will bless thee.

But will God, in very deed, dwell on the earth? Behold heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that we have builded! Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servants and to their supplication; that thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day. And hearken thou to the supplications of thy people, whensoever they shall pray; yea, hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place; and when thou hearest, forgive.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

I dedicate this Church to the worship of God according to the use of the Moravian Church, and for the service of his people, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(Here follows the Prayer of Dedication; after a Hymn and Sermon, the Service closes with a Hymn and the Benediction.)

12.—The Solemnization of Marriage.

(The Service is opened with a Hymn. The Minister then says):—

Let us pray.

ASSIST us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life. *Amen.*

DEARLY beloved, we are assembled in the sight of God to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is an honourable estate, instituted of God, and counted worthy to show in a figure the mystical union between Christ and his Church.

Our Lord honoured it by his presence, and the miracle which he wrought at the marriage in Cana of Galilee. It is also enjoined in scripture that marriage be had in honour among all. Therefore it is not to be taken in hand unadvisedly or lightly, but soberly and reverently, and in the fear of the Lord, duly considering the causes for which matrimony was ordained.

It was ordained for the mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity; and that children might be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and to the praise of his holy name.

THE SOLEMNIZATION OF MARRIAGE.

In this holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined together.

Therefore, if any one can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now testify the same.

(The Minister then says to the persons to be married, the woman standing at the man's left hand):—

I require and charge you both, as in the presence of God, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now declare it.

(Then the man says after the Minister):—

I do solemnly declare that I know not of any lawful impediment why I, M.M., may not be joined in matrimony to N.N.*

(Then the woman says after the Minister):—

I do solemnly declare that I know not of any lawful impediment why I, N.N., may not be joined in matrimony to M.M.*

(Then the Minister says unto the man):—

M.M., Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health; and keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

(And the man answers):—

I will.

(Then the Minister says unto the woman):—

N.N., Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love, honour, and obey him; and cherish him, in sickness and in health; and keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

(And the woman answers):—

I will.

(Then the man puts a ring upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, and, holding it there, says after the Minister):—

I give this ring as a pledge and token of our union, and **I call upon these persons here present to witness that I, M.M., do take thee, N.N., to be my lawful wedded wife.***

(And the woman says after the Minister):—

I receive this ring as a pledge and token of our union, and **I call upon these persons here present to witness that I, N.N., do take thee, M.M., to be my lawful wedded husband.***

* The declarations in heavy type are required by law in England and Wales.

THE LITURGY.

(Then joining their right hands, the Minister says):—

Forasmuch as M.M. and N.N. have consented together in holy wedlock, and have testified the same before God and this company, with joining of hands and giving and receiving a ring: I pronounce that they be man and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Those whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

*In thee name of Jesus. Amen.**

(Here may be read the following Scripture; or an Address may be given.)

Wives, be in subjection unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ also is the head of the church, being himself the saviour of the body. But as the church is subject to Christ, so let the wives also be to their husbands in everything. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself up for it; that he might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing of water with the word, that he might present the church to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. Even so ought husbands to love their own wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his own wife loveth himself: for no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as Christ also the church; because we are members of his body. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the twain shall become one flesh. This mystery is great; but I speak in regard of Christ and of the church. Nevertheless, do ye also severally so love each one his own wife even as himself, and let the wife see that she fear her husband.

Let us pray.

LORD, Lord God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, who hast thyself instituted the holy estate of matrimony; since this man and woman have been joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony, jointly to live unto thee, and to serve thee in holiness and righteousness all their days; we pray thee to confirm thy word upon them; that both this man may love and cherish his wife, and also that this woman may love and obey her husband, according to thy word; that whilst they both shall live, they may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant made between them.

Look, O Lord, mercifully upon them from heaven, and bless them. Sanctify their marriage state. Grant them ever to remain in love and peace together. Cause them to walk together in thy ways, to be in all things devoted to thee, and conformed to thine image, in the love that is between thee and thy church; that they, obeying thy will, dwelling as heirs together of the grace of life, and being always in safety under thy protection, may abide in thee unto their life's end, and finally by thy mercy, inherit thy everlasting kingdom. *Amen.*

(The Service is closed with a Hymn and the New Testament blessing.)

* For setting, see p. 29.

13.—The Burial of the Dead.

NONE of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ died, and lived again, that he might be Lord of both the dead and the living.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

[As touching children, Jesus saith, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom.]

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

(Here may follow the reading of Scripture, an Address, and Hymn.)

Let us pray.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

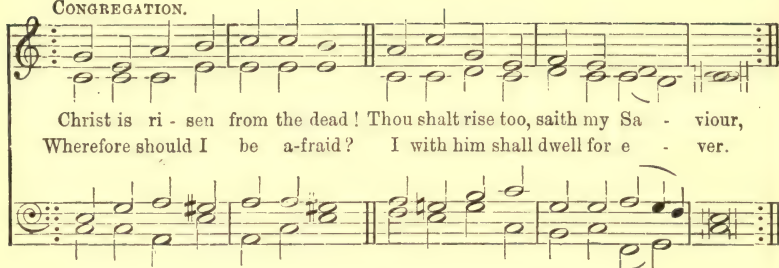
Christ, hear us.

By thy human birth,
By thy prayers and tears,
By all the sorrows of thy life,
By thy agony and passion,
By thy cross and precious blood,
By the grief and anguish of thy soul,
By thy dying words,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy abiding presence,
By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being called home to thee,

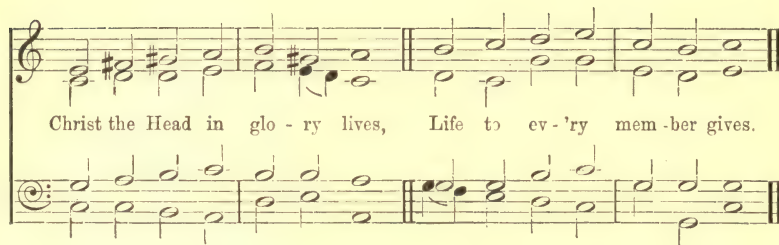
Bless and comfort us, good Lord.

THE LITURGY.

CONGREGATION.



Christ is ri - sen from the dead ! Thou shalt rise too, saith my Sa - viour,
Wherefore should I be a-fraid ? I with him shall dwell for e - ver.



Christ the Head in glo - ry lives, Life to ev - 'ry mem - ber gives.

(At the grave) :—

LET not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you ; for I go to prepare a place for you.

I am the Resurrection and the Life ; he that believeth in me, though he die, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

O death, where is thy victory ? O death, where is thy sting ? The sting of death is sin ; and the power of sin is the law ; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

(As the body is committed to the grave) :—

WE now commit the body of this our brother (sister, child) to the ground ; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life of all believers, through our Lord Jesus Christ ; who shall change the body of our humiliation that it may be like unto the body of his glory, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

(Or,)

Now lay we calm - ly in the . . grave

This form, where- of no doubt we have That it shall rise a -

gain that day In glo - rious tri - umph o'er de - cay.

Let us pray.

O LORD, who art the joy of the afflicted, the comfort of mourners, the aid of the fainthearted, do thou in thy tenderness console them, heal their distress, calm their fear, and grant unto them that peace which passeth understanding. *Amen.*

Keep us, O Lord, in everlasting fellowship with the Church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

GLORY be to him who is the Resurrection and the Life, who quickeneth us, while in this dying state, and after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more;

Glory be to him in the Church which waiteth for him, and in that which is around him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

The Canticles.

Ancient Hymns and Creeds.

1.—The Apostles' Creed.

Credo in Deum Patrem. 2nd Cent., received form, 7th Cent.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth :

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried ; He descended into hell ; The third day he rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven ; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

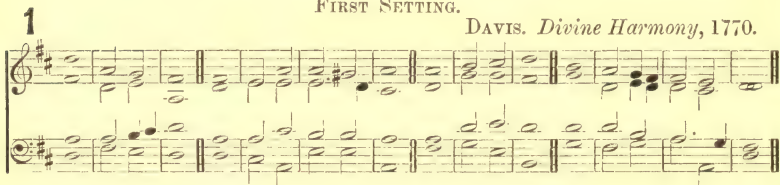
I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The holy catholic Church ; The communion of saints ; The forgiveness of sins ; The resurrection of the body ; And the life everlasting. *Amen.*

14th Cent. Prymer.

2.—Te Deum Laudamus.

FIRST SETTING.

DAVIS. *Divine Harmony*, 1770.



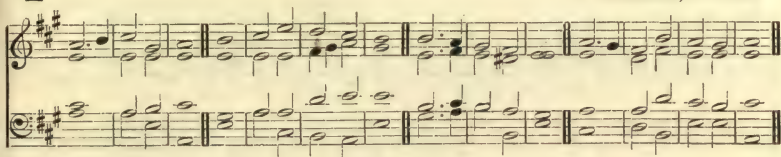
Nicetas of Remesiana, c. 400.

- 1 We **praise** | thee, O | God,
We acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the **earth** · doth | worship | thee,
The | Father | ever- | lasting.
- 3 To thee all **angels** | cry a- | loud,
The **heavens**, · and | all the | powers there- | in.
- 4 To thee **cherubim** · and | sera- | phim
Con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 **Holy**, | holy, | holy,
Lord | God of | Saba- | oth,
- 6 **Heav'n** · and | earth are | full
Of · the | majes-ty | of thy | glory.
- 7 The glorious **company** | of the a- | postles
Praise | | thee.
- 8 The goodly **fellowship** | of the | prophets
Praise | | thee.
- 9 The **noble** | army | of | martyrs
Praise | | thee.
- 10 The holy **Church** · throughout | all the | world
Doth | ... ac- | knowledge | thee :

- 11 The **Father** · of an | infi-nite | majesty;
 Thine **honourable**, | true, and | only | Son;
 12 **Also** · the | Holy | Ghost,
 The | Com-... | ... for- | ter.

2

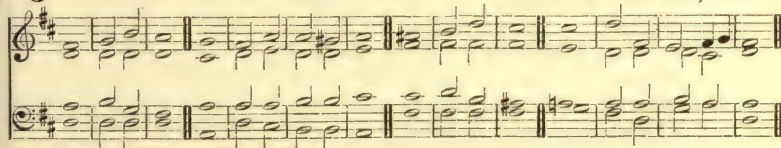
T. JACKSON, c. 1780.



- 13 **Thou** art · the | King of | Glory,
 O | | Christ.
 14 **Thou** art the **ever-** | lasting | Son
 Of | ... the | Fa-... | ther.
 15 When thou tookest upon **thee** · to de- | liver | man,
 Thou didst **not** · ab- | hor the | Virgin's | womb.
 16 When thou hadst overcome · the | sharpness | of | death,
 Thou didst open the **Kingdom** · of | Heaven | to | all be- | lievers.
 17 Thou sittest at the **right** | hand of | God
 In · the | glory | of the | Father.
 18 We **believe** · that | thou shalt | come
 To | be ... | our ... | Judge.
 19 We therefore **pray** thee, · | help thy | servants,
 Whom thou hast **redeemed** | with thy | precious | blood.
 20 Make them to be **numbered** | with thy | saints
 In | glory | ever- | lasting.

3

G. J. ELVEY, 1845.



- 21 O **Lord**, | save thy | people,
 And | bless thine | heri- | tage.
 22 **Go-** | ... vern | them,
 And | lift them | up for | ever.
 23 **Day** | by ... | day,
 We | magni- | fy ... | thee;
 24 **And** · we | worship thy | name,
 Ever | world with- | out ... | end.
 25 **Vouch-** | safe, O | Lord,
 To **keep** us · this | day with- | out ... | sin.
 26 O **Lord**, · have | mercy up- | on us,
 Have | mercy up- | on ... | us.
 27 O **Lord**, let thy **mercy** | lighten up- | on us,
 As · our | trust ... | is in | thee.
 28 O **Lord**, in **thee** | have I | trusted;
 Let · me | never | be con- | founded.

2.—Te Deum Laudamus.

SECOND SETTING.

4

Adapted by J. CORFE (1740—1820),
from H. LAWES, 1635.



Nicetas of Remesiana, c. 400.

- 1 We **praise** | thee, O | God,
We **acknowledge** | thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the **earth** · doth | worship | thee,
The | Father | ever- | lasting.
- 3 To thee all **angels** | cry a- | loud,
The **heavens**, · and | all the | powers there- | in.
- 4 To thee **cherubim** · and | sera- | phim
Con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 **Holy**, | holy, | holy,
Lord | God of | Saba- | oth,
- 6 **Heav'n** · and | earth are | full
Of · the | majes-ty | of thy | glory.
- 7 The glorious **company** | of the a- | postles
Praise | | thee.
- 8 The goodly **fellowship** | of the | prophets
Praise | | thee.
- 9 The **noble** | army | of | martyrs
Praise | | thee.
- 10 The holy **Church** · throughout | all the | world
Doth | ... ac- | knowledge | thee :
- 11 The **Father** · of an | infi-nite | majesty ;
Thine **honourable**, | true, and | only | Son ;
- 12 **Also** · the | Holy | Ghost,
The | Com-... | ... for- | ter.

5

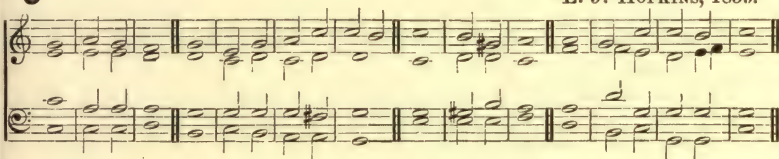
R. COOKE, 1841.



- 13 **Thou** art · the | King of | **Glory**,
O | | | **Christ**.
 14 Thou art the **ever-** | lasting | **Son**
Of | ... the | **Fa...** | **ther**.
 15 When thou tookest **upon** thee · to de- | liver | **man**,
 Thou didst **not** · ab- | hor the | **Virgin's** | **womb**.
 16 When thou hadst **overcome** · the | sharpness of | **death**,
 Thou didst open the **Kingdom** · of | Heaven to | all be- | **lievers**.
 17 Thou sittest at the **right** | hand of | **God**
In · the | glory | of the | **Father**.
 18 We **believe** · that | thou shalt | **come**
To | be ... | our ... | **Judge**.
 19 We therefore **pray** thee, · | help thy | **servants**,
 Whom thou hast **redeemed** | with thy | **precious** | **blood**.
 20 Make them to be **numbered** | with thy | **saints**
In | glory | **ever-** | **lasting**.

6

E. J. HOPKINS, 1859.



- 21 **O Lord**, | save thy | **people**,
And | bless thine | heri- | **tage**.
 22 **Go-** | ... vern | **them**,
And | lift them | up for | **ever**.
 23 **Day** | by ... | **day**
We | magni- | fy ... | **thee** ;
 24 **And** · we | worship thy | **name**,
Ever | world with- | out ... | **end**.
 25 **Vouch-** | safe, **O** | **Lord**,
To keep us · this | day with- | out ... | **sin**.
 26 **O Lord**, · have | mercy up- | on us,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | **us**.
 27 **O Lord**, let thy **mercy** | lighten up- | on us,
As · our | trust ... | is in | **thee**.
 28 **O Lord**, in **thee** | have I | **trusted** ;
Let · me | never | be con- | **founded**.

15th Cent. Prymer.

2.—Te Deum Laudamus.

THIRD SETTING.

7

W. RUSSELL, c. 1805.



Nictas of Remesiana, c. 400.

- 1 We **praise** | thee, O | God,
We **acknowledge** | thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the **earth** · doth | worship | thee,
The | Father | ever- | lasting.
- 3 To thee all **angels** | cry a- | loud,
The **heavens**, · and | all the | powers there- | in.
- 4 To thee **cherubim** · and | sera- | phim
Con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 **Holy**, | holy, | holy,
Lord | God of | Saba- | oth,
- 6 **Heav'n** · and | earth are | full
Of · the | majes-ty | of thy | glory.
- 7 The glorious **company** | of the a- | postles
Praise | | thee.
- 8 The goodly **fellowship** | of the | prophets
Praise | | thee.
- 9 The **noble** | army of | martyrs
Praise | | thee.
- 10 The holy **Church** · throughout | all the | world
Doth | ... ac- | knowledge | thee :
- 11 The **Father** · of an | infi-nite | majesty ;
Thine **honourable**, | true, and | only | Son ;
- 12 **Also** · the | Holy | Ghost,
The | Com-... | ... for- | ter.

8

J. JONES, 1859.



- 13 **Thou** art · the | King of | **Glory**,
O | | | **Christ**.
14 Thou art the **ever-** | lasting | **Son**
Of | ... the | **Fa-**... | **ther**.
15 When thou tookest **upon** thee · to de- | liver | man,
Thou didst **not** · ab- | hor the | Virgin's | womb.
16 When thou hadst **overcome** · the | sharpness of | death,
Thou didst open the **Kingdom** · of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
17 Thou sittest at the **right** | hand of | God
In · the | glory | of the | **Father**.
18 We **believe** · that | thou shalt | come
To | be ... | our ... | **Judge**.
19 We therefore **pray** thee, · | help thy | servants,
Whom thou hast **redeemed** | with thy | precious | blood.
20 Make them to be **numbered** | with thy | saints
In | glory | ever- | lasting.

9

K. J. PYE, 1859.



- 21 **O Lord**, | save thy | people,
And | bless thine | heri- | tage.
22 **Go-** | ... vern | them,
And | lift them | up for | ever.
23 **Day** | by ... | day
We | magni- | fy ... | thee;
24 **And** · we | worship thy | name,
Ever | world with- | out ... | end.
25 **Youch-** | safe, O | Lord,
To keep us · this | day with- | out ... | sin.
26 **O Lord**, · have | mercy up- | on us,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | us.
27 **O Lord**, let thy **mercy** | lighten up- | on us,
As · our | trust ... | is in | thee.
28 **O Lord**, in **thee** | have I | trusted;
Let · me | never | be con- | founded.

15th Cent. Prymer.

2.—Te Deum Laudamus.

FOURTH SETTING.

10

W. CROTCH, c. 1805 (comp. 1791).



Nicetas of Remesiana, c. 400.

- 1 We **praise** | thee, O | God,
We **acknowledge** | thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the **earth** · doth | worship | thee,
The | Father | ever- | lasting.
- 3 To thee all **angels** | cry a- | loud,
The **heavens**, · and | all the | powers there- | in.
- 4 To thee **cherubim** · and | sera- | phim
Con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 **Holy**, | holy, | holy,
Lord | God of | Saba- | oth,
- 6 **Heav'n** · and | earth are | full
Of · the | majes-ty | of thy | glory.
- 7 The glorious **company** | of the a- | postles
Praise | | thee.
- 8 The goodly **fellowship** | of the | prophets
Praise | | thee.
- 9 The noble | army of | martyrs
Praise | | thee.
- 10 The holy **Church** · throughout | all the | world
Doth | ... ac- | knowledge | thee :
- 11 The **Father** · of an | infi-nite | majesty ;
Thine **honourable**, | true, and | only | Son ;
- 12 **Also** · the | Holy | Ghost,
The | Com-... | ... for- | ter.

11

Probably adapted by L. FLINTOFT, c. 1765,
from a tune in ALLISON'S *Psalms*, 1599.



- 13 **Thou art** · the | **King of** | **Glory,**
O | | **Christ.**
- 14 **Thou art** the **ever-** | lasting | **Son**
Of | ... the | **Fa...** | **ther.**
- 15 When thou tookest upon thee · to de- | liver | man,
 Thou didst **not** · ab- | hor the | **Virgin's** | **womb.**
- 16 When thou hadst overcome · the | sharpness of | death,
 Thou didst open the **Kingdom** · of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
- 17 Thou sittest at the **right** | hand of | **God**
In · the | glory | of the | **Father.**
- 18 We believe · that | thou shalt | come
To | be ... | our ... | **Judge.**
- 19 We therefore **pray** thee, · | help thy | servants,
 Whom thou hast **redeemed** | with thy | precious | blood.
- 20 Make them to be **numbered** | with thy | saints
In | glory | ever- | lasting.

12

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



- 21 **O Lord,** | save thy | people,
And | bless thine | heri- | tage.
- 22 **Go-** | ... vern | them,
And | lift them | up for | ever.
- 23 **Day** | by ... | day
We | magni- | fy ... | thee;
- 24 **And** · we | worship thy | name,
Ever | world with- | out ... | end.
- 25 **Vouch-** | safe, O | Lord,
 To **keep** us · this | day with- | out ... | sin.
- 26 **O Lord,** · have | mercy up- | on us,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | us,
- 27 **O Lord,** let thy **mercy** | lighten up- | on us,
As · our | trust ... | is in | thee.
- 28 **O Lord,** in **thee** | have I | trusted;
Let · me | never | be con- | founded.

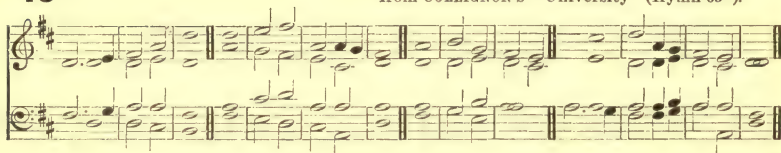
15th Cent. Prymer.

2.—Te Deum Laudamus.

FIFTH SETTING.

13

Probably adapted by J. RANDALL, c. 1810,
from COLLIGNON'S "University" (Hymn 652).



Nicetas of Remesiana, c. 400.

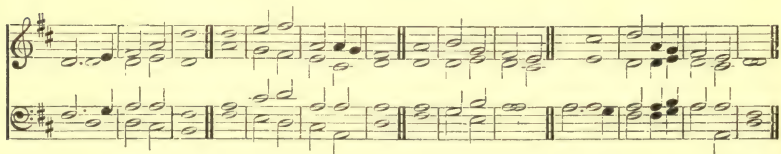
- 1 We **praise** | thee, O | God,
We **acknowledge** | thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the **earth** · doth | worship | thee,
The | Father | ever- | lasting.
- 3 To thee all **angels** | cry a- | loud,
The **heavens**, · and | all the | powers there- | in.
- 4 To thee **cherubim** · and | sera- | phim
Con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,

14

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



- 5 **Holy**, | holy, | holy,
Lord | God of | Saba- | oth,
- 6 **Heav'n** · and | earth are | full
Of · the | majes-ty | of thy | glory.



- 7 The glorious **company** | of the a- | postles
Praise | | | thee.
 8 The goodly **fellowship** | of the | prophets
Praise | | | thee.
 9 The **noble** | army | of | martyrs
Praise | | | thee
 10 The holy **Church** · throughout | all the | world
Doth | ... ac- | knowledge | thee :
 11 The **Father** · of an | infi-nite | majesty ;
 Thine **honourable**, | true, and | only | Son ;
 12 **Also** · the | Holy | Ghost,
The | Com-... | ... for- | ter.

15

J. CLARKE-WHITFIELD, c. 1820.



- 13 **Thou** art · the | King of | Glory,
O | | | Christ.
 14 Thou art the **ever**- | lasting | Son
Of | ... the | Fa-... | ther.

16

Origin unknown.



- 15 When thou tookest **upon** thee · to de- | liver | man,
 Thou didst **not** · ab- | hor the | Virgin's | womb.
 16 When thou hadst **overcome** · the | sharpness | of | death,
 Thou didst open the **Kingdom** · of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
 17 Thou sittest at the **right** | hand of | God
In · the | glory | of the | Father.
 18 We **believe** · that | thou shalt | come
To | be ... | our ... | Judge.

17

W. TURNER (?), 1760.



- 19 We therefore **pray** thee, • | help thy | servants,
 Whom thou hast **redeemed** | with thy | precious | blood.
 20 Make them to be **numbered** | with thy | saints
 In | glory | ever- | lasting.
 21 O **Lord**, | save thy | people,
 And | bless thine | heri- | tage.
 22 **Go-** | ... vern | them,
 And | lift them | up for | ever.

18

R. WOODWARD, c. 1765.



- 23 **Day** | by ... | day
 We | magni- | fy ... | thee ;
 24 And • we | worship thy | name,
 Ever | world with- | out ... | end.



- 25 **Vouch-** | safe, O | Lord,
 To **keep** us • this | day with- | out ... | sin.
 26 O **Lord**, • have | mercy up- | on us,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | us.
 27 O Lord, let thy **mercy** | lighten up- | on us,
As • our | trust ... | is in | thee.
 28 O Lord, in **thee** | have I | trusted ;
Let • me | never | be con- | founded.

15th Cent. *Prymer*.

3.—Magnificat.

19

H. SMART, 1877.



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Or this Chant:—

20

J. GOSS, 1841.



Or this Chant:—

Or this Chant:—

21

J. BATTISHILL, c. 1765.



22

P. HAYES, c. 1805.



LUKE 1, 46—55.

- 1 My soul doth **magni-** | fy the | Lord,
And my spirit **hath** · re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.
- 2 For **he** | hath re- | garded
The **low** · es- | tate of | his hand- | maiden ;
- 3 **For**, · be- | hold, from | henceforth
All · gener- | ations shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 For he that is mighty hath **done** · to | me great | things ;
And | holy | is his | name.
- 5 And his **mercy** · is on | them that | fear him
From **gener-** | ation to | gener- | ation.
- 6 He hath shewed **strength** | with his | arm ;
He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts.
- 7 He hath put down the **mighty** | from their | seats,
And exalted | them of | low de- | gree.
- 8 He hath filled the **hungry** · with | good ... | things ;
And the **rich** · he hath | sent ... | empty a- | way.
- 9 He hath **holpen** · his | servant | Israel,
In · re- | membrance | of his | mercy ;
- 10 As he **spake** | to our | fathers,
To **Abraham**, · and | to his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the **Father**, · and | to the | Son,

And | to the | Holy | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, · and | ever | shall be :

World · without | end ... | A- ... | men.

4.—Benedictus.

23

R. LANGDON, 1774.



Or this Chant:—

24

T. ATTWOOD, 1829.



Or this Chant:—

25

E. J. HOPKINS, 1857.



LUKE 1, 68—79.

- 1 Blessed be the **Lord** | God of | Israel ;
For he hath **visited** | and re- | deemed his | people,
And hath raised up an **horn** · of sal- | vation | for us
In the **house** | of his | servant | David ;
- 2 As he spake by the **mouth** · of his | holy | prophets,
Which have **been** | since the | world be- | gan ;
That we should be **saved** | from our | enemies,
And **from** · the | hand of | all that | hate us ;
- 3 To perform the mercy **promised** | to our | fathers,
And · to re- | member his | holy | covenant ;
The oath which he **sware** · to our | father | Abraham,
That **he** · would | grant ... | unto | us,
- 4 That we, being delivered out of the **hand** | of our | enemies,
Might | serve him | without | fear,
In holiness and **righteous-** | ness be- | fore him,
All · the | days ... | of our | life.
- 5 And thou, child, shalt be called the **Prophet** | of the | Highest :
For thou shalt go before the face of the **Lord** | to pre- | pare his | ways ;
To give knowledge of **salvation** | unto his | people
By · the re- | mission | of their | sins ;

- 6 Through the tender **mercy** | of our | God ;
 Whereby the day-spring **from** · on | high hath | visit-ed | us,
 To give light to them that sit in darkness and **in** · the | shadow of | death,
 To guide our **feet** | into the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the **Father**, · and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, · and | ever | shall be :
World · without | end ... | A- ... | men.

5.—Nunc Dimittis.

26

J. HINDLE, 1829.



Or this Chant:—

27

W. FELTON, 1791.



Or this Chant:—

28

J. BARNEY, 1865.



LUKE 2, 29—32.

- 1 Lord, now lettest thou thy **servant** · de- | part in | peace,
Ac- | cording | to thy | word ;
- 2 **For** · mine | eyes have | seen
Thy | ... sal- | va- ... | tion,
- 3 **Which** · thou | hast pre- | pared
Before · the | face of | all ... | people ;
- 4 A **light** · to | lighten the | Gentiles,
 And the **glory** | of thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the **Father**, · and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, · and | ever | shall be :
World · without | end ... | A- ... | men.

6.—Gloria in Excelsis.

FIRST SETTING.

W. CROFT (?).
Cathedral Music, 1760.

29



LUKE 2, 14.

Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις. 4th Cent. (Latin, 7th Cent.)

- 1 **Glory** · be to | God on | high,
And in **earth** | peace, good- | will towards | men.
- 2 We praise thee, we **bleſs** thee, · we | worship | thee,
We **glorify** thee, | we give | thanks to | thee.
- 3 For thy great **glory**, | O Lord | God,
Heavenly King, **God** · the | Father | Al- ... | mighty.

30

S. WESLEY, 1861 (posthumous).



- 4 O Lord, the only-begotten **Son** | Jesus | Christ ;
O Lord God, **Lamb of God**, | Son ... | of the | Father,
- 5 That takeſt away the **sins** | of the | world,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | us.
- 6 Thou that takeſt away the **sins** | of the | world,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | us.
- 7 Thou that takeſt away the **sins** | of the | world,
Re- | ceive ... | our ... | prayer.
- 8 Thou that ſitteſt at the right **hand** · of | God the | Father,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | us.



- 9 For **thou** | only art | holy ;
Thou | only | art the | Lord.
- 10 Thou only, O **Chriſt**, · with the | Holy | Ghost,
Art moſt high in the glory of **God** · the | Father, | A-... | men.

1549. *Book of Common Prayer*.

6.—Gloria in Excelsis.

SECOND SETTING.

31

E. J. HOPKINS, 1859.



LUKE 2, 14.

Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις. 4th Cent. (Latin, 7th Cent.)

- 1 **G**lory · be to | God on | high,
And in **e**arth | peace, good- | will towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we **b**less thee, · we | worship | thee,
We **g**lorify thee, | we give | thanks to | thee.
3 For thy great **g**lory, | O Lord | God,
Heavenly King, **G**od · the | Father | Al- ... | mighty.

32

T. PURCELL (*d.* 1682).

- 4 O Lord, the only-begotten **S**on | Jesus | Christ ;
O Lord God, **L**amb of God, | Son ... | of the | Father,
5 That takest away the **s**ins | of the | world,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | us.
6 Thou that takest away the **s**ins | of the | world,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | us.
7 Thou that takest away the **s**ins | of the | world,
Re- | ceive ... | our ... | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right **h**and · of | God the | Father,
Have | mercy up- | on ... | us.



- 9 For **t**hou | only art | holy ;
Thou | only | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O **C**hrist, · with the | Holy | Ghost,
Art most high in the glory of **G**od · the | Father, | A- ... | men.

1549. *Book of Common Prayer.*

7.—The Beatitudes.

33

Adapted by BECKWITH, 1808,
from R. FARRANT (?).



Or this Chant:—

34

T. PURCELL (*d.* 1692).



MATTHEW 5, 3—12.

- 1 **Blessed** · are the | poor in | spirit :
 For | theirs is the | Kingdom of | heav'n.
- 2 **Blessed** · are | they that | mourn :
 For | they shall be | comfort- | ed.
- 3 **Blessed** | are the | meek :
 For | they shall in- | herit the | earth.
- 4 **Blessed** are they which do hunger and **thirst** | after | righteousness :
 For | they ... | shall be | filled.
- 5 **Blessed** | are the | merciful :
 For | they shall ob- | tain ... | mercy.
- 6 **Blessed** · are the | pure in | heart :
 For | they shall | see ... | God.
- 7 **Blessed** | are the | peacemakers :
 For **they** · shall be | called the | children of | God.
- 8 **Blessed** are they which are **persecuted** · for | righteous-ness' | sake :
 For | theirs is the | Kingdom of | heaven.

The Beatitudes may also be said, with the following response after each:—

Grant us this grace, we beseech thee, O Lord.

Psalms.

PSALMS.

8.—Psalm 20.

35

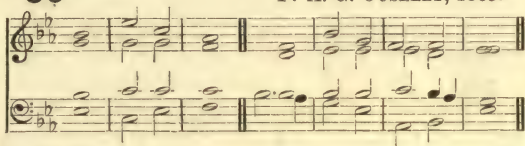
W..CROTCH, 1842.



Or this Chant:—

36

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1865.



Or this Chant:—

37

J. Goss, 1841.



- 1 The Lord **hear** thee · in the | day of | trouble ;
The name of the **God** · of | Jacob de- | fend ... | thee ;
- 2 Send thee **help** | from the | sanctuary,
And | strengthen thee | out of | Zion ;
- 3 Remember | all thy | offerings,
And · ac- | cept ... | thy burnt | sacrifice ;
- 4 Grant thee **according** · to | thine own | heart,
And · ful- | fil ... | all thy | counsel.
- 5 We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our **God** · we will |
set up our | banners :
The **Lord** · ful- | fil all | thy pe- | titions.
- 6 Now know I that the Lord **saveth** | his an- | ointed ;
He will hear him from his holy heaven with the **saving** | strength of | his
right | hand.
- 7 Some trust in **chariots**, · and | some in | horses :
But we will **remember** · the | name of the | Lord our | God.
- 8 They are **brought** | down and | fallen :
But **we** · are | risen, and | stand ... | upright.
- 9 **Save**, | | Lord :
Let the **King** | hear us | when we | call.

Glory be to the **Father**, · and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, · and | ever | shall be :
World · without | end ... | A- ... | men.

9.—Psalm 67.

38

T. PURCELL, *d.* 1682.



Or this Chant :—

39

G. J. ELVEY, 1861.



Or this Chant :—

40

W. FELTON, *c.* 1805.



Or this Chant :—

41

J. NARES, 1768.



- 1 God be merciful **unto** | us, and | bless us ;
And **cause** · his | face to | shine up- | on us ;
- 2 That thy **way** · may be | known up- on | earth,
Thy **saving** | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people **praise** | thee, O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.
- 4 O let the nations be **glad** · and | sing for | joy :
For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and **govern** · the |
na- tions up- | on ... | earth.
- 5 Let the people **praise** | thee, O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.
- 6 Then shall the **earth** | yield her | increase ;
And God, **even** · our | own ... | God, shall | bless us.
- 7 **God** | shall ... | bless us ;
And all the **ends** · of the | earth shall | fear ... | him.

Glory be to the **Father**, · and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, · and | ever | shall be :
World · without | end ... | A- ... | men.

10.—Psalm 95.

42

J. ROBINSON, 1760.



Or this Chant:—

43

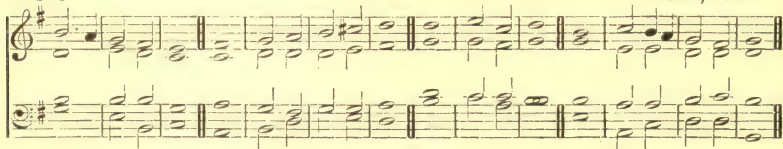
W. JACOBS, 1829.



Or this Chant:—

44

R. COOKE, 1841.



Or this Chant:—

45

R. WOODWARD, c. 1765.



- 1 O come, let us **sing** | unto the | Lord :
Let us make a joyful **noise** · to the | rock of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his **presence** | with thanks- | giving,
And make a joyful **noise** | unto | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the **Lord** · is a | great ... | God,
And a **great** | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hand are the deep **places** | of the | earth :
The **strength** · of the | hills is | his ... | also.
- 5 The sea is **his**, | and he | made it :
And his **hands** | formed the | dry ... | land.
- 6 O come, let us **worship** | and bow | down :
Let us **kneel** · be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 **For** | he is our | God ;
And we are the people of his pasture, **and** · the | sheep ... | of his | hand.
- 8 To-day if **ye** · will | hear his | voice,
Harden | not ... | your ... | heart,
- 9 As **in** · the | provo- | cation,
And as in the **day** · of temp- | tation | in the | wilderness
- 10 When your **fathers** | tempted | me,
Proved | me, and | saw my | work.
- 11 Forty years long was I **grieved** · with | this gener- | ation,
And said, It is a people that do err in their **heart**, · and they | have not
known my | ways :
- 12 Unto whom I **sware** | in my | wrath
That they **should** not · | enter | into my | rest.

Glory be to the **Father**, · and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, · and | ever | shall be :
World · without | end ... | A- ... | men.

11.—Psalm 96.

46

W. CROTCH, c. 1805.



Or this Chant :—

47

S. WESLEY, 1845 (?) (posthumous).



Or this Chant :—

48

Earl of MORNINGTON, c. 1815.
Altered.



- 1 O sing unto the **Lord** · a | new ... | song :
Sing · unto the | Lord, ... | all **the** | earth.
Sing unto the **Lord**, | **bles**s his | name ;
Shew **forth** · his sal- | vation from | day to | day.
- 2 Declare his **glory** · a- | mong the | heathen,
His | wonders a- | mong all | people.
For great is the Lord, and **greatly** | to be | praised :
He is · to be | feared a- | bove all | gods.
- 3 For all the **gods** · of the | nations are | idols :
But · the | Lord ... | made the | heavens.
Honour and **majesty** | are be- | fore him :
Strength · and | beauty are | in his | sanctuary.
- 4 Give unto the Lord, O ye **kindreds** | of the | people,
Give unto the **Lord** · | glory | and ... | strength.
Give unto the Lord the glory **due** · | unto his | name :
Bring an **offering**, · and | come ... | into **his** | courts.
- 5 O worship the **Lord** · in the | beauty of | holiness :
Fear · be- | fore him, | all the | earth.
Say among the **heathen** · that the | Lord ... | reigneth :
The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved :
he · shall | judge the | people | righteously.
- 6 Let the heavens rejoice, and **let** · the | earth be | glad ;
Let the sea **roar**, | and the | fulness there- | of ;
Let the field be joyful, and **all** · that | is there- | in ;
Then shall all the trees of the **wood** · re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord :
- 7 **For** | he ... | cometh ;
For · he | cometh to | judge the | earth :
He shall **judge** · the | world with | righteousness,
And · the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the **Father**, · and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, · and | ever | shall be :
World · without | end ... | A- ... | men.

49

J. RANDALL, c. 1805.



Or this Chant :—

50

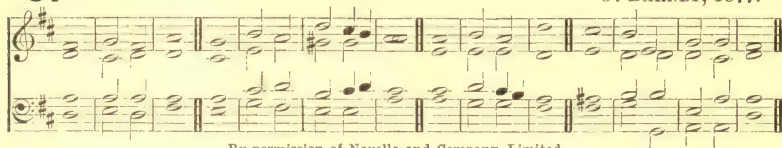
J. TURLE, 1845.



Or this Chant :—

51

J. BARNBY, 1877.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

- 1 O sing unto the **Lord** · a | new ... | song;
 For **he** · hath | done ... | marvellous | things :
 His right **hand**, · and his | holy | arm,
 Hath | gotten | him the | victory.
- 2 The Lord hath made **known** | his sal- | vation :
 His righteousness hath he openly **shewed** · in the | sight ... | of the | heathen.
 He hath remembered his mercy and his **truth** · toward the | house of | Israel :
 All the ends of the earth have **seen** · the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 3 Make a joyful noise unto the **Lord**, | all the | earth :
 Make a loud **noise**, · and re- | joice, and | sing ... | praise.
 Sing unto the **Lord** | with the | harp ;
 With the **harp** | and the | voice of a | psalm.
- 4 With **trumpets** · and | sound of | cornet
 Make a joyful **noise** · be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
 Let the sea **roar**, · and the | fulness there- | of ;
 The **world**, · and | they that | dwell there- | in.
- 5 Let the **floods** | clap their | hands :
 Let the hills be **joyful** · to- | gether be- | fore the | Lord ;
 For he **cometh** · to | judge the | earth :
 With righteousness shall he judge the **world**, | and the | people with | equity.

Glory be to the **Father**, · and | to the | Son,

And | to the | Holy | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, · and | ever | shall be :

World · without | end ... | A- ... | men.

Irregular Hymns.

HOSANNA ANTHEM.

13.—Hosanna Anthem.

MATTHEW 21, 9.

C. GREGOR, 1765.

Boys.*

Ho - san - na, Bless - ed is he that comes,

Girls.*

Ho - san - na,

Ho - san - na,

Bless - ed is he that comes, Ho - san - na,

Ho - san - na, Bless - ed is he that

Ho - san - na,

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) with piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into systems, each containing staves for the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are interspersed with the musical notation. The Boys' part is marked with an asterisk (*), and the Girls' part is also marked with an asterisk (*). The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the right and left hands.

* In most congregations these parts are taken by *Boys* and *Girls* alternately; they may, however, easily be performed according to any other responsive arrangement.

IRREGULAR HYMNS.

comes, he that comes in the name of the Lord,
 Bless-ed is he that comes, he that comes in the name of the

Ho - san - na, Bless - ed is he that comes,
 Lord, Ho - san - na,

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na,
 Bless - ed is he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho -

HOSANNA ANTHEM.

Ho - san - na in the high - est,

san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - - - est,

Ho - - san - na, Ho - san - na,

Ho - san - na, Ho -

Ho - san - na in the high - - est.

san - na in the highest, Ho - san - na in the high - - est.

f

14.—Festal Dorology.

Dem Lamm, das geschlachtet ist.

C. GREGOR, 1755.

CHOIR.

CONGREGATION.

Un-to the Lamb . . that was slain, And hath re -

CHOIR.

deem - ed us out of all na - tions of the earth; Un-to the

CONGREGATION.

Lord who pur-chas-ed our souls for him - self; Un-to that

Friend who lov - ed us, and washed us from our sins in

FESTAL DOXOLOGY.

CHOIR. CONGREGATION.

his own blood; Who died for us once, That we might die un-to

CHOIR. CONGREGATION.

sin; Who rose for us, That we al - so might rise;

CHOIR. CONGREGATION.

Who as-cend - ed for us . . in - to heav'n, To pre -

CHOIR.

pare a place for us; And to whom are sub-ject - ed the

IRREGULAR HYMNS.

an - gels, and pow'rs, and do - mi - nions ; To him be glo - ry

CONGREGATION.

at all times, In the Church that wait - eth for him,

CHOIR.

and in that which is . . a - round . . him, From e - ver - last - ing to e - ver -

CONGREGATION. CHOIR (SOLO OR TUTTI).

last - ing, A - - men. Lit - tle chil - dren, a - bide in

him; That when he shall ap - pear, we may have confidence, and not be a -

CONGREGATION.

sham - ed be - fore him at his com - ing. In none but

him a - lone I trust for e - ver, In him, my Sa - viour.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
 The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
 The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Je - sus, A - men.

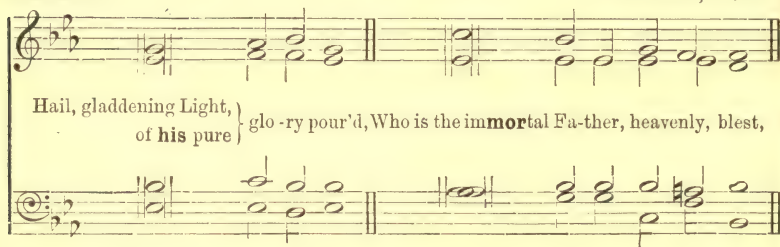
1759. *Moravian Liturgies.*

13.--Hail, gladdening Light.

Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης. 3rd Cent.

Sebaste.

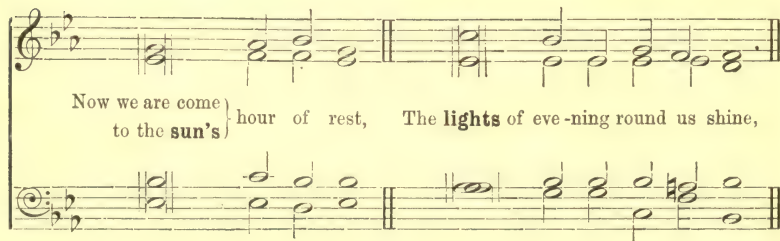
J. STAINER, 1875.



Hail, gladdening Light,
of his pure } glo-ry pour'd, Who is the immortal Fa-ther, heavenly, blest,

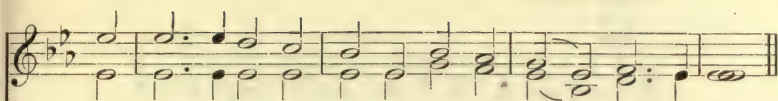


Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ our Lord.

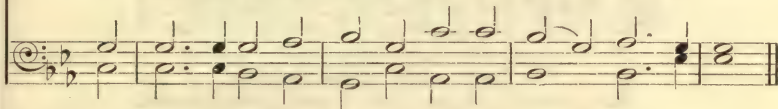


Now we are come }
to the sun's } hour of rest, The lights of eve-ning round us shine,

HAIL, GLADDENING LIGHT.



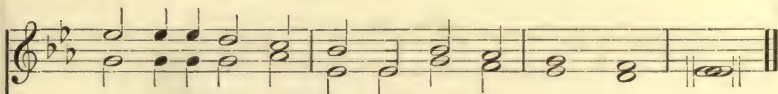
We hymn the Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit di - vine.



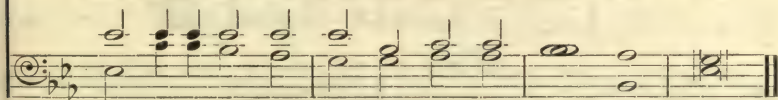
Worthiest art thou at **all times** to be sung With un - de - fi - led tongue,



Son of our God, Giv-er of life, a - lone ; . .



There-fore in all the world Thy glo - ries, Lord, they own.



IRREGULAR HYMNS.

Or this Chant :—

52

J. MEDLEY, 1804—1892.



Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης. 3rd Cent.

Hail, gladdening Light, of **his** · pure | glory | poured,

Who is the immortal | Father, | heavenly, | blest,

Ho-li- | est of | Holies,

Jesus | Christ ... | our ... | Lord.

Now we are come to the **sun's** | hour of | rest,

The **lights** · of | evening | round us | shine,

We **hymn** · the | Father, | Son,

And | Holy | Spirit di- | vine.

Worthiest art thou at **all times** | to be | sung

With | unde- | fi- led | tongue,

Son | of our | God,

Giver · of | life, ... | ... a- | lone;

Therefore · in | all the | world

Thy | glories, | Lord, they | own.

1834. *J. Keble.*

16.—St. Patrick's Hymn.

Quadruple Chant :—

53

H. S. OAKELEY, 1867.



Atomrius indiu.

I bind this **day** · to | me for | ever,
 By power of **faith**, | Christ's ... | Incar- | nation;
 His **baptism** · in | Jordan | river;
 His **death** · on | Cross for | my sal- | vation;
 His bursting **from** · the | spiced | tomb;
 His **rid-** · ing | up the | heavenly | way;
 His **coming** · at the | day of | doom;
 I **bind** · un- | to my- | self to- | day.

I **bind** · unto my- | self to- | day
 The **power** · of | God to | hold and | lead,
 His eye to **watch**, · his | might to | stay,
 His **ear** · to | hearken | to my | need.
 The **wisdom** · of my | God to | teach,
 His **hand** · to | guide, his | shield to | ward;
 The word of **God** · to | give me | speech,
 His **heavenly** | host to | be my | guard.

Christ be **with me**, · | Christ with- | in me,
Christ · be- | hind me, | Christ be- | fore me,
 Christ **beside me**, · | Christ to | win me,
Christ · to | comfort | and re- | store me,
 Christ **beneath me**, | Christ a- | bove me,
Christ · in | quiet, | Christ in | danger,
 Christ in **hearts** · of | all that | love me,
Christ · in | mouth of | friend and | stranger.

I **bind** · unto my- | self the | name,
 The **strong name** | of the | Tri-ni- | ty;
 By invocation | of the | same,
 The **Three** · in | One, and | One in | Three.
 Of whom all **nature** | hath cre- | ation;
 Eternal | Father, | Spirit, | Word:
 Praise to the **Lord** · of | my sal- | vation;
 Salvation | is of | Christ the | Lord.

1889. *C. Frances Alexander.*

17.—The Strain Upraise.

54

W. HAYES, c. 1805.
Abridged.



Cantemus cuncti. B. Notker, d. 912.

- 1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, **Halle-** | lujah !
To the glory of their King shall the **ransomed** | people sing
Halle- | lujah !
Halle- | lujah !
- 2 And the **choirs** · that | dwell on high
Shall re-**echo** | through the sky,
Halle- | lujah !
Halle- | lujah !
- 3 They in the rest of **Para-** | dise who dwell,
The blessed ones, with **joy** · the | chorus swell,
Halle- | lujah !
Halle- | lujah !
- 4 The planets, glittering **on** · their | heavenly way,
The shining constellations, | join and say
Halle- | lujah !
Halle- | lujah !
- 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye **winds** · on | pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye **lightnings**, | wildly bright,
In **sweet** · con- | sent unite
Your **Halle-** | lujah !
- 6 Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye **storms** · and | winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar **frost** · and | summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring, And **glorious** | forests, sing
Halle- | lujah !

- 7 First let the birds, with **painted** | plumage gay,
Exalt their great **Creator's** | praise, and say,
 Halle- | **lujah!**
 Halle- | **lujah!**
- 8 Then let the beasts of **earth**, · with | varying strain,
Join in creation's **hymn** · and | cry again
 Halle- | **lujah!**
 Halle- | **lujah!**
- 9 Here let the mountains thunder **forth** · so- | norous,
 Halle- | **lujah!**
There let the valleys sing in **gentler** | chorus,
 Halle- | **lujah!**
- 10 Thou jubilant **abyss** · of | ocean, cry
 Halle- | **lujah!**
Ye tracts of earth and **conti-** | nents, reply
 Halle- | **lujah!**
- 11 To God, who **all** · cre- | ation made, ·
The frequent **hymn** · be | duly paid,
 Halle- | **lujah!**
 Halle- | **lujah!**
- 12 This is the strain, th' eternal strain, the **Lord** · Al- | mighty loves,
 Halle- | **lujah!**
This is the song, the heavenly song, that **Christ** · the | King approves,
 Halle- | **lujah!**
- 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and **voice** · a- | waking,
 Halle- | **lujah!**
And children's voices echo, **answer** | making,
 Halle- | **lujah!**
- 14 Now from **all** men · | be outpoured
Hallelujah | to the Lord,
With hallelujah | evermore,
The Son and **Spirit** · | we adore.
- 15 Praise be **done** · to the | Three in One,
 Halle- | **lujah!**
 Halle- | **lujah!**
 Halle- | **lujah!**

1854. *J. M. Neale.*

18.—Salvator Mundi.

55

Peregrine Tone.



Or this Chant :—

56

H. (?) PURCELL, *d.* 1695.



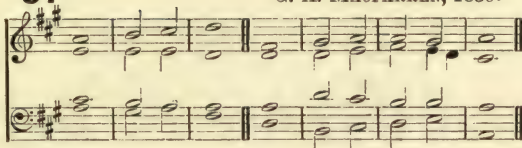
- 1 O Saviour of the **world**, · the | Son, Lord | Jesus,
Stir up thy strength and **help** us, · we | hum- bly be- | seech ... | thee.
- 2 By thy cross and precious **blood** · thou | hast re- | deemed us ;
Save us and **help** us, · we | hum- bly be- | seech ... | thee.
- 3 Thou didst save thy **disciples** · when | ready to | perish ;
Hear us and **save** us, · we | hum- bly be- | seech ... | thee.
- 4 Let the **pitifulness** · of | thy great | mercy
Loose us from our **sins**, · we | hum- bly be- | seech ... | thee.
- 5 Make it appear that thou art our **Saviour** · and | mighty De- | liverer ;
O save us, that we may **praise** thee, · we | hum- bly be- | seech ... | thee
- 6 Draw near, according to thy promise, from the **throne** | of thy | glory ;
Look down and hear our **crying**, · we | hum- bly be- | seech ... | thee.
- 7 Come again and dwell with **us**, · O | Lord Christ | Jesus ;
Abide with us for **ever**, · we | hum- bly be- | seech ... | thee.
- 8 And when thou shalt appear with **power** · and | great ... | glory,
May we be made like unto **thee** | in thy | glorious | Kingdom.
- 9 **Thanks** · be to | thee, O | Lord ;
Halle- | lujah ! | A- ... | men.

From Allon's Congregational Psalmist, 1860.

19.—Sursum Corda.

57

G. A. MACFARREN, 1859.



Or this Chant:—

58

G. J. ELVEY, 1850.



3rd Cent.

1 **Lift** | up your | hearts.We **lift** • them | up un- | to the | Lord.2 Let us give **thanks** • unto the | Lord our | God ;It is **meet** • and | right ... | so to | do.3 It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at **all**
times, • and | in all | places,**Give** | thanks unto | thee, O | Lord,4 **Ho-** | ... ly | Father,**Almighty**, | Ever- | lasting | Father.5 Therefore, with **angels** | and arch- | angels,And **all** • the | compa- | ny of | heaven,6 We laud and **magnify** • thy | glorious | name ;**Evermore** | praising | thee and | saying,7 **Holy**, | **Holy**, | **Holy**,**Lord** | God ... | ... of | Hosts,8 Heaven and earth are **full** | of thy | glory**Glory** be • to | thee, O | Lord most | high.1549. *Book of Common Prayer.*

Appendix of Double Chants.

59

T. A. WALMSLEY, 1845.



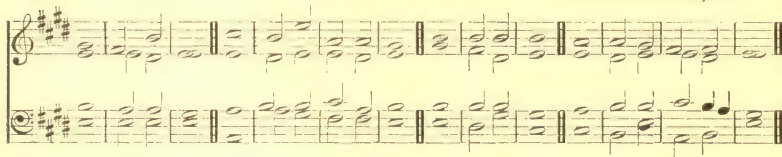
60

T. NORRIS, c. 1805.



61

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1836.



62

E. HIGGINS, c. 1810.



63

J. C. CROSTHWAITE, 1865.



64

H. ALDRICH (?), 1846.



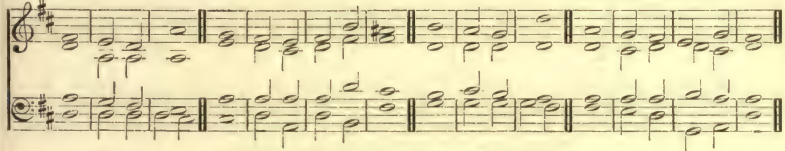
65

G. J. ELVEY, 1861.



66

Sir W. PARRATT, 1892.
(Composed c. 1878.)



67

J. ST. J. B. JOULE, 1861.



68

M. CAMIDGE, 1790.



APPENDIX OF DOUBLE CHANTS.

69

J. GOSS, 1857.



70

S. WESLEY, 1766—1837.



71

Two Trebles.

G. C. MARTIN, 1878.



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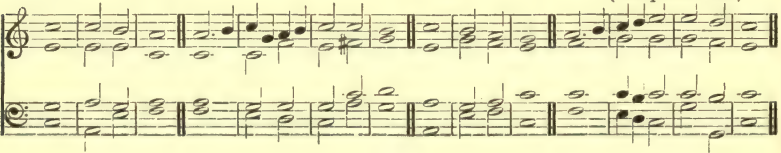
72

Earl of MORNINGTON, c. 1810.



73

W. NELSON, 1861.
(Composed 1850.)



APPENDIX OF DOUBLE CHANTS

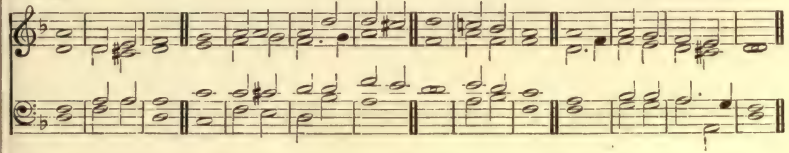
74

J. TURLE, 1841.



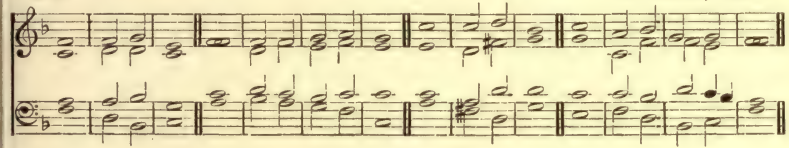
75

J. TURLE, 1841.



76

J. TURLE, 1845.



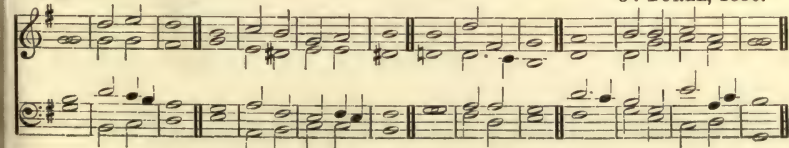
77

Adapted by J. TURLE, 1855,
from H. PURCELL.



78

J. TURLE, 1850.



THE MORAVIAN HYMN BOOK WITH TUNES.

AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN

The Moravian Church

[UNITAS FRATRUM]

In Great Britain and Ireland

'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.'—Psalm 122, 1.

'God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.'—John 4, 24.

'I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.'—1 Cor. 14, 15.

LONDON :
MORAVIAN PUBLICATION OFFICE
32 FETTER LANE

LONDON : NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

1914

FIRST HYMN BOOK OF THE UNITAS FRATRUM, 1501 (FIRST HYMN BOOK
WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES, 1531).

FIRST HYMN BOOK OF THE RENEWED CHURCH, 1735.

FIRST ENGLISH MORAVIAN HYMN BOOK, 1741,

PREFACE TO THE HYMN BOOK.

THE present Hymn Book, authorized for use in the Congregations of the British Province of the Moravian Church, has behind it a long and noble ancestry. It is the lineal descendant of the earliest collection of its kind in Europe. The Moravian Church, or *Unitas Fratrum*, was the first of existing Reformed Churches to issue a Hymn Book in the language of the people. Appearing in various forms and in different tongues, it has been in use for over four centuries, and may therefore justly claim to be the oldest Reformed Book of worship in existence.

The first Hymn Book, in Bohemian, was edited by Bishop Luke, and printed at Prague in 1501. Subsequent issues followed one another up to the year 1659, and during the same period Hymn Books appeared in Polish and in German; the latter included many of the Reformation Hymns, and in the edition of 1566 the Litany, in the Lutheran form, was inserted.

In these collections of the *Unitas* in its earlier days, the Hymns are largely of an objective character, and marked by a rugged strength of expression. The Hymn Book rooted itself in the hearts and homes of the people; and in times of persecution and oppression, as well as during the weary years of exile, it sustained the faith of the scattered members of the *Unitas*. Subsequently it formed one of the strong historic links between the Moravian Church in its ancient and its modern form.

After the Renewal of the Church took place at Herrnhut in 1722, some private collections of Hymns by Count Zinzendorf were made use of; but it was not till the year 1735 that a Church Hymn Book was issued. This also was compiled by Zinzendorf, and was, of course, in German. Various supplements were added up to the year 1748. Its successor was the large and catholic Collection known as '*Das Londoner Gesangbuch*,' printed in London (1753-1755), with more than 3,000 Hymns. In 1778 another Collection appeared, with Christian Gregor as its editor; and this, with an appendix in 1806, and an abridgment in 1869, is still in use in the German Congregations. Based on one or another of these German editions, Hymn Books have been compiled in various European languages and dialects, such as French, Dutch, Wendish, Lettish, and Esthonian; as well as in other foreign tongues, for the use of the Missions among the Eskimos, Indians, Kaffirs, etc.

The first *English* Moravian Hymn Book appeared in London in 1741; it was entitled, '*A Collection of Hymns by several authors with several translations from the German Hymn Book of the Ancient Moravian Brethren*.' A second edition followed in 1742, to which additions were made up to the year 1752. The Litany in English was first included in 1746. In 1754 Bishop Gambold, guided by Zinzendorf, edited '*A Collection of Hymns of the Children of God in all ages from the beginning till now*.' Designed chiefly for the Congregations in union with the Brethren's Church, it contained 1,155 Hymns, and followed the '*Londoner Gesangbuch*' in its catholicity. It was too large for general use, and so a curtailed edition followed in 1769. In 1789 John Swertner edited '*A collection of Hymns for the use of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren*.' New editions

PREFACE TO THE HYMN BOOK.

followed in 1801, 1808 and 1826. The Synod of 1835 requested James Montgomery, the Moravian Poet, to undertake a revision, which, with modifications, appeared in 1849; and in 1876 an appendix of eighty-two Hymns was added to it. The Synods of 1878 and 1883 determined on a further revision, which was completed in 1886; this contained 1,323 Hymns, and has continued in use till now. Its place will be taken by the present Edition, on which a Committee has been engaged since the year 1904. The number of Hymns has been reduced, and the plan of the contents altered. The Hymns for the Young have been placed together at the end, and in each section the Hymns follow each other according to the date of their origin and authorship. As regards language and character this Collection is more thoroughly English than any that has preceded it. Besides combining the objective Hymns of the Ancient Brethren's Church with the experimental Hymns of German Pietism and of the Evangelical Revival, it will be found to contain also many others of the best known and most helpful songs of the Church Universal.

In conclusion we would renew the prayers of our fathers as expressed in the Preface to every edition of the Hymn Book since 1789: 'May all who use these Hymns experience, at all times, the blessed effects of complying with the Apostle Paul's injunction, "Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." Yea, may they anticipate, while here below, though in a humble and imperfect strain, the song of the blessed above; who, redeemed out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, and having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, stand before the throne, and sing in perfect harmony with the myriads of angels that surround it, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen."'

NOTE.—The date attached to a hymn is that of its composition, or of its first publication.

The following *abbreviations* are used:—*b.* born; *d.* died; *ed.* editor or edition; *tr.* translator, translation; *a.* altered; *c.* (*circa*) about; *M.* anonymous Moravian Translator, in the edition the date of which is given.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION WITH TUNES.

RELIGION marches to music. The words it inspired have come down to us through thousands of years—psalms of Babylon, songs of Zion that were old when Jesus and his disciples sang them, New Testament psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; but the ancient music is lost.

The Christian Church sang hymns to Christ even in the days of persecution. When Constantine summoned her from upper rooms and catacombs to take part in the stately ritual of imperial functions, the Mass and the Daily Hours of Divine Service called forth a steady flow of music, which has been preserved in the Ambrosian, Gregorian, and Mozarabic collections. The metrical hymn first gained a footing in the Eastern Church. It was admitted into the West chiefly through the influence of Ambrose. It flourished under the protection of the monastic orders, and its Plain-song tunes have been handed down to us in manuscripts dating from the 10th century and onwards. Some of these, changed by the Reformers in rhythm and melody and adapted to new hymns, are in our collection. Such are 13, 53, 134, 302, 326, 329, 448, 530, 550, 634, 680. 'Orientis Partibus,' 76, also belongs to this group, but its form is due to 19th century adaptation. 'Veni Immanuel,' 166, which seems more than the rest to bear the character of ancient Plain-song, is of uncertain date, and may be modern.

Hus, who had been a chorister in Prague Cathedral, when he became a reformer, wrote and collected hymns in the Bohemian tongue, set them to Gregorian and folk-song melodies, and taught the people to sing them in their homes and on the streets. One of these, taken from a Hussite hymnal, is No. 134. The founders of the *Unitas Fratrum* inherited this new musical impulse, and some of them became writers of hymns and tunes. One of them wrote the thanksgiving hymn, 'Come, let us all with gladness raise,' which the Synod of Lhota used as its battle-song, when it defied Rome and all her works by forming its own ministry. Our fathers probably sang it to 'Freuen wir uns,' 447, and it is therefore now set to that tune. They published their first Hymn Book in 1501 without music. The edition of 1505 has perished. Michael Weisse published in 1531 a German edition, containing both words and music, which throws a light upon the usage of the previous eighty years. Of its 115 tunes, some were originally set to Latin hymns and sequences, as *e.g.*, 'Ave Hierarchia,' 302; some were taken from Bohemian folk-songs; some were of unknown origin, as 'Freuen wir uns'; some were composed by Weisse. Six of the tunes were from German sources, and marked the beginning of a new influence. Among these was 680, changed from its original German form. Horn's revision of Weisse appeared in 1544. In 1561 a Bohemian edition was issued, from which we get 658. The fullest edition was the 'Kirchengesang' of 1566 with its dedications to the Emperor Maximilian II. and the Protestant Churches of Germany. We have derived from it 303, 326 (probably of mediæval origin), 652², and 653². It had an Appendix of 103 hymns and tunes from German sources. It was reprinted several times, and was at last published by Comenius in 1661 in three parts—Part I., the Psalms; Part II., Bohemian Hymns; Part III., German Hymns. While Weisse's book had been undergoing such changes through German influence, it had itself influenced the psalmody of Germany.

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Another stream of influence came from Geneva. There the Psalm Book appeared in 1551 which laid the foundations of the psalmody of the Presbyterian and Anglican Churches. From it we have received 34 ('Old Hundredth'), 97 and 641. The first has become one of the musical links of the Church Catholic. The second, and also 135 which is taken from the 1562 edition of French Psalms, have lost their original rhythm, and have come to be identified with distinctly Moravian services. 'St. Michael' (641) has suffered still more change by being made into a short metre tune.

The Ancient Brethren's Church died, and it was called back to life in Herrnhut. The Moravian exiles brought with them their own melodies. The hymn with which they dedicated their first house in Herrnhut was sung to 'Ich werd' erfreut,' 653². But ere long the Moravian element was submerged in the tide of German music; for hundreds of Germans joined the community, attracted by Zinzendorf and his great plans for the consolidation and extension of the Kingdom of God. All those who assisted in creating the music of the Renewed Brethren's Church were Germans—Friedrich, Molther, Schlicht, Eberhard, Gregor, and Grimm. They naturally drew from the well of music pure and undefiled, which had sprung from the hearts of inspired singers in Germany, in almost uninterrupted flow, ever since Luther had summoned Conrad Rupf and Johann Walther in 1524, to help him with the musical part of his 'German Mass,' and Walther's collection of hymns and tunes had appeared in Wittenberg. It is impossible in our space to enumerate the quaint titles of the books from which the tunes were derived, that still form the most characteristic feature of the Moravian Tune Book. But in the early days of Herrnhut, Freylinghausen's 'Geistreiches Gesangbuch' had already appeared in five editions, and had a very wide circulation, for he was the musical authority of Pietism, and Zinzendorf and his chief helpers, being Pietists, naturally used it. Very soon, however, the new community began to produce its own hymns, and its own melodies, such as 230, 243, 382, 512, 588, 653¹, 656, 763.* In 1735, or soon after, a manuscript collection began to be formed of the tunes in use at Herrnhut. In 1755 Grimm compiled his great work, containing 777 tunes arranged according to metre. An appendix of 126 tunes and a further supplement of 14 tunes were added later. Grimm's collection includes 107, 109, 115, 430, and 585, of which the last four are adaptations from arias and popular airs. Two of them have become associated with Covenant Hymns for the close of the Communion. In the Appendix we find 657 and 332.

Gregor, who doubtless collaborated with Grimm in 1755, edited in 1784 the first complete printed Tune Book of the Renewed Church. He omitted tunes set by Grimm to metres no longer represented in the Hymn Book, and introduced about sixty new ones to provide alternates, or to take the place of such as had not approved themselves in use. The following, probably composed by Gregor himself, appeared then: 1, 69, 100, 111, 199, 252, 642, 671. New editions were published in 1799, 1820 and 1859, and selections from Gregor have appeared from time to time; but no new school has arisen to dispute his absolute authority in the hymn-singing of our Church in Germany.

When the Moravian Church found new homes and a new name in England and America, the English-speaking world was still under bondage to the metrical psalm. Coverdale's attempt to introduce the German Chorale into England had failed. A century later Wither and Orlando Gibbons had tried in vain to win England over to a freer form of Church praise. Again a century had passed, and

* No. 202, traced to Zinzendorf's 'Sing- und Betbüchlein,' 1727, may be taken from Steiner, 1723.

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Watts was creating a taste for something better than Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady; but his metres showed little variety. The Moravians came just in time to influence the singing, as well as the theology, of the great revival. This is seen in the hymns and tunes the Wesleys provided for the worship of their Societies. It is seen also in the fact that the Fetter Lane congregation had no sooner been formed than the Hymn Book of 1741 appeared, followed shortly after by James Hutton's Tune Book, containing forty-nine tunes, the majority of which were German. Some were newly composed, among them probably 139 and 321. The English Psalm-tune is also represented. When the Hymn Book of 1754 appeared the need of a much larger variety of tunes was met, as in Germany, by the industry of the copyist. A manuscript, dated 1771, which once belonged to the Bristol congregation, has the same tunes as Grimm; but the appendix of 34 English tunes indicates the inevitable influence of national usage. In 1790 appeared Christian Ignatius La Trobe's 'Hymn Tunes sung in the Church of the United Brethren,' containing 137 tunes from Gregor and 19 others, among them West's 'Tytherton' (533), two of unknown origin (313 and 586), and some of La Trobe's (110, 114, 171¹, and 385). The second edition, published in 1826, had 143 tunes from Gregor and 41 from other sources. Among the latter are 117 and 121, taken from Antes' manuscript 'Collection of Hymn Tunes,' c. 1800; also 151, 172, 287, 725 by La Trobe himself, which had already appeared in Seeley's 'Devotional Harmony' in 1806; and 102¹, by his son, Peter La Trobe. In 1854 another edition (reprinted 1867) was prepared by Peter La Trobe, consisting of 191 tunes, still drawn mainly from Gregor. Two by Nelson (43, 89), and two by La Trobe (25¹, 214) were among the new material. The music was arranged for the first time in four parts. Apart from this series of Tune Books, there appeared in 1824 a collection of 179 tunes edited by J. Lees, and in 1861 a small size Tune Book, edited by J. J. Shawe and containing, except for the omission of 19 tunes, the same material as P. La Trobe's book.

In the revision of 1887 the traditional nomenclature, melodies, and harmonies were on the whole maintained; but the changes made in the range and character of the contents were considerable. Of the tunes in Peter La Trobe's book twenty-three were omitted, twelve of which were drawn from Gregor. On the other hand 172 were added, taken in almost equal numbers from German and English sources. There were amongst the latter Psalm tunes like 'Windsor,' 'Farrant,' and 'Winchester Old,' and tunes by Clark, Courteville, Croft, and their successors, representing the middle period of English psalmody, and a certain number from the Victorian school represented by Gauntlett, Turle, Smart, Hopkins, Dykes, Monk, Ouseley, Sullivan, and S. S. Wesley. The German group has found comparatively little favour; the English group has taken a prominent position in the services of the Church.

The present Tune Book marks a further step in the same direction. In it 101 tunes found in the edition of 1887 have been omitted, and 307 have been added. These are drawn from the varied sources which have been brought within reach by the researches of many workers in recent years. But they are mostly of English origin, and there is a large increase of tunes in the modern style, in keeping with the hymns of modern English type introduced into the new Hymn Book. The American tune also makes its appearance in the train of the American hymn.

The revisers cannot commend all tunes with equal confidence, since the choice does not depend on musical considerations only. In some cases the selection is decided by the hymn to be sung, since the alternative of having a tune 'specially composed' has not been adopted in this book. Within the limits thus imposed by the nature of the task, the revisers have striven to maintain the high standard and

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noble ideals of worship-song handed down to them. It has been their prayer at every meeting, that they might be enabled to provide such music as should express aright the spirit of the Church's prayer and praise. In the hope that this book may minister to the spiritual life of our Church in the present generation, as its predecessors have done in the past, they commend it to the blessing of God and the service of His people.

A few words should be added as to the treatment of the materials, the origin of which has been briefly sketched.

The present edition appears in a new *form*. Instead of being, as all its predecessors have been since the rise of the Renewed Church, a collection of tunes only, it has become a musical edition of the Hymn Book. This method of publication was customary, though incompletely carried out, in the Hymnals of the Bohemian Brethren, and has been generally adopted in English Hymnals. It is hoped that the change made will not only prove beneficial for the immediate purpose of stimulating and developing the singing of the congregations at the Church services, but will also enable the melodies of the Church to find their way more easily into the homes of our people. There can be no better way of building up congregational singing than by cultivating the knowledge and love of the hymns and tunes in the home.

But although each hymn will be found mated to a tune, no attempt has been made to allot a different tune to each hymn. It is better to repeat a good tune than for the sake of variety to introduce poor tunes. And further, though in some cases it might be possible to provide more tunes of satisfactory quality, it is not wise so to enlarge the stock of tunes that it becomes impossible for any ordinary congregation to learn them.

Great care has been taken to secure all possible accuracy in the *historical notes* concerning the origin of the music. At the head of each tune the name of the composer, when ascertainable, is given and the earliest date to which the tune can be definitely traced. This date is in the majority of cases the date of publication of the book in which the tune first appeared; if there is authority for specifically assigning the composition to an earlier date than that of publication of the available source, then the earlier year is also quoted. In cases in which the composer is unknown or uncertain, the title and date of the earliest source are indicated. There remain a few tunes which could not, owing to lack of information, be brought within this scheme. Further information regarding composers and sources will be found in the brief notes of the Index.

It is hoped that these historical notes will not merely gratify a momentary curiosity, but will have practical value in leading to an observance of the varied character of the tunes, such as is essential to their right appreciation and performance. False judgments and painful effects can be the only result of overlooking the fact that there is as great a difference of style between, say, the classical chorale and the modern hymn-tune as there is between a poem by Milton and one by Faber. The fact is, each tune has an individuality worth studying; it has its proper speed, its proper phrasing.

It would be useful, if it were possible, to give detailed indications of the *style of treatment* appropriate to the playing or singing of each tune. But that cannot be satisfactorily done, perhaps less satisfactorily with hymn-tunes than with other music. Only in a few cases has it been thought desirable to add suggestions as to speed. Marks of expression have likewise been inserted only in exceptional cases, *e.g.*, 'Euroclydon,' where indeed the limits of a hymn-tune for congregational

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singing have been overstepped. These matters must ultimately depend on the judgment of the individual organist, and experience shows that what is appropriate on one occasion does not necessarily fit every occasion, and that what may be effective with a large congregation may not be suitable for a small one.

The double bar has been adopted instead of the hitherto customary pause over the final chord as the best means of indicating the end of each line or section, and wherever possible the full value of the last note is expressed in the notation as printed. A dotted semibreve, for instance, means that the next line should not be begun until the three beats have been counted. A careful observance of this will certainly assist in developing the sense of time and definiteness in 'attack,' and will show more clearly the construction of the tune, thus tending to cultivate the observance of proper phrasing.

There are, however, a number of tunes in which it is not possible—without adopting a very awkward and even misleading manner of printing—to indicate definitely the full value of the last note of each line. In some such cases, besides the double bar, a pause has been inserted, which should for practical purposes be reckoned as equivalent to allotting three beats to the note over which it is placed. There remain, nevertheless, many more subtle breaks or momentary suspensions of the strict measure which have not been and cannot well be indicated, though in some books pauses are more extensively used and the device of 'breathing-pauses' is adopted. But these again are indefinite in their signification and are really committed to the right feeling of the organist. Upon his power of interpretation very much indeed depends, and he will always need to bear in mind, first, the musical structure of the tune; secondly, the words of the hymn to which the music affords devotional expression; and thirdly, the physical capacities of the congregation in regard to pitch and breathing.

The Revisers have been at great pains to deal adequately with the delicate question of selecting the best *version* of each tune, both from the point of view of melody and from that of harmony. In the case of modern tunes this matter does not present great difficulties; for though a surprisingly large number of variants have crept in, still most of the tunes have been published with, and have closely adhered to, the composers' own rhythm and harmony. And indeed, since it is characteristic of the modern tune to depend largely for its effect on certain harmonies, it would be impossible to change them without altering the tune as a whole. More complicated is the case of the older English tunes, especially the Psalm tunes. It has not been thought desirable to return to the original rhythm (an exception is suggested at No. 556, the 'Old Hundredth'). The arrangement of the melody in equal notes, which has been customary for many generations, may in some cases diminish the rugged vigour of the tune; but it has the advantage, apart from other considerations, of being better adapted to the constantly varying accent of the verses of the hymn, or several hymns, which one and the same tune serves to accompany. In dealing with the melodies of the German Chorales still more difficulties are encountered. There are, in many instances, variant forms in use in the land of their origin; a considerable number, on being introduced into English use, have been adapted by different editors to different metres, not infrequently suffering severe mutilation in the process; in addition, there are a number of cases in which the Moravian tradition has established a form of melody peculiar to itself. It was felt that in any attempts to deal with the situation, the long-established usage of the Church should be treated with respect, and that regard should be had to the undesirability of unnecessarily disturbing melodies in general use. On the other hand, it was plain that not a few of these common variants, in particular some

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perpetuated in the Moravian tradition, do great injustice to the original intentions of the composer, and so seriously impair the character and vitality of the tunes that it would be worth while making a strong effort to introduce a better version. This, then, is the point of view from which such changes as have been made in the melodies must be regarded: they represent a return to a better and more authoritative form, not an arbitrary effort of the present Revisers to 'improve' them. Each tune has been carefully considered, and wherever it was felt that the gain from a musical point of view outweighed the disadvantages of unlearning a familiar form of the melody, the change has been made. There can be no doubt that once the first discomfort is overcome, the congregational singing will benefit by the alteration. At the same time it will be found that the Moravian use is thereby brought more into agreement with that of the best modern English books into which the German tunes are finding their way in increasing numbers.

A word must be said regarding the *naming of tunes*. For various reasons, in particular on account of the large influx of new tunes of entirely new metres, most of them having well-established names, the traditional method of designation, which had its origin in the arrangement of Grimm's collection, has been discarded; for purposes of reference, the old tune-numbers will be found in the Metrical Index. According to English usage each tune has a name, more or less appropriately given; and though in the course of their history many tunes have received several names, and thus much confusion has been created, it is on the whole not difficult to decide what name should be recognised as proper to each case. When tunes of German origin have been taken into English use, it has been the custom (though not without exceptions) to give them a name in like manner; but in this case so many names have, in the course of time, been given to the same tune, that the system has become almost valueless as a means of identification. No attempt has therefore been made to perpetuate it in this book, apart from certain special cases, in particular those in which one name has prevailed and become definitely associated with the tune. Generally speaking, the best method of indicating these tunes, and the method adopted in this collection, is to give the opening words of the original hymn to which they were composed, or by which they are universally known in their own home-land. A few indeed are already generally known in this way even in England; everybody is acquainted with 'Ein' feste Burg,' and 'Nun danket,' and there seems no valid reason why this method should not be more extensively used.

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The Holy Scriptures.

♩ Jesu sieh.

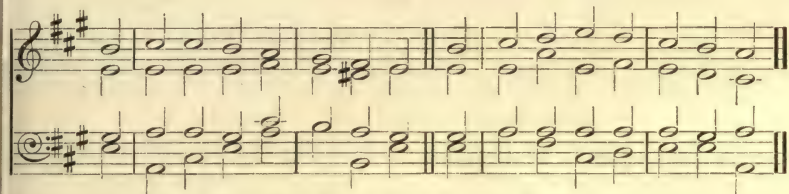
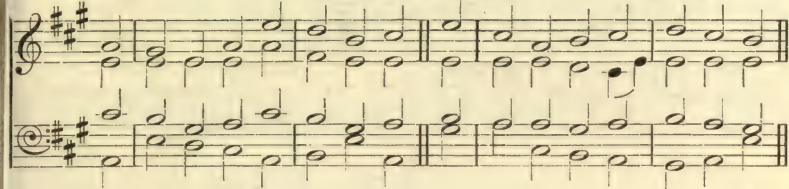
L.M.

1

O Jesu, sieh dein armes Kind.

C. GREGOR'S

Choralbuch, 1784.



Des Herrn Wort bleibt in Ewigkeit. 1566. P. Herbert.

THE Word of God stands ever fast,
It warns as with a trumpet blast;
It came in power that men might fear,
It came through man that men might hear.

2 It pierces all the soul within,
It shows the sinfulness of sin;
As once to Adam, in his fall,
It brings home guilt to great and small.

3 Anon it speaks of wondrous love
To man below, from God above,
Salvation free to every one
Through faith in God's beloved Son.

4 It lights his Church from age to age,
Her best and dearest heritage;
That she may with the Spirit's might
Win all the world to faith and right.

5 Praise, praise to thee, almighty Lord,
For thy eternal gracious word;
May it so rule our hearts that we
Shall live eternally to thee.

1789. J. Swertner; recast 1911.

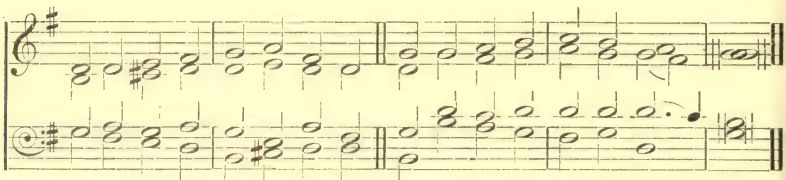
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.

78.78.88.

2

J. R. AHLE, 1664.



Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier. 1663. T. Clausnitzer.

BLESSED Jesus, at thy word,
We are gathered all to hear thee ;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear thee ;
By thy teachings sweet and holy
Drawn from earth to love thee solely.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded ;
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

3 Glorious Lord, thyself impart ;
Light of light from God proceeding,
Open thou our ears and heart,
Help us by thy Spirit's pleading.
Hear the cry thy people raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

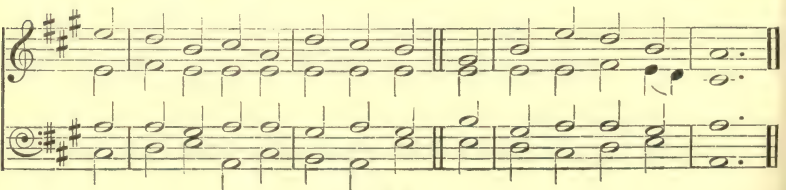
1858. Catherine Winkworth.

Southampton.

C.M.

3

W. CROFT (?) 1678—1727.



THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

JESUS, thy word is my delight ;
There grace and truth are seen ;
I fain would study day and night,
And meditate therein.

2 The gospel, as a polished glass,
Thy glory lets us see ;
And, by beholding there thy face,
We're rendered like to thee.

3 O Lamb of God, the book unseal,
And to our hearts explain ;
Let all its life and spirit feel,
And heavenly wisdom gain.

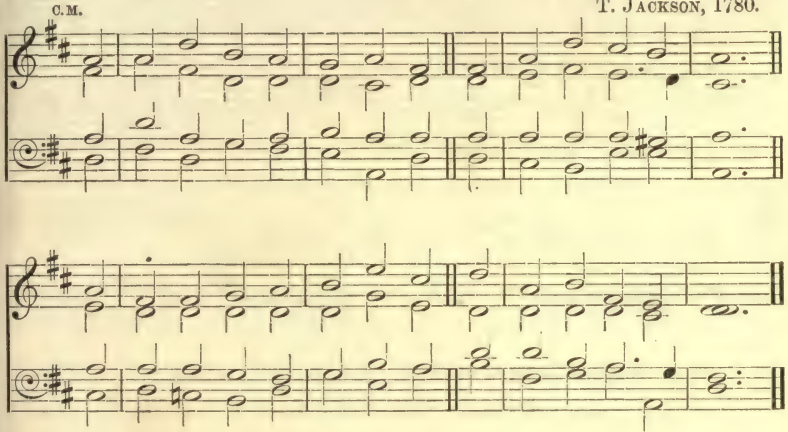
4 That thou for us didst live and die,
Make known to us, dear Lord ;
To us the promises apply,
Recorded in thy word.

1745. *W. Hammond, a.*

Byzantium. ✓

4

T. JACKSON, 1780.



FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

1760. *Anne Steele.*

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Fabre fort, Zion.

33.78.78.933.

5

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 272.]

Heiliger, Heiliger. 1778. *C. Gregor.*

HOLY Lord,
Holy and almighty Lord,
Thou who, as the great Creator,
Art by all thy works adored ;
Source of universal nature,
And to man, redeemed by Jesus' blood,
Lord our God.

2 Thanks and praise,
Thanks and praise be ever thine,
That thy word to us is given,
Teaching us, with power divine,
That the Lord of earth and heaven,
Everlasting life for us to gain,
Once was slain.

3 Holy Lord !
May thy precious saving word,
Till our race on earth is ended,
Light unto our path afford ;
Then, among thy saints ascended,
We for thy redeeming love shall raise
Ceaseless praise.

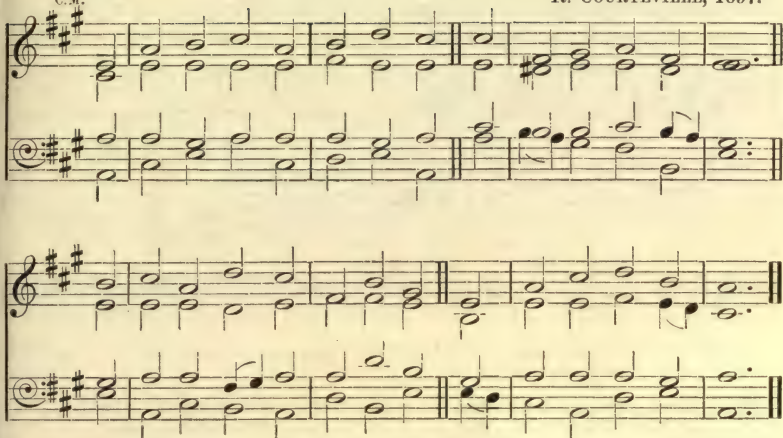
1789. (1) *F. W. Foster*, (2) *C. G. Clemens*, (3) *J. Swertner*, *a.*

St. James.

6

R. COURTEVILLE, 1697.

C.M.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 532.]

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

1779. W. Cowper.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Dundee.

C.M.

7

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 191.]

Psalm xix.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure ;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne ;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 More prized than gold—than gold whose [waste
Refining fire expels ;
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

4 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise ;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to my eyes.

5 By these may I be warned betimes ;
Who knows the guile within ?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

6 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

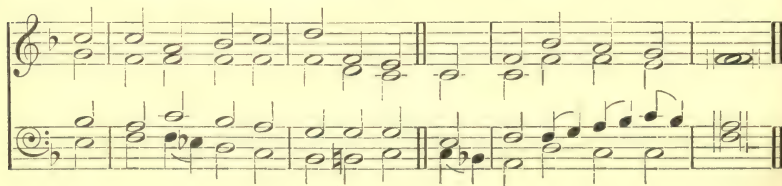
1822. *J. Montgomery.*

St. Columba.

C.M.

8

J. MACMEIKAN, 1889.



LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook, by the traveller's way ;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky ;

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day ;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark
Our anchor and our stay ;

4 Word of the ever-living God
Will of his glorious Son ;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

1836. B. Barton.

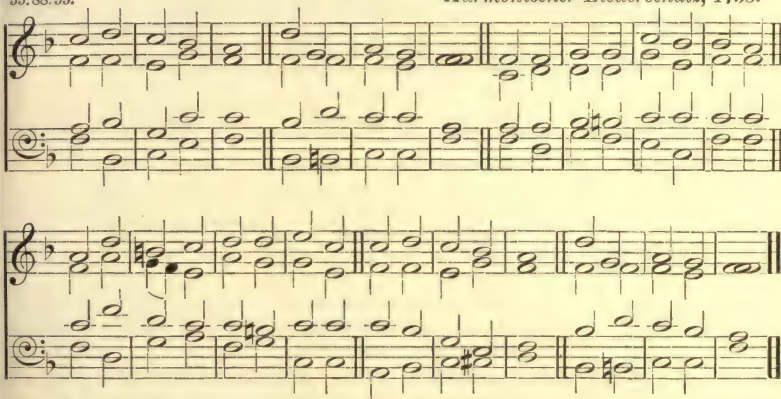
9

König.
55. 88. 55.

Seelenbräutigam.

J. B. KÖNIG (?).

Harmonischer Liederschatz, 1738.



LORD, our eyes unseal,
To our minds reveal
All that glorious hidden treasure,
Grace and mercy without measure,
Which in thy good word
For our need is stored.

2 Holy Ghost, arise
On our darkened eyes ;
Now to Christ our Saviour lead us ;
Jesus, in thy pastures feed us ;
With thy word may we
Ever nourished be.

3 Ever on our sight
Pour thy holy light ;
Darkness all around us reigneth,
But thy hand our steps sustaineth ;
Thou dost guide us still
To thy holy hill.

1851. A. T. Russell.

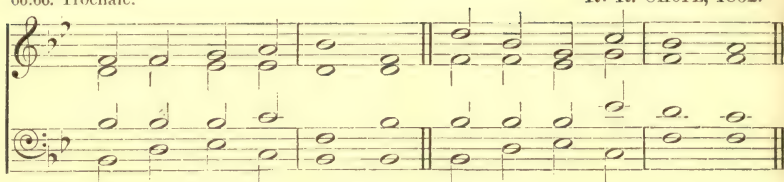
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

St. Cyprian.

66.66. Trochaic.

10

R. R. CHOPE, 1862.



LORD, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee!



O WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky ;
 We praise thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket,
 Where gems of truth are stored :
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled ;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world ;
 It is the chart and compass,
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
 Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

4 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of purest gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old ;
 O teach thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see thee face to face.

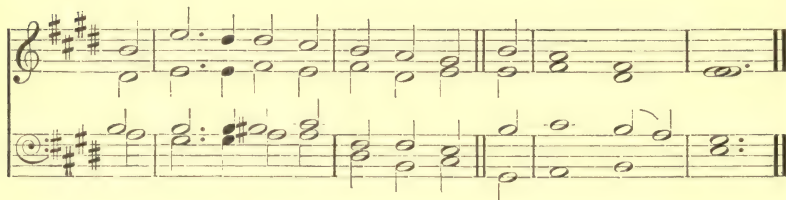
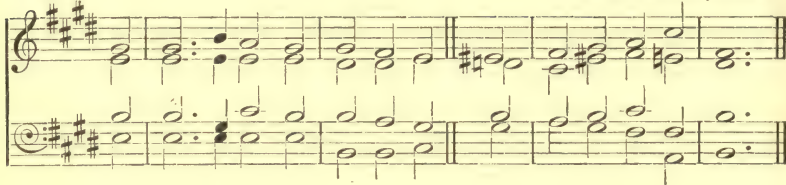
1867. W. W. How.

Wareford.

12

86.84.

E. S. CARTER, 1874.



TO thee, O God, we render thanks,
That thou to us hast given
A light that shineth on our path,—
A light from heaven :—

2 That thou into the hearts of men
Didst breathe thy breath divine,
And mad'st their lips the source from whence
Flowed words of thine :—

3 The words that speak of lives that live,
And life beyond the grave,
Of him who came that life to give,—
Those lives to save :—

4 Of him who lowly came as man,—
To come as man again
On clouds of glory throned on high,
As Judge of men.

5 Who lived on earth, on earth who died,
To set his servants free,
And left this message as their guide,—
'Remember me.'

6 Then teach us humbly so to tread
The path the Saviour trod,
Till by his quickening spirit led,
We meet our God.

1880. G. Thring.

God : Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

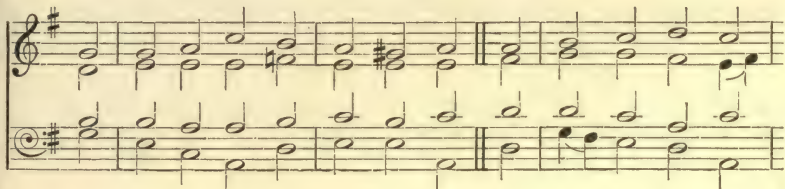
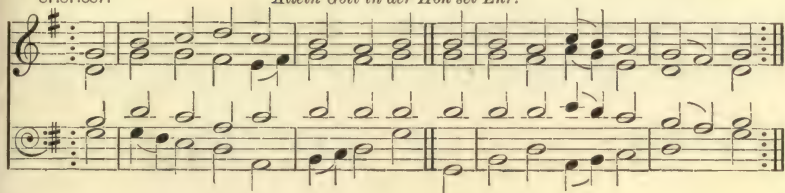
13

Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig, 1539.
From a pre-Reformation *Gloria*.

Allein Gott.

87.87.887.

Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr.



Gloria in Excelsis. Anon. 5th Cent.

Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr. 1525. N. Decius.

ALL glory be to God on high,
Who hath our race befriended !
To us no harm shall now come nigh,
The feud at last is ended.
God showeth his good-will toward men,
And peace shall dwell on earth again ;
O thank him for his goodness.

2 We praise, we worship thee, we trust,
And give thee thanks for ever,
O Father, that thy rule is just
And wise, and changes never ;
Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns ;
Done is whate'er thy will ordains ;
Well for us that thou rulest.

3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,
Son of thy heavenly Father,
O thou who hast our peace restored
And the lost sheep dost gather,
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

4 O Holy Ghost, thou precious Gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
And let thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread ;
For us the Saviour's blood was shed ;
We trust in thee to save us.

1863. Catherine Winkworth, a.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Hanover.
55.55.65.65.

14

W. CROFT (?).
Supplement to the New Version, 1708.



O FATHER most kind
Be ever adored ;
Thy mercy we find
In sending our Lord
To ransom and bless us ;
Thy goodness we praise
For sending in Jesus
Salvation by grace.

2 O Son of his love,
Who deignedst to die,
Our curse to remove,
Our pardon to buy ;
Accept our thanksgiving,
Almighty to save,
Who openest heaven
To all that believe.

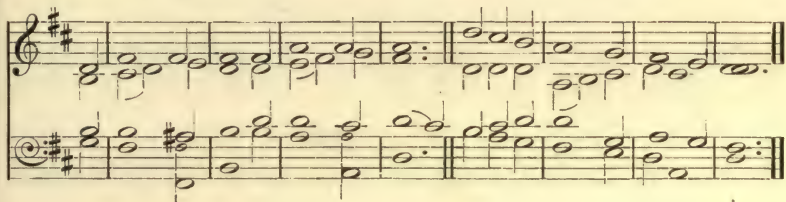
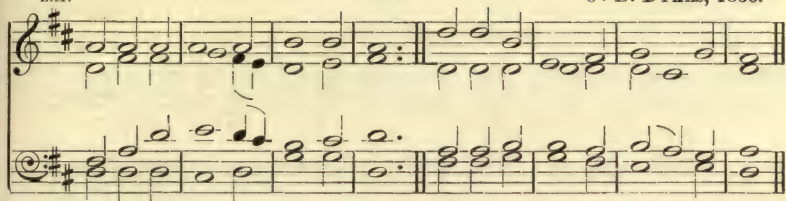
3 O Spirit of love,
Of health, and of power,
Thy working we prove,
Thy grace we adore ;
Whose inward revealing
Applies our Lord's blood,
Attesting and sealing
Us children of God.

Rivault.

L.M.

15

J. B. DYKES, 1866.



FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son—
 Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

1805. E. Cooper.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Fiat Lux.

664.6664.

16

J. B. DYKES, 1875.



[May also be sung to *Moscow*, No. 713.]

THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight ;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light.

1813. *J. Marriott.*

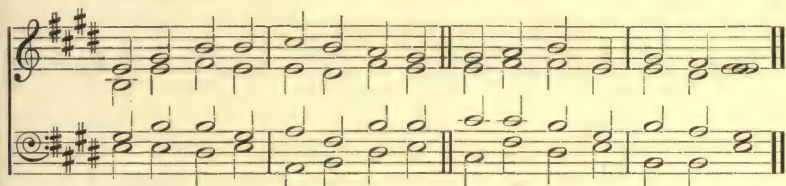
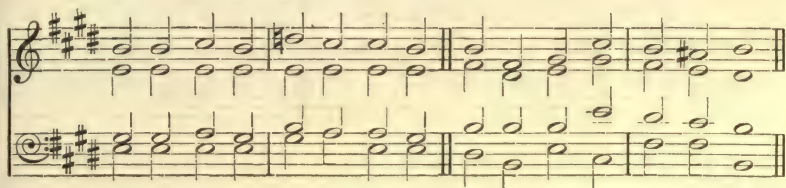
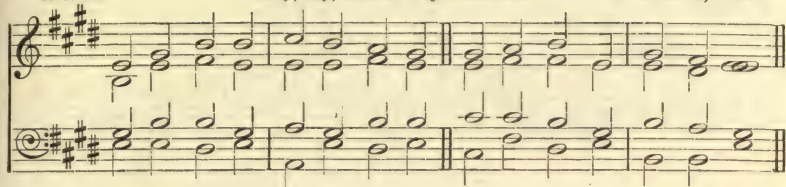
Mannheim.

87.87.447.

17

Auf, auf, weil der Tag erschienen.

Adapted from
F. FILITZ, 1847.



L EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee ;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe :
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love, with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

1821. J. Edmeston.

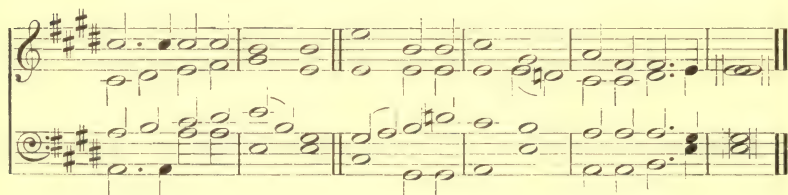
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Micæa.

11.12.12.10.

18

J. B. DYKES, 1861.



Rev. iv. 8-11.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

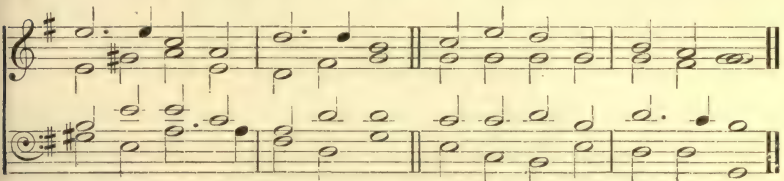
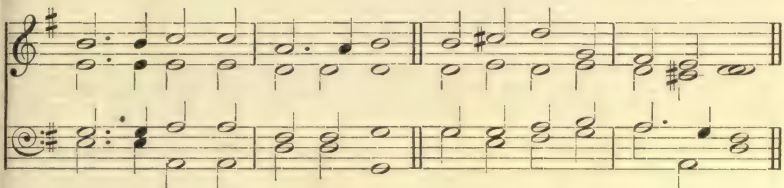
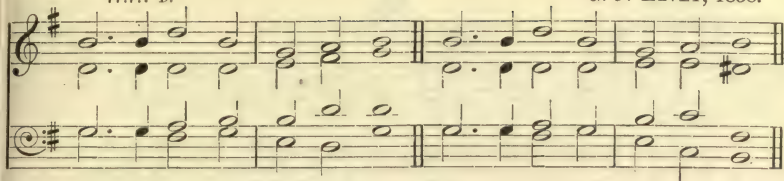
1826. R. Heber.

St. George's, Windsor.

19

G. J. ELVEY, 1858.

77.77. D.



HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
 God of hosts! when heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All thy works around thee stood,
 And thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy!—Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore:
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by thee redeemed
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy!—All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing;
 While the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

1832. J. Montgomery, a.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

GOD THE FATHER.

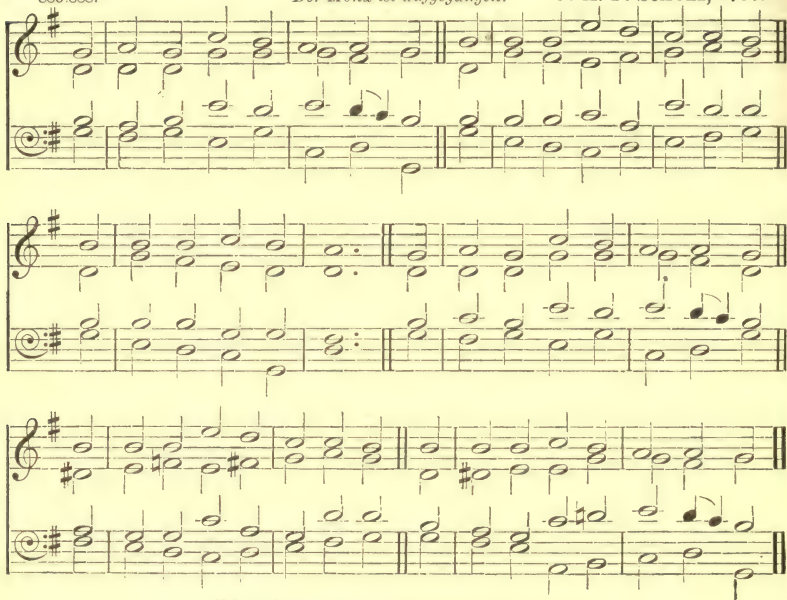
Der Mond.

20

886.888.

Der Mond ist aufgegangen.

J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1790.



[May also be sung to *Innsbruck*, No. 156.]

Czema sie troszyss. 1599. *Polish.*

Warum betrübst du dich. 1560. *Anon.*

REJOICE, my soul, God cares for thee,
Trust to his word assuredly,

However things may go :

Thy heavenly Father, for Christ's sake,

Of thy concerns will notice take,

And mercy freely to thee show.

2 My griefs and cares, to thee well known

My God, I cast on thee alone,

In thee is all my trust :

Since thou dost govern, I'll be still,

Into thy hands resign my will,

And thank thee, prostrate in the dust.

3 I confidently do believe,

Me, thy poor child, thou wilt not leave,

For thou my Father art :

Fill thou my soul with love and faith ;

Thus I am rich in life and death,

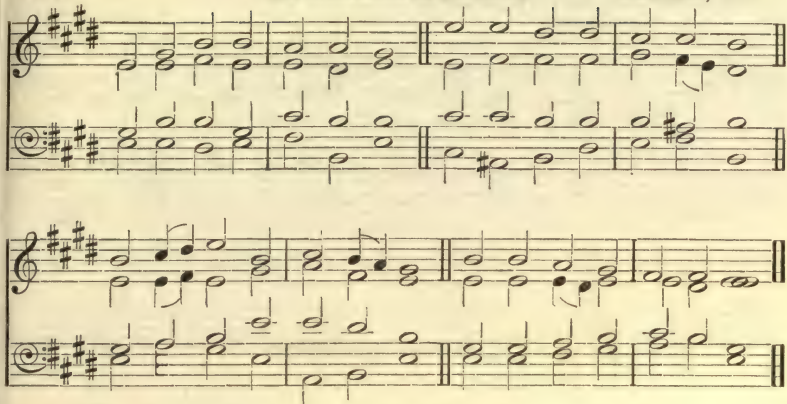
And from thy love nought shall me part.

1789. *P. H. Mollther.*

Culbach.

21

77.77.

*Ach wann kommt die Zeit heran.*Anon. in
Seelenlust, 1657.

[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 491.]

Psalm cxxvi.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God !
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living he doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

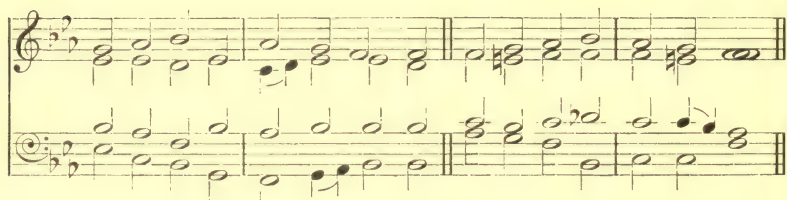
1623. *J. Milton, a.*

22

Lasset uns den Herren preisen.

87.87.8778.77.

J. SCHOP, 1641.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 131.]

Sollt ich meinem Gott nicht singen. 1653. P. Gerhardt.

1.

I WILL sing to my Creator,
 Unto God I'll render praise,
 Who by everything in nature
 Magnifies his tender grace :
 Nought but loving condescension
 Still inclines his faithful heart
 To support and take their part,
 Who pursue his blest intention.
 All things to their period tend,
 But his mercy has no end.

2.

This I know with full conviction,
 As a maxim ever sure,
 Christian crosses and affliction
 Do but for a time endure :
 After winter's frost and snowing
 Smiling summer then appears ;
 After sadness, pains and fears,
 Joyful comforts will be flowing.
 All things to their period tend,
 But his mercy has no end.

3.

Since nor end, nor bounds nor measure
 In God's mercies can be found,
 Heart and hands I lift with pleasure,
 As a child in duty bound ;
 Humbly still, this grace imploring,
 Thee to love with all my might ;
 Thee to serve both day and night,
 Till to higher regions soaring,
 Fuller bliss I taste above,
 Endless praise, and perfect love.

1732. J. C. Jacobi. a.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

St. David.

C.M.

23

RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalms*, 1621.



[May also be sung to *St. Fulbert*, No. 32.]

Ich singe dir mit Herz und Mund. 1653. P. Gerhardt.

- I'LL praise thee with my heart and tongue,
O Lord, my soul's delight,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise and might.
- 2 Thou art th' eternal source of grace,
The fount of lasting bliss;
From thee unto the human race
Flows all true happiness.
- 3 On thee, almighty Lord of hosts,
Depend our life and all;
Thou keepest watch around our coasts,
Protecting great and small.
- 4 Thy chastisements are nought but love:
When we our sins confess,
We thy forgiveness richly prove;
'Tis thy delight to bless.
- 5 Hast thou not tended us and fed,
E'en from our earliest days;
Our souls with loving-kindness led
Through many dangerous ways?
- 6 God never yet mistake hath made
In his vast government;
And all he doth permit or aid
Is blest in the event.
- 7 Then murmur not, but be resigned
To his most holy will;
Peace, rest and comfort thou wilt find,
My soul, in being still.

(1—5) 1765. *J. Haberkorn*; (6, 7) 1746—54. *M.*

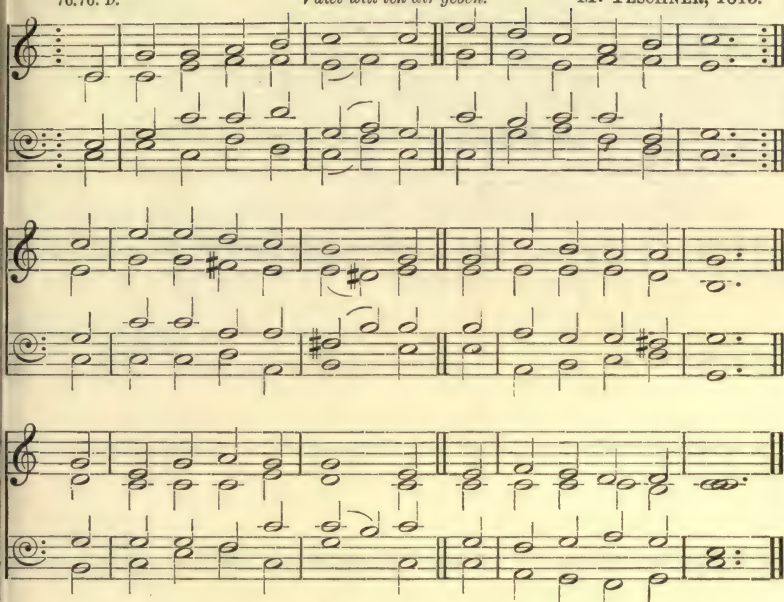
24

St. Theodulph.

76.76. D.

Valet will ich dir geben.

M. TESCHNER, 1615.



[Higher settings of this Tune will be found at Hymns 60 and 82.]

Befiehl du deine Wege (Part I.). 1653. P. Gerhardt.

COMMIT thou every grievance
Into his faithful hands,
To his sure care and guidance,
Who heaven and earth commands :
For he, the clouds' director,
Whom winds and seas obey,
Will be thy kind protector,
And will prepare thy way.

2 Rely on God thy Saviour,
So shalt thou safe go on ;
Build on his grace and favour,
So shall thy work be done :
Thou canst make no advances
By self-consuming care ;
But he his help dispenses,
When called upon by prayer.

3 My soul, then, with assurance
Hope still, be not dismayed,
He will from each encumbrance
Again lift up thy head.
Beyond thy wish extended
His goodness will appear,
When he hath fully ended
What caused thy needless fear.

1739. J. Wesley, a.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Fairfield (*First Tune*).

25

S. M. D.

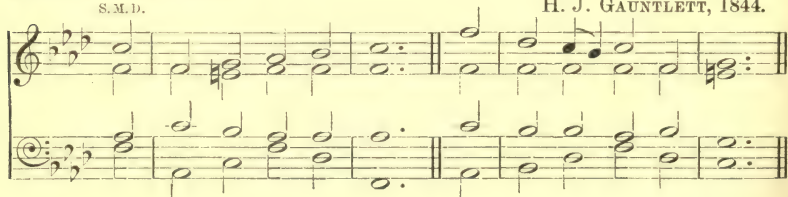
P. LA TROBE, 1854.

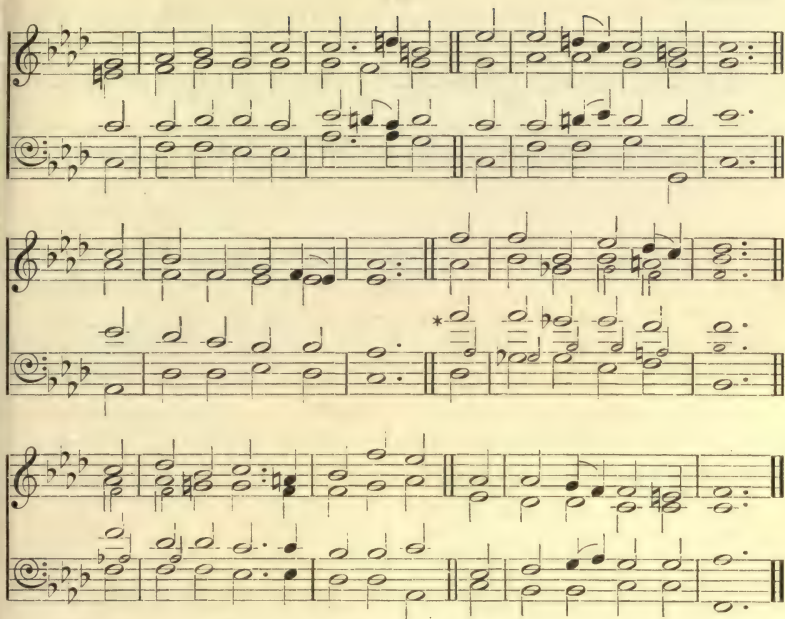


Pulford (*Second Tune*).

S. M. D.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1844.





Befiehl du deine Wege (Part II.). 1653. P. Gerhardt.

- G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head :
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve his might,
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light :
 When he makes bare his arm,
 What shall his work withstand ?
 When he his people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay his hand ?

- 3 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command,
 With wonder filled thou then shalt own
 How wise, how strong his hand :
 Thou comprehend'st him not,
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as sovereign on the throne,
 He ruleth all things well.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee,
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee :
 Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly thy truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

1739. *J. Wesley, a.*

* Alternative middle parts in small type.

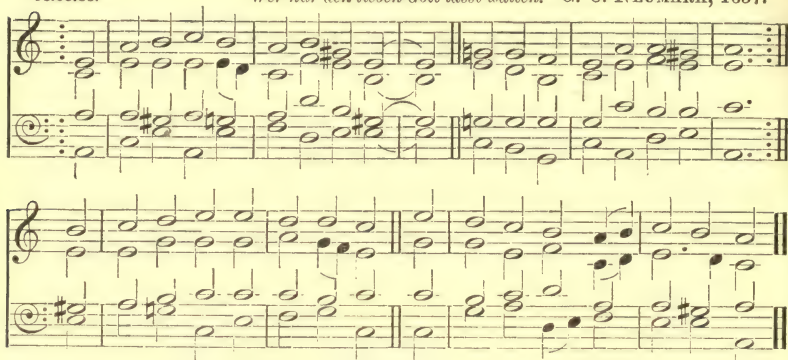
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Neumark.

98.98.88.

26

Wer nur den Lieben Gott lässt walten. G. C. NEUMARK, 1657.



Wer nur den Lieben Gott lässt walten. 1641. G. C. Neumark.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide
And bear thee through the evil days ; [thee,
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.</p> <p>2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies ?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.</p> <p>3 Only be still, and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love have sent ;</p> | <p>Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.</p> <p>4 All are alike before the Highest ;
'Tis easy for our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low ;
True wonders still by him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to nought.</p> <p>5 Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving ;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust his word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee ;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.</p> |
|--|---|

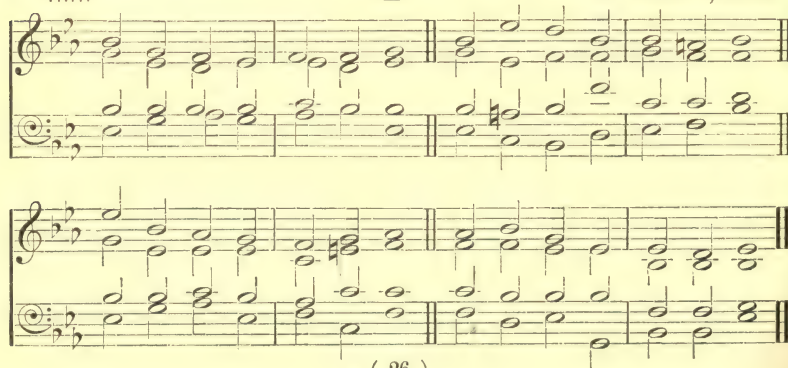
1855—1863, *Catherine Winkworth.*

Buckland.

77.77.

27

L. G. HAYNE, 1863.



HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

2 All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

3 Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord;
We, on whom his bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

4 Wake! for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake! and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

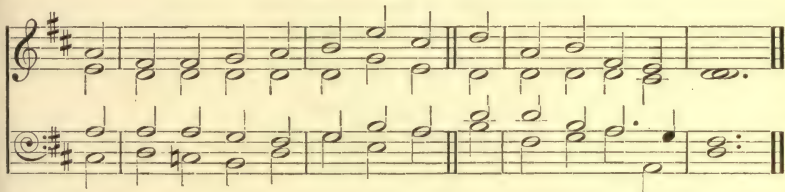
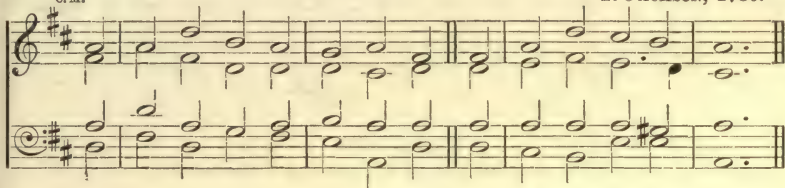
1668. *J. Austin.*

Byzantium.

28

C. M.

T. JACKSON, 1780.



IN thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou number'st all my days:
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

2 Naked I came into this world,
And nothing with me brought:
And nothing have I here deserved;
Yet I have lacked nought.

3 I do not praise my labouring hand,
My labouring head, or chance;
Thy providence, most gracious God,
Is my inheritance.

4 The daily favours of my God
I cannot sing at large;
Yet humbly can I make this boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.

5 Lord, in the day thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

6 O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

1683. *J. Mason, a.*

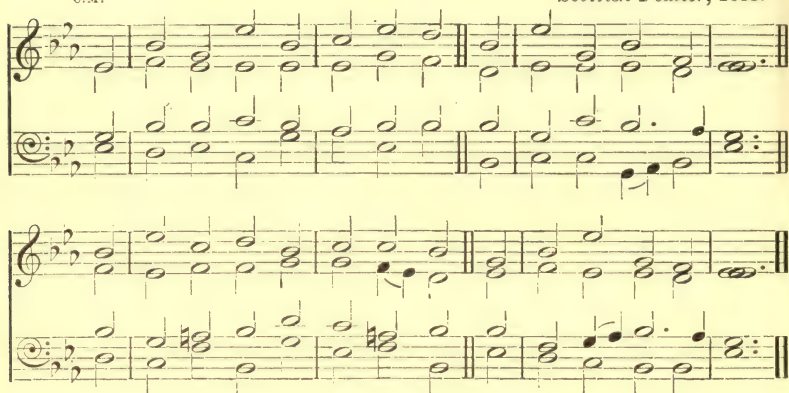
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

London Hew.

29

C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1635.



Psaltn xxxiv.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make but his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

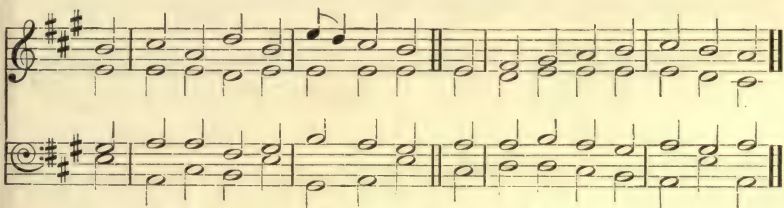
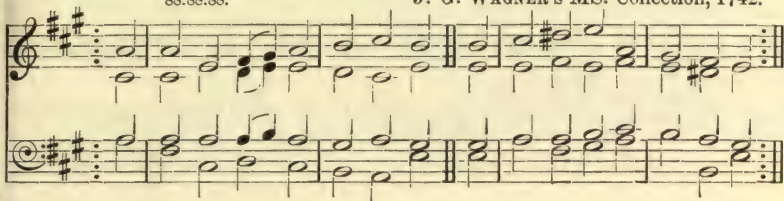
1696. *Tate and Brady.*

30

♩ dass ich tausend Zungen hätte,

88.88.88.

J. G. WAGNER's MS. Collection, 1742.



Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen. 1697. B. Crassellius.

TO thee, Jehovah, will I sing,
 For thou alone my God shalt be ;
 To thee my hymns of praise I'll bring,
 O may thy Spirit counsel me,
 That in my Saviour's name alone
 I may appear before thy throne.

2 Draw me, O Father, to the Son,
 That he may draw me unto thee ;
 Thy Spirit render me his own,
 And rule without control in me ;
 Shed in my heart thy love abroad,
 And keep me in thy peace, O God.

3 This I implore in his dear name
 Who intercedes for me above,
 Through whom each blessing I may claim,
 When drawn to thee by faith and love.
 All praise to thee for ever be,
 For all thy blessings, Lord, to me.

(1, 3) 1885. J. W. Davey ; (2) 1789. P. H. Molther.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Addison's.

L.M.D.

31

J. SHEELES, c. 1730.



[May also be sung to *Cantate Domino*, No. 553.]

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth,

While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

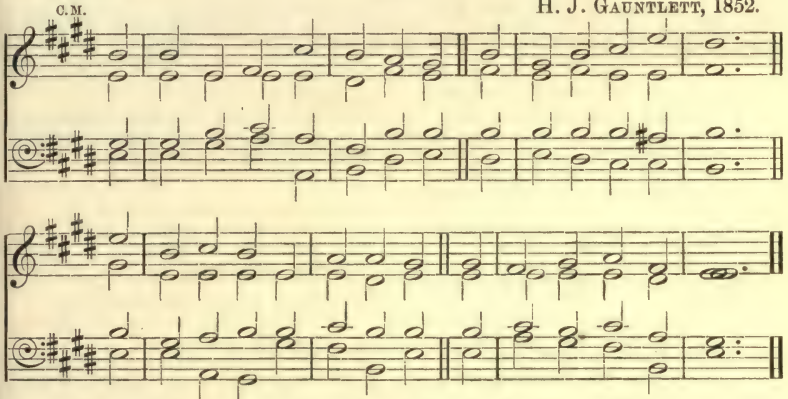
3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'

1712. *J. Addison.*

St. Fulbert.

32

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 456.]

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in heaven with thee,
The glorious theme renew.

1712. *J. Addison, a.*

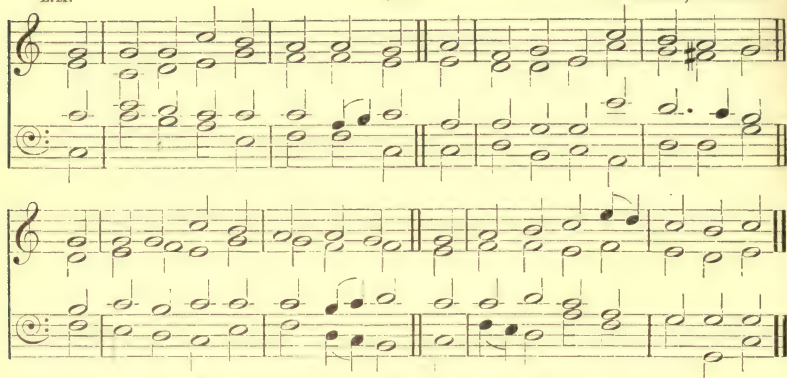
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Mainzer.

L.M.

33

J. MAINZER, c. 1841.



Monarche aller Ding. 1714. J. A. Freydinghausen.

MONARCH of all, with lowly fear,
To thee heaven's hosts their voices
raise ;
E'en earth and dust thy bounties share :
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

4 Thou, Lord, art good, and thou alone :
With eager hope, with warm desire,
Thee may I still my portion own,
To thee in every thought aspire.

2 Thou, Lord, art light : thy glorious ray
No shade, no variation knows ;
To my dark soul thy light display,
The brightness of thy face disclose.

5 So shall my every power to thee
In love and pure devotion rise ;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
A holy, living sacrifice.

3 Thou, Lord, art love : from thee pure love
Flows forth in unexhausted streams ;
Let me its quickening virtue prove,
O fill my heart with sacred flames.

6 Lord God Almighty, ceaseless praise
In heaven, thy throne, to thee is
given :
Here, as in heaven, thy name we bless,
For where thy presence shines is heaven.

1739. J. Wesley, a.

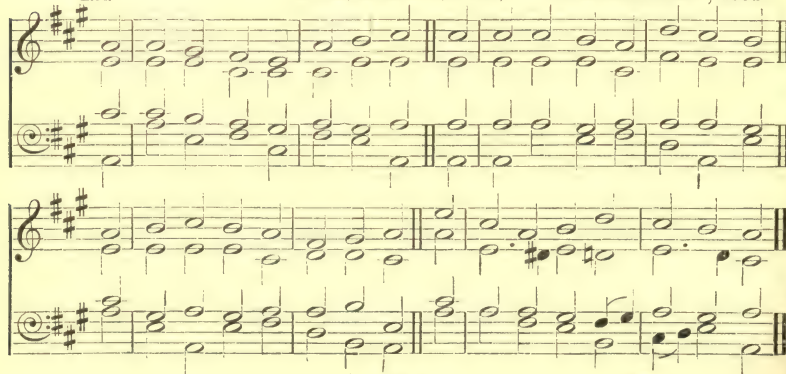
Old Hundredth.

L.M.

34

Or sus, serviteurs (Ps. 134).

L. BOURGEOIS (?).
Genevan Psalter, 1551.



Psalm ciii.

BLESS, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise :
How can the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

3 Our youth decayed his power repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our soul with heavenly food.

2 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let all mankind adore his grace ;
Let us with all our powers sing
Praise to our Saviour, God and King.

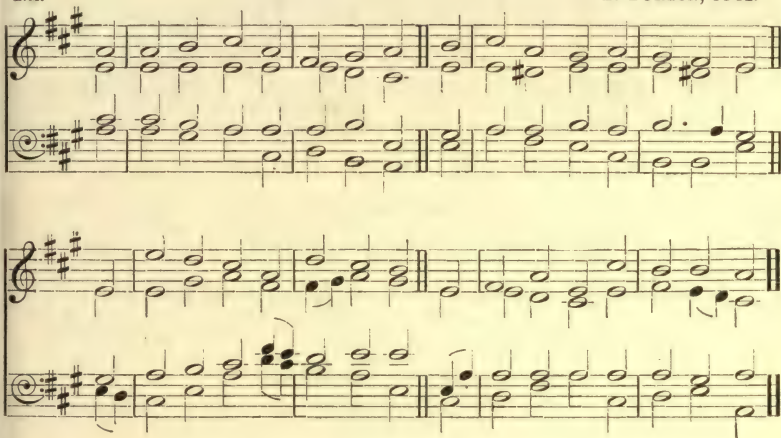
1719. *I. Watts, a.*

Ely.

L.M.

35

T. TURTON, 1844.



Psalm cxxxvi.

GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, from darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

1719. *I. Watts.*

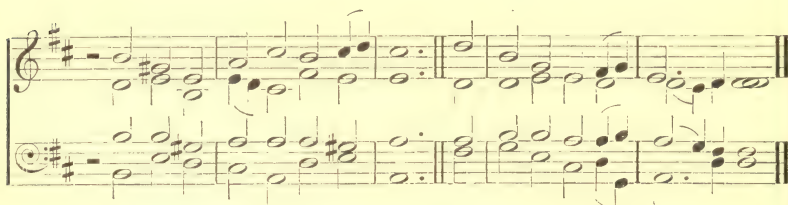
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

David's Harp.

36

L. M. D.

R. KING, 1701.



[May also be sung to Addison's, No. 31.]

Psalm xxxvi.

1.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy design :
For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Great are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

2.

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But man is thy peculiar care :
My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs :
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

3.

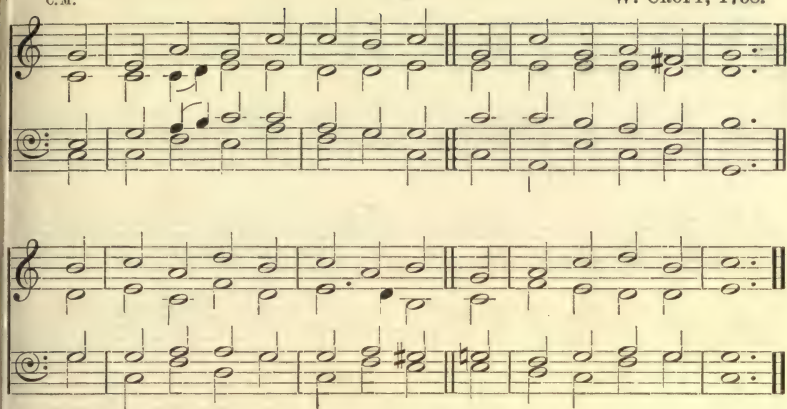
From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And we the living water taste :
Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from thy presence, gracious Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

1719. I. Watts, a.

St. Anne.

C.M.

W. CROFT, 1708.

[May also be sung to *St. Peter*, No. 87.]*Genesis xxviii. 20-22.*

- O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
 Before thy throne of grace :
 God of our fathers ! be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,
 Our wandering footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode,
 Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
 Our humble prayers implore ;
 And thou shalt be our chosen God,
 And portion evermore.

1737. *P. Doddridge, a.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Bentley.

76.76. D.

38

J. HULLAH, 1867.



SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings :
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

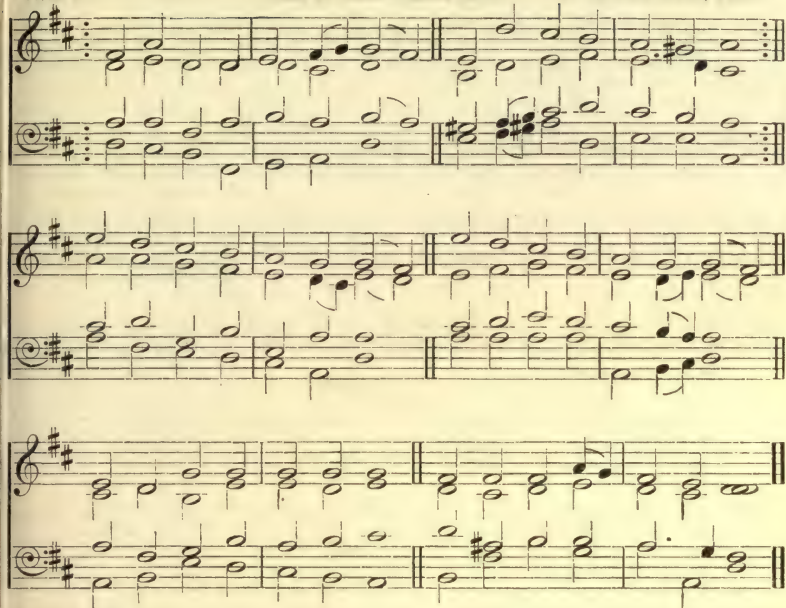
1779. W. Cowper.

Anacker.

77.77. D.

Alle Menschen müssen sterben.

A. F. ANACKER, 1838.



1.

FATHER of eternal grace,
 Glorify thyself in me;
 Meekly beaming in my face,
 May the world thine image see:
 Happy only in thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
 Fix my thoughts on things above,
 Stay my heart on thee alone.

2.

Humble, holy, all resigned
 To thy will—thy will be done—
 Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of thy well-belovèd Son:
 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path he trod,
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with him to thee, my God.

1807. J. Montgomery.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

St. George.

S.M.

40

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



Psalm ciii.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.</p> <p>2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all his benefits :
The Lord to thee is kind.</p> <p>3 He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.</p> | <p>4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.</p> <p>5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle's he renews
The vigour of thy youth.</p> <p>6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days ;
O bless the Lord, my soul.</p> |
|--|---|

1819. *J. Montgomery.*

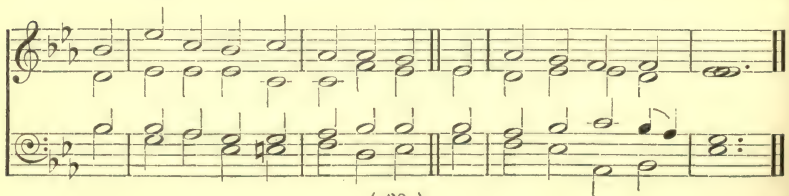
St. Bernard.

C.M.

41

Tochter Sion, 1741.

Arranged by J. RICHARDSON (?).



- T**HERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love ;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown his holy hill ;
The saints, like stars around his seat,
Perform their courses still.
- 6 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.
- 7 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
- 8 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

1819. *J. Keble.*

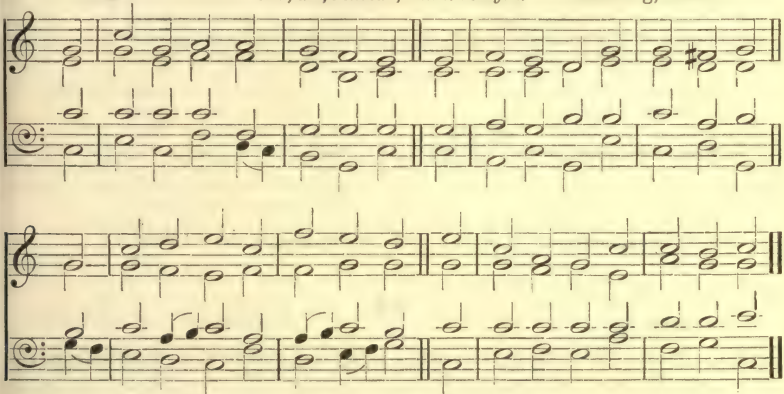
42

Winchester New.

L. M.

Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen.

Musikalisches Handbuch,
Hamburg, 1690.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 599.]

- O** THOU, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

- 3 From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp with reverent air
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

- 5 O thou to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee at last in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

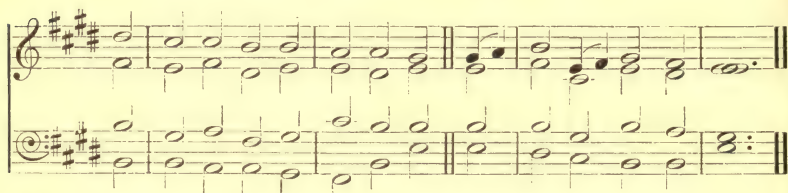
1824. *J. Pierpont.*

Cowper.

C.M.

43

W. NELSON, 1854.



HOW condescending 'tis, that he,
Who worlds to being spake,
One promise unto worthless me
Should ever deign to make.

2 Yet countless are his promises,
And who can doubt his truth?
He'll lead me on throughout my race,
To hoary hairs from youth.

3 What is his covenant of love?
A covenant firm and sure;
Hills may depart, and mountains move,
And yet it shall endure.

4 'Tis, that the kindness of our God
Shall ne'er from us depart,
That equally his smile, or rod,
Displays his loving heart;—

5 That he will guide us, whom no power
Nor craft can e'er withstand,
That not temptation's darkest hour
Shall wrest us from his hand;—

6 That truth and mercy, while we've breath,
Shall compass us around,
And that with him shall after death
Our glorious lot be found.

1826. W. Okeley.

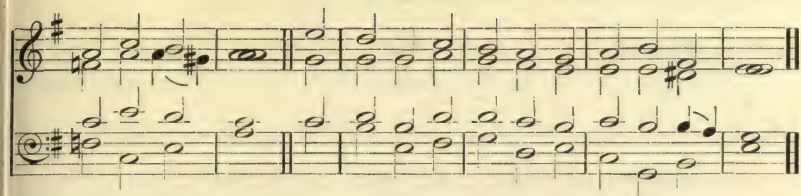
Old 104th (*First Tune*).

55.55.65.65.

44

RAVENS CROFT'S *Psalms*, 1621.

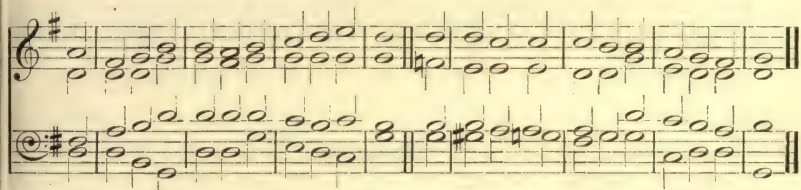
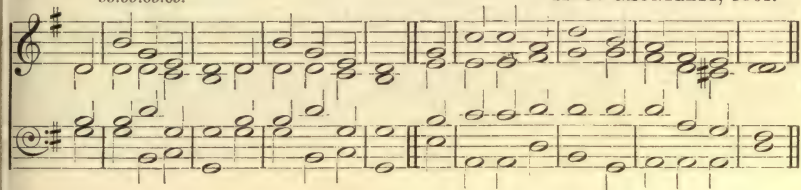




Thoughton (*Second Tune*).

55.55.65.65.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1861.



Psalm cir.

- O** WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

- 4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.
- 6 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to thy praise.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Praise, my soul.*

45

87.87.447.

UNISON.

Psalm ciii.

J. Goss, 1869.

mf

1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven ; To his feet thy tribute bring ;

ORGAN.

The first system of music includes a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a melody of eighth and quarter notes. Below it is the organ accompaniment, consisting of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both playing chords and moving lines.

Ransom'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en, Who like thee his praise should sing?

The second system continues the vocal melody and organ accompaniment. The vocal line has a slight rise in pitch towards the end of the phrase. The organ accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and moving bass lines.

f

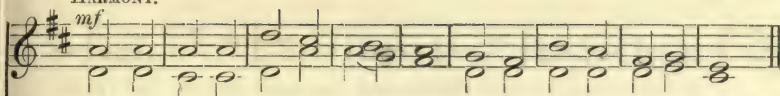
Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

The third system features a vocal line with a crescendo leading to a final, sustained note. The organ accompaniment also builds up, with the right hand playing sustained chords and the left hand providing a steady bass line.

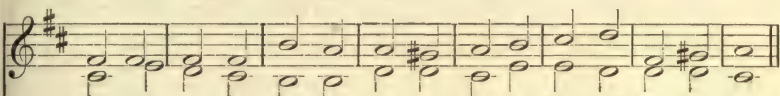
* If desired, the music of verse 2 may be used for the hymn throughout.

GOD THE FATHER.

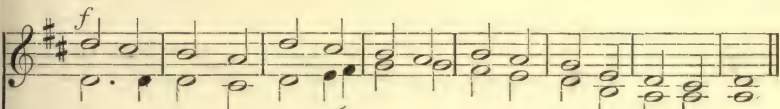
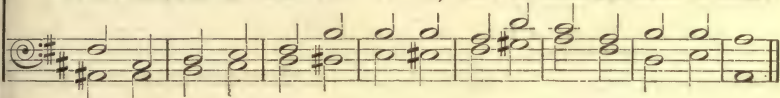
HARMONY.



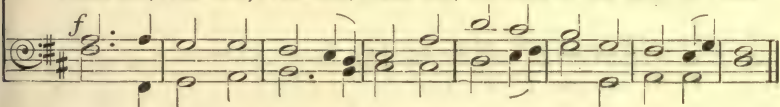
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - your To our fa - thers in dis - tress ;



Praise him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless :

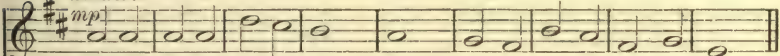


Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.

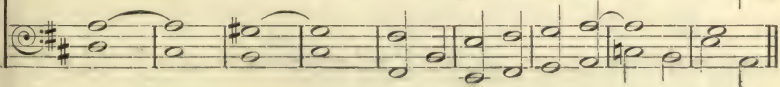
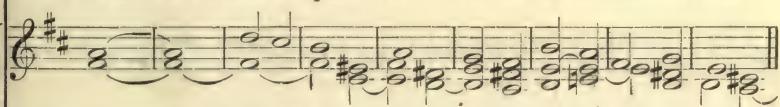


TREBLES ONLY.

Slower.



3. Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us ; Well our fee - ble frame he knows ;



GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

In his hands he gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes :

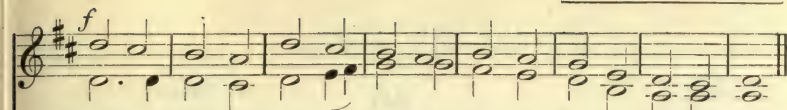
Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Wide - ly as his mer - cy flows.

HARMONY.

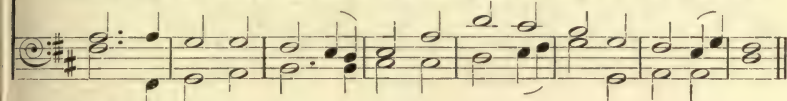
4. Frail as summer's flower we flou - rish; Blows the wind and it is gone;

But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on :

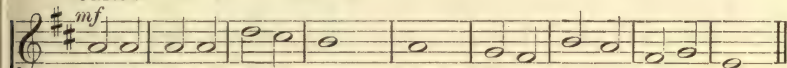
GOD THE FATHER.



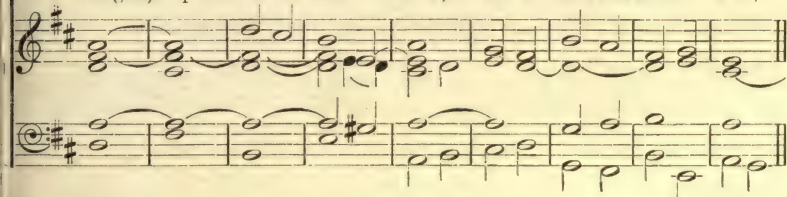
Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise the high e - ter - nal One.



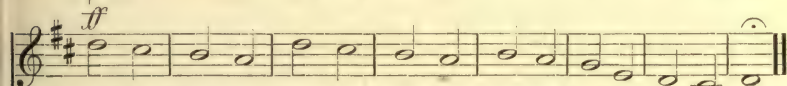
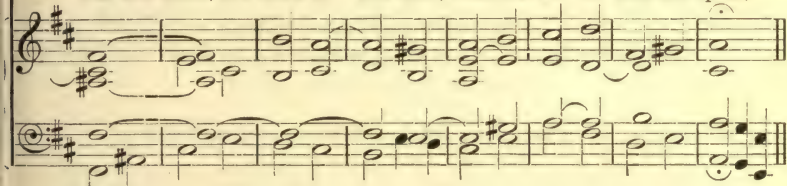
UNISON.



5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; Ye be - hold him face to face;



Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him; Dwellers all in time and space,



Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise with us the God of grace.



1834. H. F. Lytle.

[May also be sung to *St. Peter's, Westminster*, No. 158.]

(45)

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

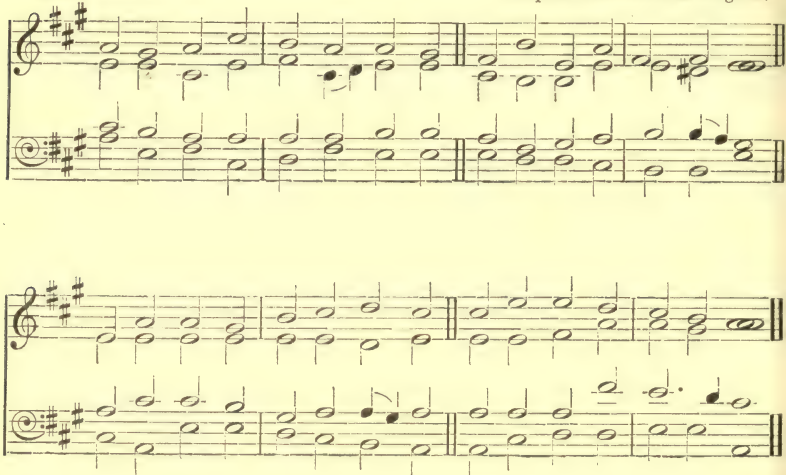
Dresden.

87.87.

46

R. REDHEAD, 1853.

Adapted from a German original.



O HOW kindly hast thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day !
Found my dwelling, clothed, and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way !

2 Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
With thy smile, or with thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

3 O how slowly have I often
Followed where thy hand would draw,
How thy kindness failed to soften !
How thy chastening failed to awe !

4 Make me for thy rest more ready,
As thy path is longer trod ;
Keep me in thy friendship steady,
Till thou call me home, my God !

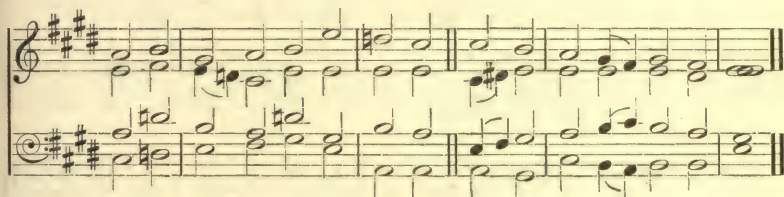
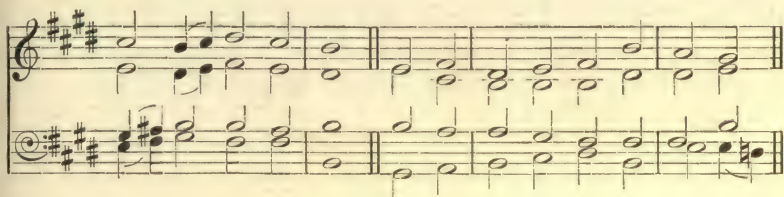
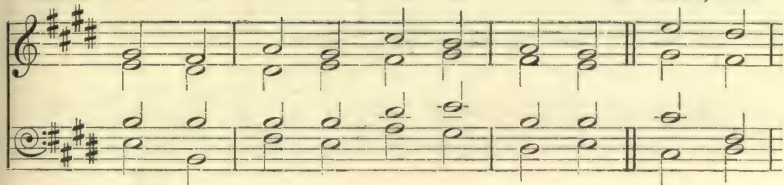
1836. *T. Grinfield.*

Seraphim.

44.7.88.7.

47

H. SMART, 1867.

*Benedicite.*

- A**NGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noon-light,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 3 Ocean hoary,
Tell his glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

- 4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared ;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 5 Rolling river,
Praise him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured ;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 6 Praise him ever,
Bounteous Giver ;
Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

1840. J. S. Blackie.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Alleluia.

48

87.87. D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1868.



A BBA, Father ! we approach thee
In our Saviour's precious name ;
We, thy children, here assembling,
Now thy promised blessings claim ;
From our sins his blood has washed us,
'Tis through him our souls draw nigh ;
And thy Spirit too hath taught us,
Abba, Father ! thus to cry.

2 Once as prodigals we wandered,
In our folly far from thee ;
But thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery ;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
At thy table in our place,
We rejoice, as thou rejoicest,
In the riches of thy grace.

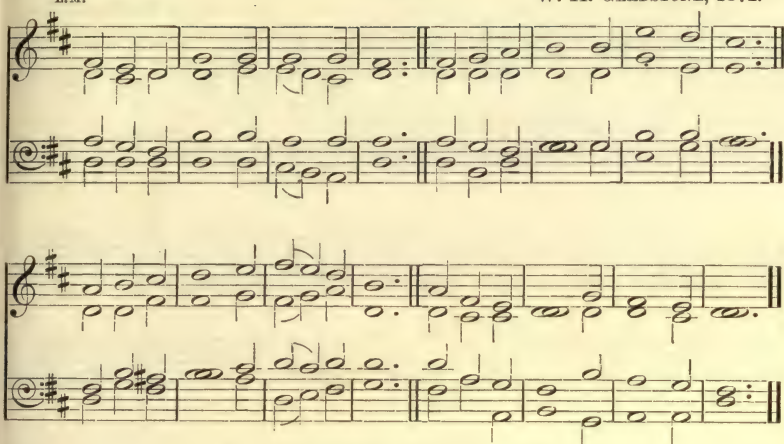
3 Abba, Father ! all adore thee,
All rejoice in heaven above ;
While in us they learn the wonders,
Of thy wisdom, grace and love.
Soon before thy throne assembled,
All thy children shall proclaim,
Glory, everlasting glory,
Be to God and to the Lamb !

Ombersley.

49

L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE, 1872.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near.

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 Star of our hope, thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
 Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
 Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign;
 All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 Before thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
 Till all thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.

1848. O. W. Holmes.

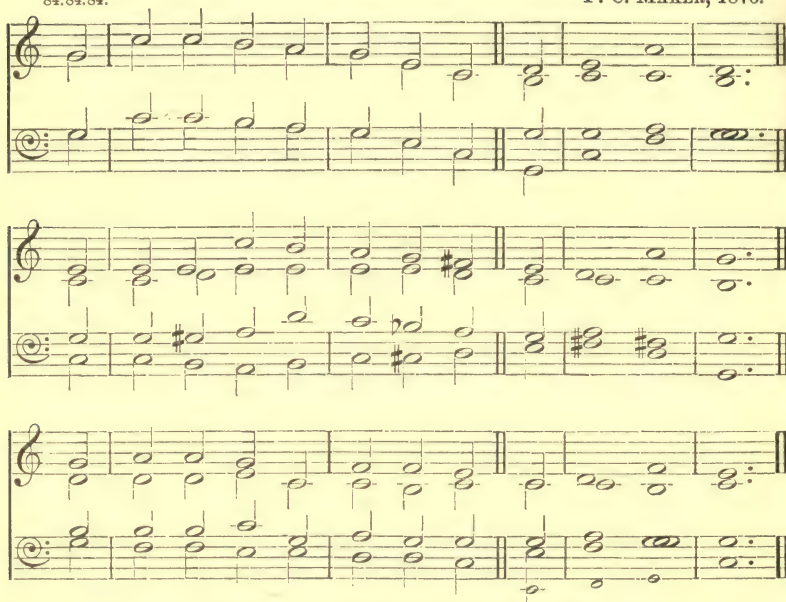
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Wentworth.

50

84.84.84.

F. C. MAKER, 1876.



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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>MY God, I thank thee, who hast made
 The earth so bright,
 So full of splendour and of joy,
 Beauty and light ;
 So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right.</p> <p>2 I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
 Joy to abound,
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds
 Circling us round,
 That in the darkest spot of earth
 Some love is found.</p> <p>3 I thank thee more that all our joy
 Is touched with pain,
 That shadows fall on brightest hours,
 That thorns remain,
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.</p> | <p>4 For thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings,
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things.</p> <p>5 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
 The best in store :
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more,—
 A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.</p> <p>6 I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest,
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast.</p> |
|---|--|

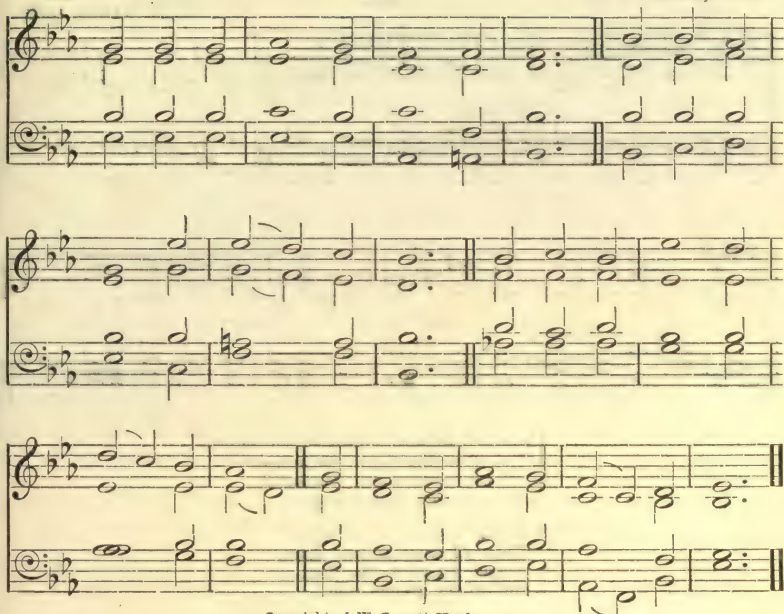
1858. *Adelaide A. Procter, a.*

Maryton.

L. M.

51

H. P. SMITH, 1874.



Copyright of W. Garrett Horder.

- O** LOVE of God ! how strong and true,
 Eternal and yet ever new ;
 Uncomprehended and unbought,
 Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
- 2 O wide-embracing, wondrous love !
 We read thee in the sky above ;
 We read thee in the earth below,
 In seas that swell and streams that flow.
- 3 We read thee best in him who came
 To bear for us the cross of shame ;
 Sent by the Father from on high,
 Our life to live, our death to die.
- 4 We read thy power to bless and save
 E'en in the darkness of the grave ;
 Still more in resurrection light
 We read the fulness of thy might.
- 5 O love of God ! our shield and stay
 Through all the perils of our way ;
 Eternal love, in thee we rest,
 For ever safe, for ever blest !

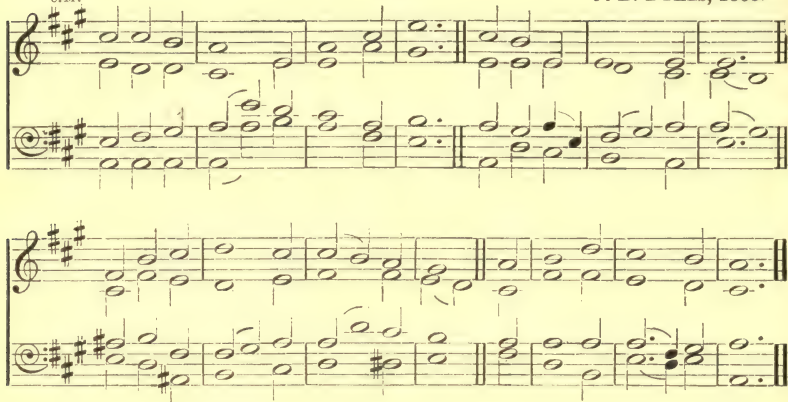
1861. H. Bonar.

Gerontius.

52

J. B. DYKES, 1868.

C. M.



PRAISE to the Holiest in the height
And in the depth be praise,—
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

- 2 O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
- 3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;
- 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and his very self
And essence all-Divine.
- 5 O generous love ! that he who smote
In Man, for man, the foe,
The double agony in Man,
For man, should undergo.
- 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.
- 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,—
In all his words most wonderful
Most sure in all his ways.

1865. J. H. Newman.

THE SON OF GOD: HIS INCARNATION.

THE SON OF GOD: HIS INCARNATION.

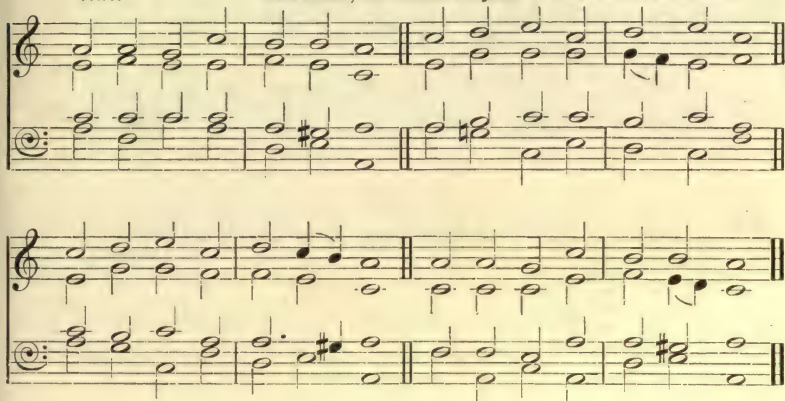
Veni Redemptor.

77.77.

53

WALTHER'S *Gesangbüchlein*, 1524.

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland. From a mediæval melody.



Veni Redemptor gentium. 374. Ambrose.

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland. 1524. M. Luther.

SAVIOUR of the nations come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb,
In the fulness of the time!
Praise and wonder every clime!

2 From his high and glorious throne
Meekly he to earth came down;
Thus his wondrous course began,
God with God, and man with man.

3 He to save mankind was sent,
Doing good his life he spent,
Stooped to death and to the tomb,
Ere he did his throne resume.

4 Lo! a great and heavenly light
From the manger shining bright,
Sin's deep darkness to dispel,
And within our hearts to dwell.

5 Thou who hast the Father's life,
Victor in the human strife!
Tread down sin and every foe,
Rear thy kingdom here below.

1746. M., a.

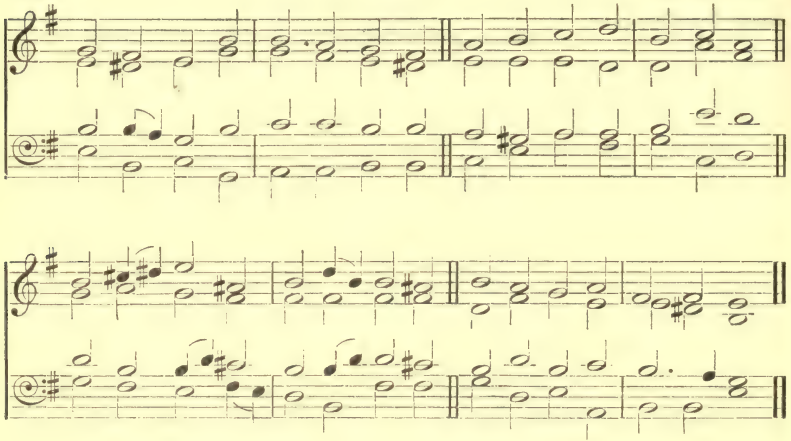
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Gilead.

87.87.

54

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

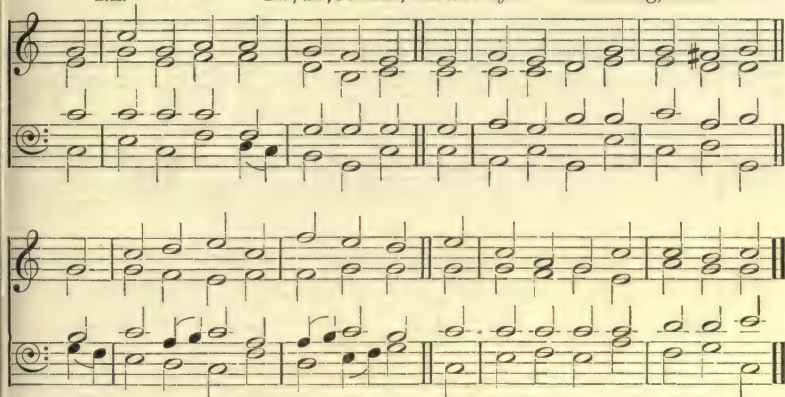


Vox clara ecce intonat. 6th Cent.

HARK! a herald voice is calling :
'Christ is nigh,' it seems to say :
'Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day !'

- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven ;
- 4 So when next he comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May he then as our defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.
- 5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the co-eternal Spirit,
While unending ages run.

1849. *E. Caswall, a.*



Grates nunc omnes reddamus. 11th Cent.
Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ. 1523. M. Luther.

LORD Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
 That thou wast pleased a man to be;
 Our low estate thou didst not scorn;
 And angels sang to see thee born.

2 The heavenly Father's only Son,
 He left his rightful glorious throne;
 The Lord through whom the worlds were made
 Is in the humble manger laid.

3 The brightness of the Light divine
 Doth now into our darkness shine;
 It breaks upon sin's gloomy night
 And makes us children of the light.

4 The Father's Son for ever blest
 Becomes in his own world a guest,
 To lead us from this vale of strife
 Into the everlasting life.

5 All mean and poor on earth he came,
 That we might heavenly riches claim,
 And after death at his right hand
 With saints and angels joyous stand.

6 For us these wonders has he wrought
 In love beyond our human thought:
 Let Christians all now join to sing
 Praise to our newborn Saviour King.

1742. C. Kinchin, a.

56

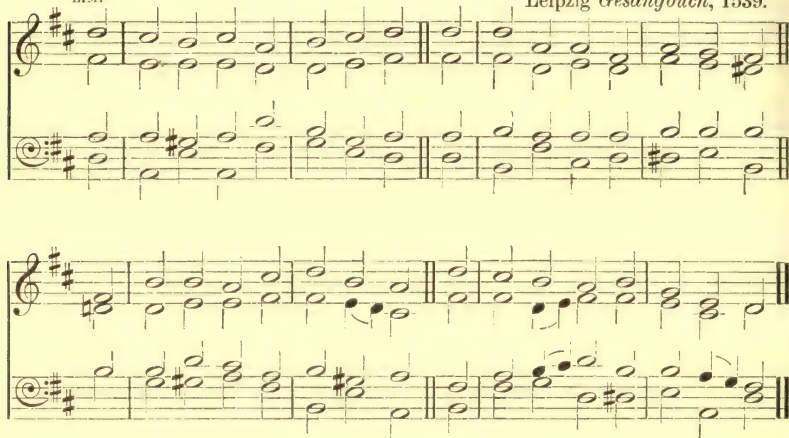
Vom Himmel.

Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.

M. LUTHER (?)

Leipzig Gesangbuch, 1539.

L.M.



Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her. 1535. M. Luther.

TO-day we celebrate the birth
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth
To make himself as Saviour known,
And claim us sinners as his own.

2 Awake, my heart ; my soul, arise ;
Look who in yonder manger lies ;
Who is that child, so poor and mean ?
'Tis he who all things does sustain.

3 Welcome, O welcome, noble guest,
Who sinners not despised hast,
But cam'st into our misery ;
How shall we pay due thanks to thee ?

4 Immanuel, incarnate God,
Prepare my heart for thy abode :
O may I, through thy aiding grace,
In all I do, show forth thy praise.

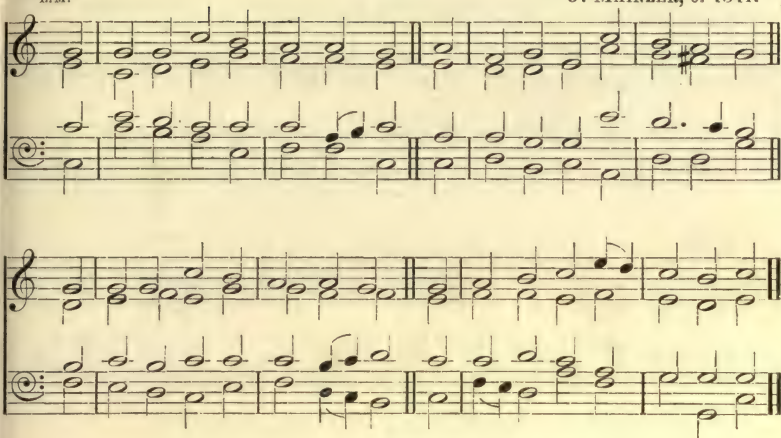
1754. M., a.

Mainzer.

57

J. MAINZER, c. 1841.

L.M.



Lob sei dem allmächtigen Gott. 1531. M. Weisse.

ALL praise to thee, Almighty God,
Who laidst aside thy judgment rod,
And gav'st thy well beloved Son,
A Saviour for our world undone.

2 A soul divine in human frame,
A human life but free from blame;
The sower here of heavenly seed,
The Word of Life in truth and deed.

3 And what is man that Christ thy Son
Should suffer for what man has done?
He is thy child, made in thy love,
And called to thy blest life above.

4 If such the patient love of God,
Low stooping from his high abode,
O sons of men, why will ye die?
Why seek ye not your home 'on high?

5 Throw wide your hearts to Christ to-day,
In childlike faith for pardon pray:
Who now from death to life has passed,
In his Lord's joy shall dwell at last.

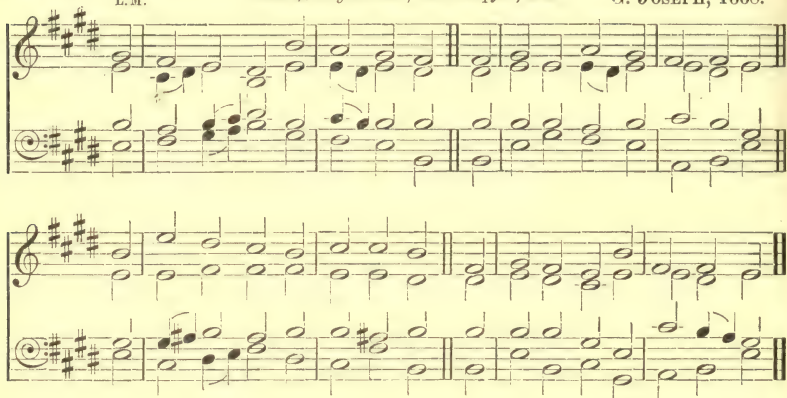
1754. J. Gambold, a.

Komm, heil'ger Geist.

L. M.

Komm, heil'ger Geist, Du Schöpfer, Du.

G. JOSEPH, 1668.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 722.]

[May also be sung to *St. Bernard*, No. 154.]

Wir singen dir Immanuel. 1653. P. Gerhardt.

IMMANUEL, to thee we sing,
Thou Prince of life, almighty King,
That thou, expected ages past,
Didst come to visit us at last.

2 Thou, Lord, though heaven belongs to thee,
On earth a stranger deign'st to be :
Thou clothest all, yet wear'st a dress
Which doth the poorest state express.

3 On withered grass reclines thy head,
A wretched manger is thy bed :
Though thou appear'st among thine own,
No kindness unto thee is shown.

4 Of bliss and joy thou art the source ;
Yet pain and sorrow marked thy course.
The comfort thou of every one ;
Yet comforters thyself hadst none.

5 Thou can'st to be the friend of men ;
Thee men with wicked hands have slain.
To be man's life didst leave thy home ;
How few for life to thee would come.

6 I thank thee, gracious Lord, that thou
On my account didst stoop so low :
O that my words, my works, and ways
May all proclaim thy matchless praise.

1748. L. E. Schlicht, a.

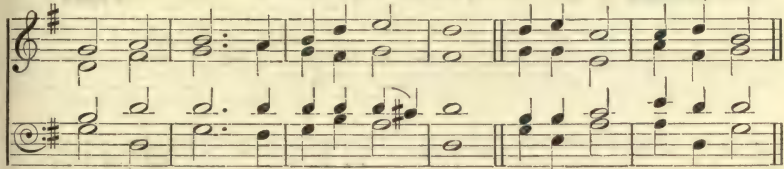
59

Warum sollt ich.

8.33.6. D.

Warum sollt ich mich denn grämen.

J. G. EBELING, 1666.



[May also be sung to *Fröhlich soll*, No. 732¹.]

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen. 1653. P. Gerhardt.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices ;
'Christ is born !' their choirs are singing,
Till the air,
Everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark ! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
'Flee from woe and danger :
Brethren, come : from all doth grieve you
You are freed ;
All you need
I will surely give you.'

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder ;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder ;
Love him who with love is yearning,
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

1858. Catherine Winkworth.

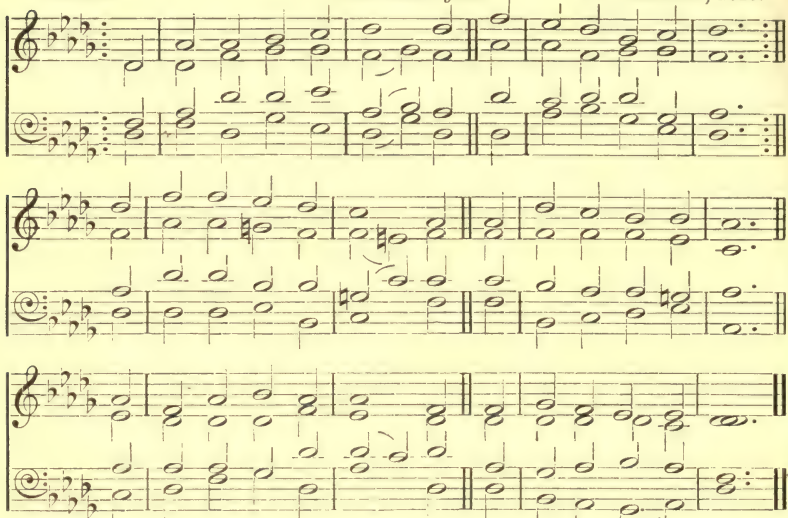
St. Theodulph.

76.76. D.

60

Valet will ich dir geben.

M. TESCHNER, 1615.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 24.]

Wie soll ich dich empfangen. 1653. P. Gerhardt.

O HOW shall I receive thee,
How greet thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see thee,
My hope, my heart's delight!
O kindle, Lord most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please thee best.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare.
My soul puts off her sadness,
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness,
She fain would serve thy name.

3 Love caused thy incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Hath gained my liberty;
O love beyond all telling,
That led thee to embrace,
In love all love excellence,
Our lost and fallen race!

4 Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom;
He who alone can cheer you
Is standing at the door;
He brings his pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.

1851. A. T. Russell, a.

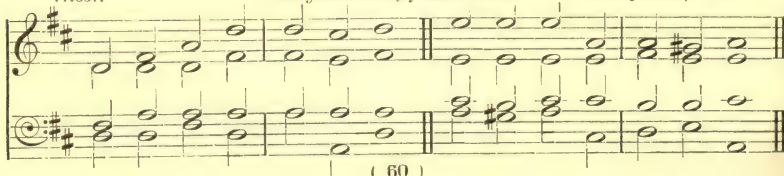
Morgenstern.

77.337.

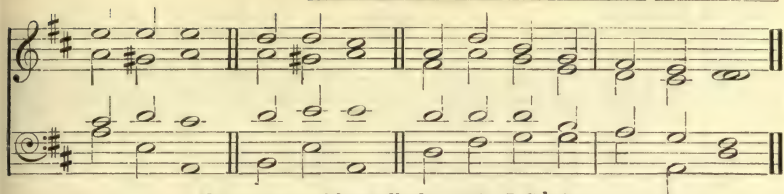
61

Morgenstern auf finstre Nacht.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1705.



THE SON OF GOD: HIS INCARNATION.



Morgenstern auf finstre Nacht. 1657. J. Scheffler.

MORNING star, O cheering sight !
Ere thou cam'st how dark earth's
Jesus mine, [night !
In me shine ;
Fill my heart with light divine.

2 Morning star, thy glory bright
Far excels the sun's clear light :
Jesus be
Constantly,
More than thousand suns to me.

3 Thy glad beams, thou morning star,
Cheer the nations near and far ;
Thee we own
Lord alone,
Man's great Saviour, God's dear Son.
4 Morning star, my soul's true light,
Tarry not, dispel my night ;
Jesus mine,
In me shine ;
Fill my heart with light divine.

1885. B. Harvey.

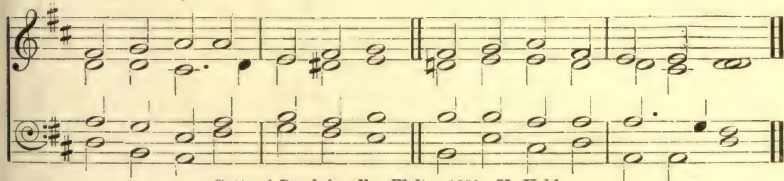
Lübeck.

62

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704

77.77.

Gott sei Dank in aller Welt.



Gott sei Dank in aller Welt. 1659. H. Heel.

ALL the world give praises due ;
God is faithful, God is true ;
He to man doth comfort send
In his Son, the sinners' friend.

2 What the fathers wished of old,
What the promises foretold,
What the seers did prophesy,
Is fulfilled most gloriously.

3 My Salvation, welcome be ;
Thou, my portion, praise to thee ;
Come, and make thy blest abode
In my heart, O Son of God.

4 Grant thy comforts to my mind,
Since I'm helpless, poor, and blind ;
O may I in faith abide
Thine, and never turn aside.

5 Jesus, when in majesty
Thou shall come my judge to be,
Grant in grace, that I may stand
Justified at thy right hand.

1754. Anon. in 'Select Hymns from German Psalmody.'

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Adeste Fideles.

Irregular.

63

Early 18th Cent. (?)
(Stonyhurst MS. Collection, 1751.)

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, O
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing;

come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of hea - ven a - bove,
 Je - sus, to thee be . . . glo - ry given,

Come and be - hold him Born the King of an - gels;
 Glo - ry to God In the high - est,
 Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing.

O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, O

come, let us a - dore him, Christ . . . the Lord.

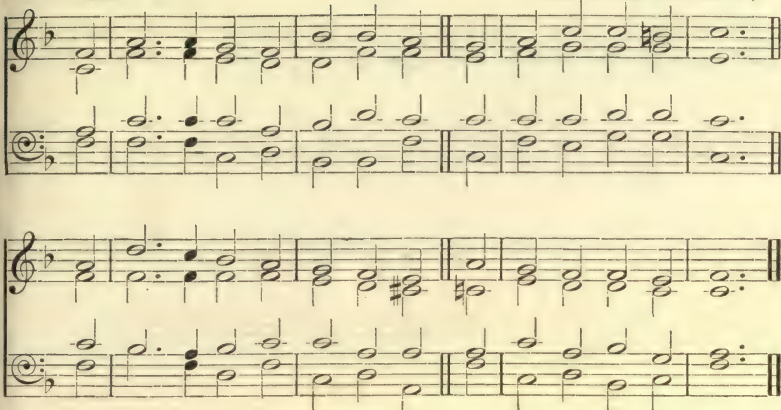
Winchester Old.

C. M.

64

ESTE'S *Psalms*, 1592.

Adapted from TYE, 1553 (?).

*Luke ii. 8-14.*

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

- 2 'Fear not,' said he,—for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,—
 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town this day,
 Is born, of David's line,
 A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign :
- 4 The heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid.'
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song :—
- 6 'All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace :
 Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease.'

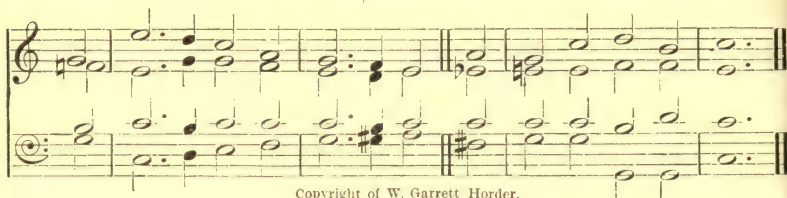
1702. *N. Tate.*

St. Saviour (*First Tune*).

C.M.

65

F. G. BAKER, 1876.



Copyright of W. Garrett Horder.

University (*Second Tune*).

C.M.

CH. COLLIGNON, c. 1790.



HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour
The Saviour promised long; [comes,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye, long closed in night,
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the riches of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

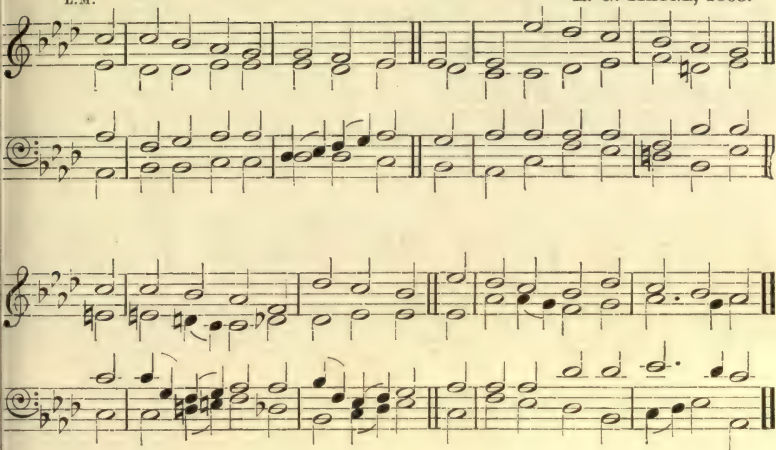
1735. P. Doddridge, a.

St. Lawrence.

66

L. G. HAYNE, 1863.

L.M.



Jordanis oras praevia. 1736. C. Coffin.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh !
Awake and hearken ; for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

- 2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest !
Yea ! let us each our heart prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.
- 3 For thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward ;
Without thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.
- 4 Stretch forth thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more ;
Once more upon thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.
- 5 To him who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given :
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

1837. J. Chandler.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Mendelssohn.

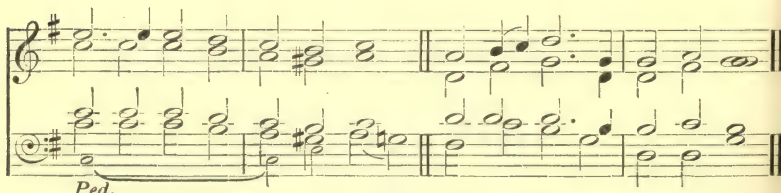
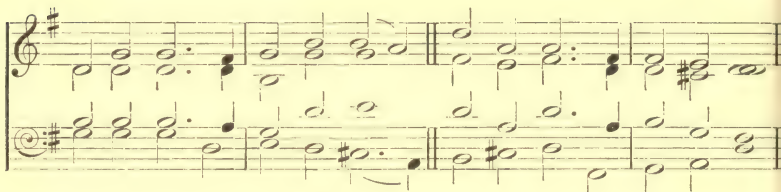
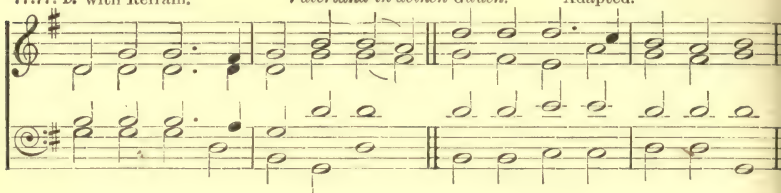
67

MEDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1840.

77.77. D. with Refrain.

Vaterland in deinen Gauen.

Adapted.



Ped.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled !'
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

*Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King.'*

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
 Hail, the incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
 Jesus, our Immanuel !

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

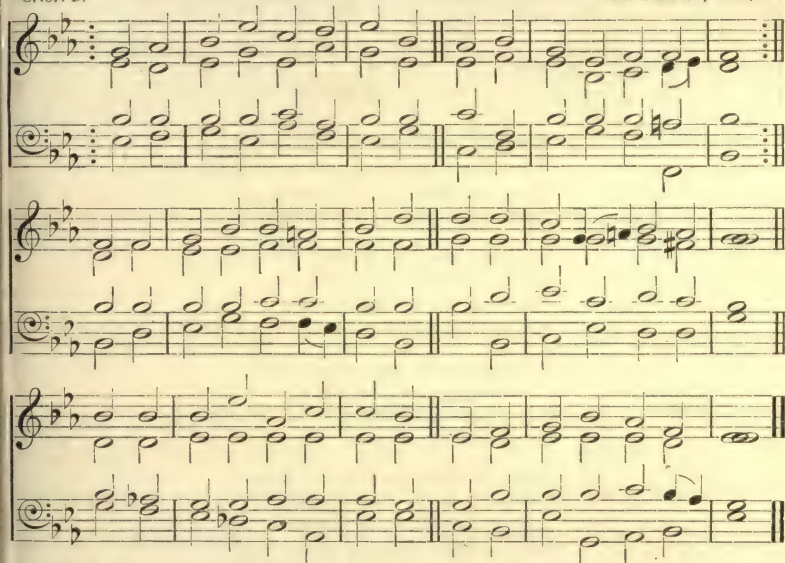
1739. C. Wesley, a.

Everton.

87-87. D.

68

H. SMART, 1867.



COME, thou universal blessing,
 Thou, the woman's promised seed ;
 Perfect peace and joy unceasing
 Through the ransomed nations spread.
 Selfish pride and brutal passion
 Far from every heart remove,
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Bless us with thy heavenly love.

2 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art ;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child and yet a king,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring ;
 By thine own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

1744. C. Wesley, a.

Gregor's Twelfth.

69

C. GREGOR'S
Choralbuch, 1784.

77.77.

Höchster Priester der du dich.



WHAT good news the angels bring,
What glad tidings of our King;
Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ, who takes our sins away.

2 He, who rules both heaven and earth
Has in Bethlehem his birth;
Him shall all the faithful see,
And rejoice eternally.

3 Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hosannas fill the sky:
Glory be to God above,
Who is infinite in love.

4 Peace on earth, good-will to men:
Now with us our God is seen:
Angels join with us in praise,
Help us sing redeeming grace.

5 Jesus is the loveliest name,
This the angel doth proclaim;
Sinners poor he came to save,
They in him redemption have.

6 When they see themselves undone,
And take refuge in the Son,
They shall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

1745. W. Hammond, a.

St. Basil.

L. M. D.

70

Harmonia Perfecta, 1730.

ETERNAL Source, whence all did spring,
 The whole creation's Head and Lord,
 Almighty and all-glorious King,
 Who art in heaven and earth adored :
 Thou, whom high heav'n cannot contain,
 Didst deign to leave thy throne above,
 To be an infant poor and mean :
 O mystery deep, O boundless love !

2 What offering shall I bring to thee ;
 Immanuel, my King and God ;
 Who didst vouchsafe a man to be,
 To save me by thy precious blood ;
 Thou, at whose birth the angels sing,
 'Peace upon earth, good-will to men,'
 To whom the sages humbly bring
 Their gifts, though thou appear so mean ?

3 This will I do, thou Child divine,
 I'll give thee that for which thou cam'st ;
 My soul and body, Lord, are thine,
 And them, in love to me, thou claim'st ;
 My humble sacrifice receive,
 Dear Jesus, born to bleed for me,
 That I by faith in thee might live,
 And with thee live eternally.

Stockport.

10.10.10.10.10.

71

J. WAINWRIGHT, 1760 (comp. 1750).



CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate, and the virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

3 In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find
The long-foretold Redeemer of mankind;
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the Babe divine
Lies in a manger; this shall be the sign.
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.

- 4 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Hallelujahs rang :
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
To Bethlehem straight, the enlightened shepherds ran
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.
- 5 O may we hope, the angelic throngs among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphant song :
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display ;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

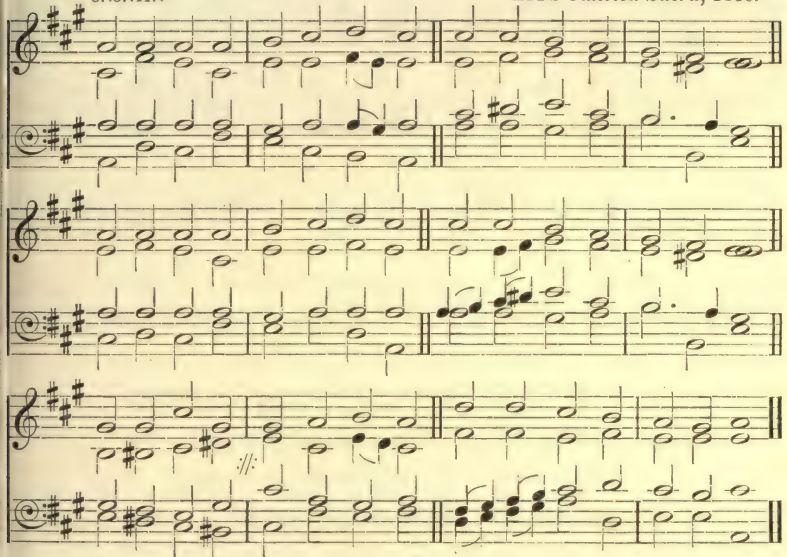
1750. *J. Byrom, a.*

Oriel (Pange Lingua).

72

87.87.447.

ETT's *Cantica Sacra*, 1840.



PEACE on earth, heaven is proclaiming :
Peace descending from above,
Peace, good-will, lost man reclaiming,
Peace from God, God who is love :
Peace in Jesus,
Peace that never shall remove.

- 2 Glory to our great Creator,
Glory in the highest strain ;
Glory to the Mediator,
Both from angels and from men :
To Immanuel,
All the glory doth pertain.

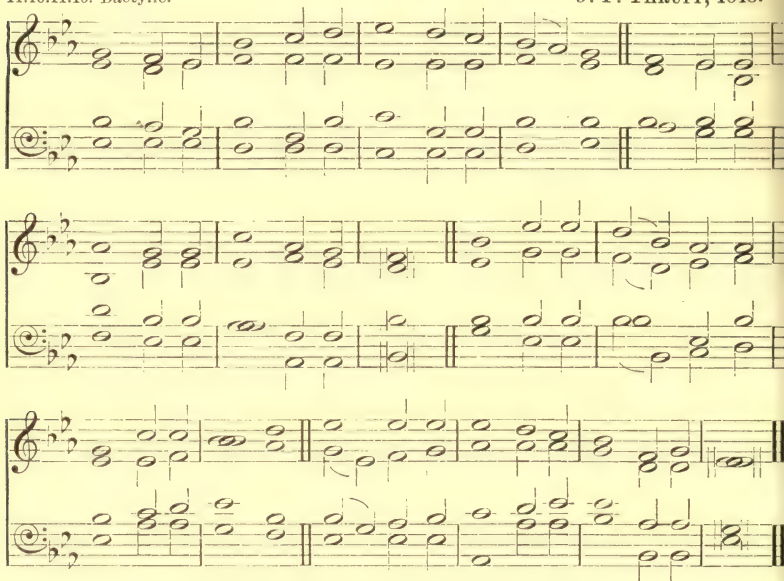
1805. (1) *T. Lamb*, (2) *Martha Lamb*.

Epiphany.

11.10.11.10. Dactylic.

73

J. F. THURPP, 1848.



[May also be sung to *Eastwell*, No. 837¹.]

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

1811. *R. Heber.*

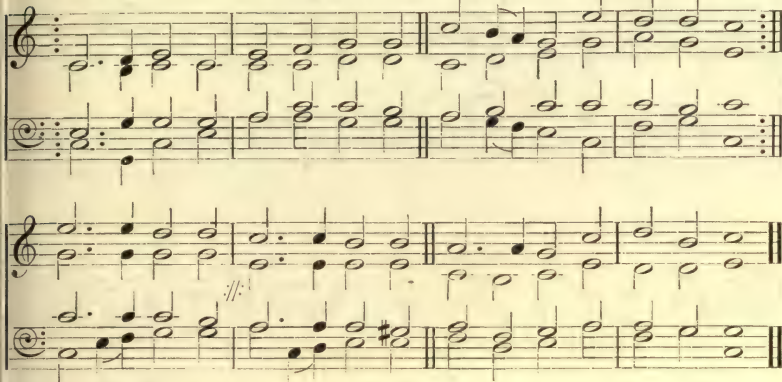
Unser Herrscher.

87.87.447.

74

Unser Herrscher, unser König.

J. NEANDER (?).
Bundeslieder, 1680.



ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

1815. *J. Montgomery.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Noel.
C.M.D.

75

Traditional Air,
Adapted by A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :—
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King !'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring ;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

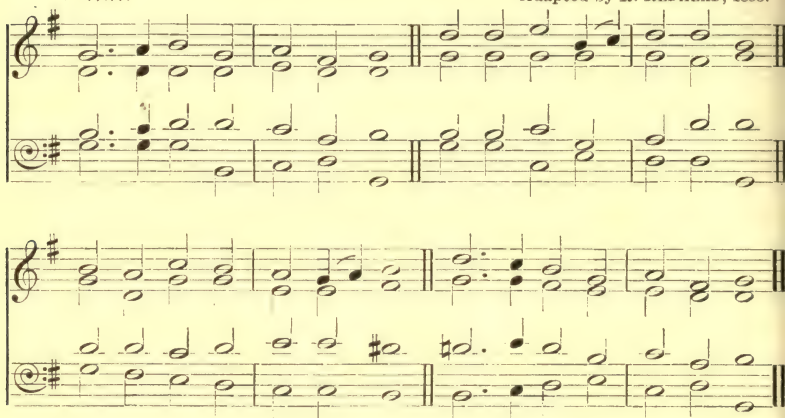
5 For, lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

1849. *E. H. Sears.*

Orientis Partibus.

76

Mediaeval French Melody.
Adapted by R. REDHEAD, 1853.



HE has come ! the Christ of God ;
Left for us his glad abode ;
Stooping from his throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.

2 He has come ! the Prince of Peace ;
Come to bid our sorrows cease ;
Come to scatter with his light
All the shadows of our night.

3 He, the mighty King, has come,
Making this poor earth his home ;
Come to bear our sins' sad load ;
Son of David, Son of God.

4 He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race ;
Left for us his glad abode ;
Son of Mary, Son of God.

5 Unto us this Son is given !
He has come from God's own heaven ;
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

1857. H. Bonar.

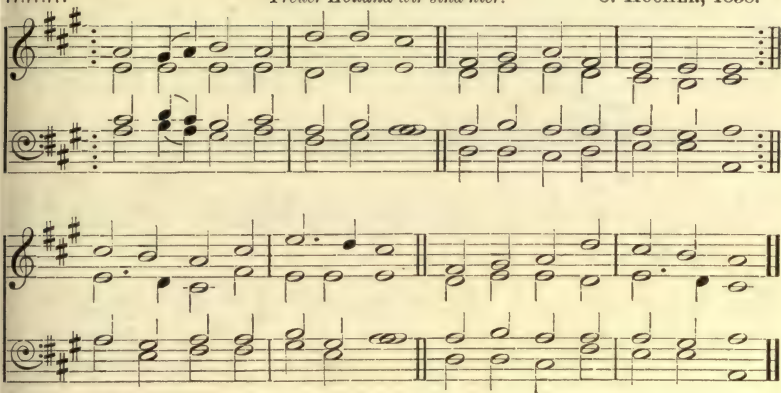
Dix.

77

77.77.77.

Treuer Heiland wir sind hier.

C. KOCHER, 1838.



AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,—
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore,—
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At thy manger rude and bare,—
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

1860. W. C. Dix.

Christmas Carol (*First Tune*).

86.86.76.86.

78

H. WALFORD DAVIES, 1905.

SOPRANOS.

1. *p* O lit - tle town of
 2. *f* O morn - ing stars, to -
 3. *p* How si - lent - ly, how
 4. *p* Where chil - dren pure and

Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
 - ge - ther Pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And prai - ses sing to
 si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given! So God im - parts to
 hap - py Pray to the bless - ed Child, Where mis - er - y cries

dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by. *mf* Yet in thy dark streets
 God the King, And peace to men on earth; For Christ is born of
 hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heaven. No ear may hear his
 out to thee, Son of the mo - ther mild; Where cha - ri - ty stands

shi - neth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are
 Ma - ry; And, gather'd all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the an - gels keep Their
 com - ing; But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re - ceive him, still The
 watch - ing And faith holds wide the door, The dark night wakes, the glo - ry breaks, And

THE SON OF GOD: HIS INCARNATION.

met in thee to - night!
 watch of won - d'ring love.
 dear Christ en - ters in.
 Christ - mas comes once more.

REFRAIN. HARMONY.

mf 5. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le hem, De - scend to us, we.. pray;

Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be.. born in.. us to - day.

cres. We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell:
f

f O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord . . Im - man - u - el.
dim.

Forest Green. (2nd Tune).

86.86.76.86.

78

English Traditional Melody.



O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above Thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth.
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth ;
For Christ is born of Mary ;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

5 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell :
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming ;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the mother mild ;
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

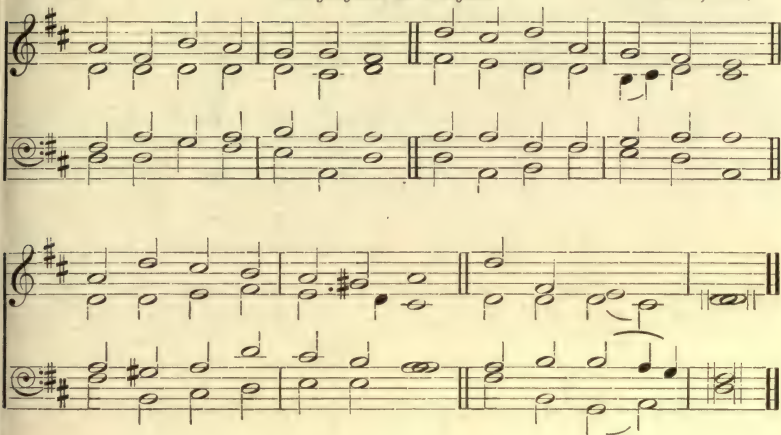
Capetown.

79

777.A.

Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.

F. FILITZ, 1847.



HARK, what music fills the sky !
 ' Glory be to God on high,'
 Angels sing, and hosts reply.
 Hallelujah !

2 To the sons of men is given
 God's dear Son, best gift of heaven,
 Pledge of grace and sin forgiven.
 Hallelujah !

3 Would ye see the wondrous sign ?
 In a manger, Child divine,
 Lies the heir of David's line.
 Hallelujah !

4 Thee we own as Lord and King,
 And as tribute meet we bring
 Songs which angels cannot sing.
 Hallelujah !

5 Him we praise, himself who gave
 To the manger and the grave,
 All to ransom, all to save.
 Hallelujah !

1881. *Esther Wigglesworth.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

THE SON OF GOD: HIS LIFE ON EARTH.

Euroclydon.

64.64.64.64.

80

G. W. TORRANCE, 1874 (comp. 1868).

Andante religioso. ♩ = 112.

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *sf* (sforzando) and *f* (forte).

Vocal entry in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, with a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "1. Pierce was the wild bil - low, Dark was the night ;".

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

Vocal entry in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, with a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "Oars la - bour'd hea - vi - ly ; Foam glim - mer'd white ;".

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

THE SON OF GOD: HIS LIFE ON EARTH.

f Trem-bled the ma - ri - ners; *sf* Pe - ril was high; *p* Then said the

Much slower.
pp Peace:
God of God, 'Peace: it is I, . . . Peace: it is I!'

Much slower. 1/2 = 58.
pp

2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest:
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest.
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
'Peace: it is I.'

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
'Peace: it is I.'

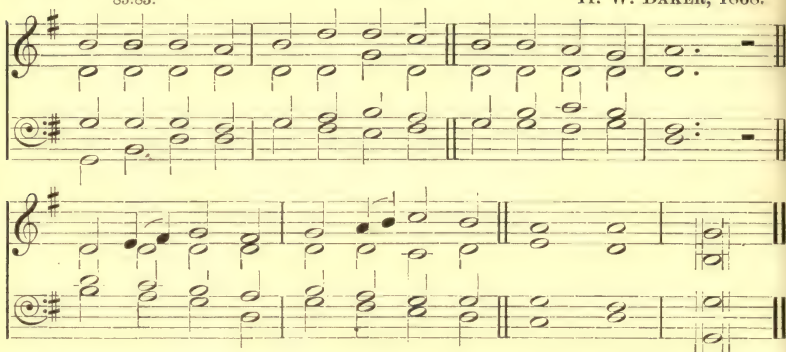
Ζωφεῤῥᾶς τρικυμίας. c. 800. *Anatolius.*
1862. *J. M. Neale.*

Stephanos (*First Tune*).

85.83.

81

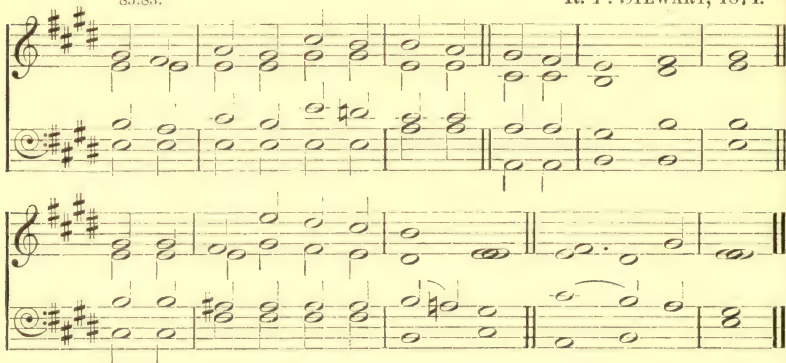
H. W. BAKER, 1868.



St. Helen's (*Second Tune*).

85.83.

R. P. STEWART, 1874.



Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.

8th Cent. Stephen, the Sabaite.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distrest?
 'Come to me,' saith one, 'and coming,
 Be at rest!'

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
 If he be my guide?
 'In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And his side.'

3 Hath he diadem, as monarch,
 That his brow adorns?
 'Yea, a crown in very surety,
 But of thorns!'

4 If I find him, if I follow,
 What his guerdon here?
 'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear.'

5 If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath he at last?
 'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan passed!'

6 If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay?
 'Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away.'

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is he sure to bless?
 'Prophets, saints, apostles, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes.'

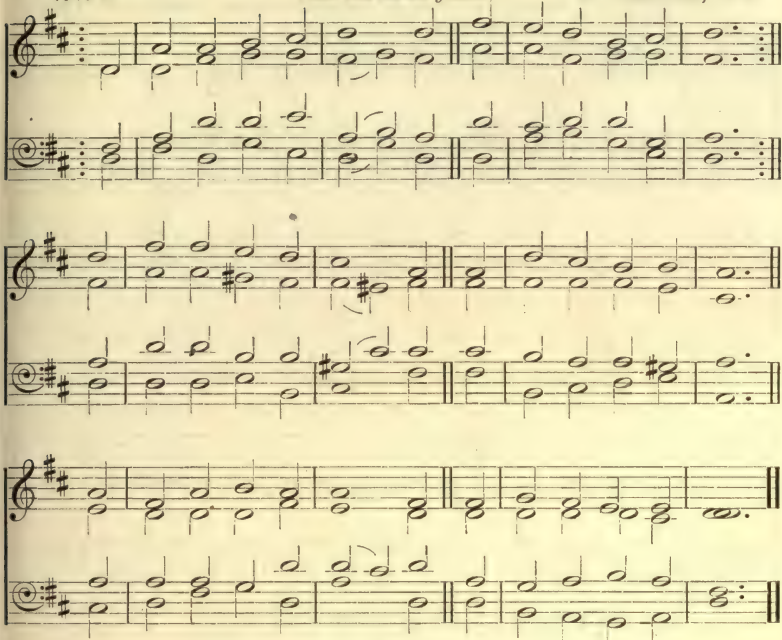
St. Theodulph.

76.76. D.

82

Valet will ich dir geben.

M. TESCHNER, 1615.



[Lower settings of this Tune will be found at Hymus 24 and 60.]

Gloria, laus et honor. c. 820. Theodulph of Orleans.

ALL glory, laud and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.

2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went :
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

3 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

1859. J. M. Neale.

Ich wart' auf dich.

83

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S

10.10.10.10.

Ich wart' auf dich und sehne mich nach dir. Gesangbuch, 1704.



DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord,
Her faithful children cry with one accord ;
Come, ride in triumph on ; behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way.

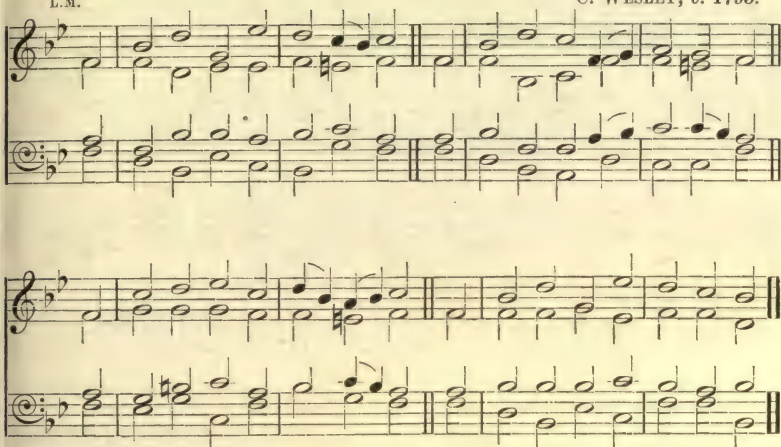
- 2 Thy road is ready, Lord ; thy paths made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet,
And hark, hosannas loud thy footsteps greet.
- 3 Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord ; here
Thou hast a temple, too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin ;
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein ?
- 4 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor ;
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.
- 5 And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple stones shall cry, and loud repeat
'Hosanna !' and thy gracious footsteps greet.

1655. *Jeremy Taylor, a.*

Berkshire.

L. M.

C. WESLEY, c. 1795.



[May also be sung to *Nelson*, No. 89.]

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

1709. *I. Watts.*

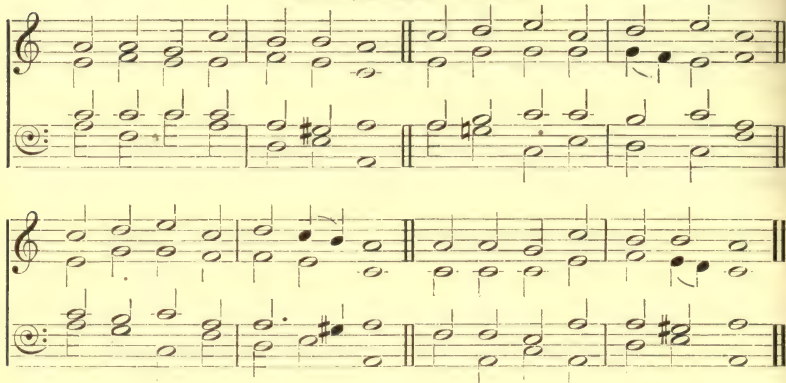
Veni Redemptor.

77.77.

85

WALTHER'S *Gesangbüchlein*, 1524.

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland. From a mediæval melody.



SEE, my soul, God ever blest
In the flesh made manifest ;
Human nature he assumes ;
He, to ransom sinners, comes.

2 He fulfilled all righteousness,
Standing in the sinner's place ;
From the cradle to the cross
All he did, he did for us :—

3 He did all our woes retrieve ;
He expired that we might live ;
By his stripes our hurt is healed,
By his blood our pardon sealed.

4 Lord, conform us to thy death ;
Raise us to new life by faith ;
Through thy resurrection's power,
May we praise thee evermore.

5 Circumcise our sinful hearts ;
Purify our inward parts ;
Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find.

6 In thy righteousness arrayed,
Let us triumph and be glad ;
Let us walk with thee in white ;
Let us see thy face in light.

1745. W. Hammond, a.

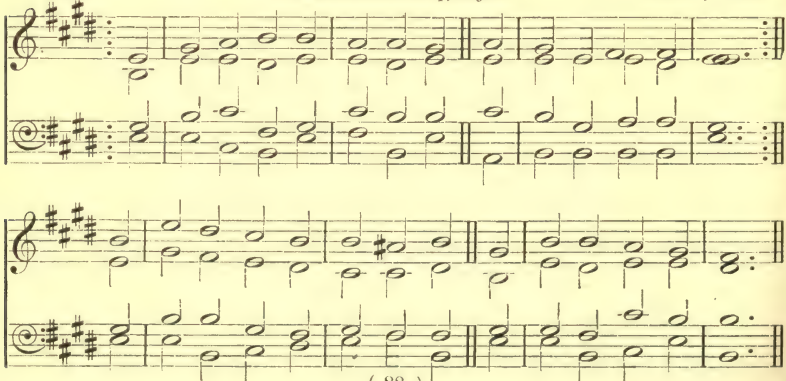
St. Simon.

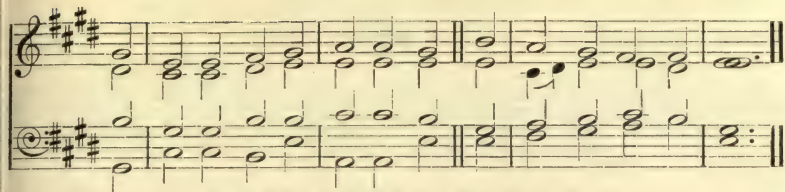
C. M. D.

86

Wie soll ich dich empfangen.

J. CRÜGER, 1653.





Du, dessen menschlich Leben. 1762. C. Gregor.

O THOU, whose human life for us
Did happiness obtain ;
Thou who, expiring on the cross,
God's image didst regain ;
We bless thee for the gift restored
Through thy humanity ;
Beneath thy shadow, Son of man,
'Tis good a man to be.

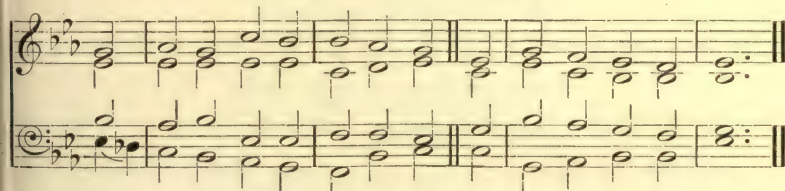
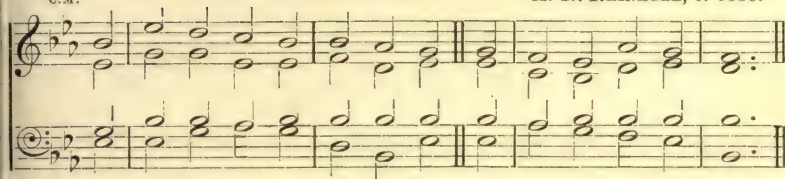
1801. F. W. Foster, a.

St. Peter.

87

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, c. 1830.



HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear ;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield, and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace :

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

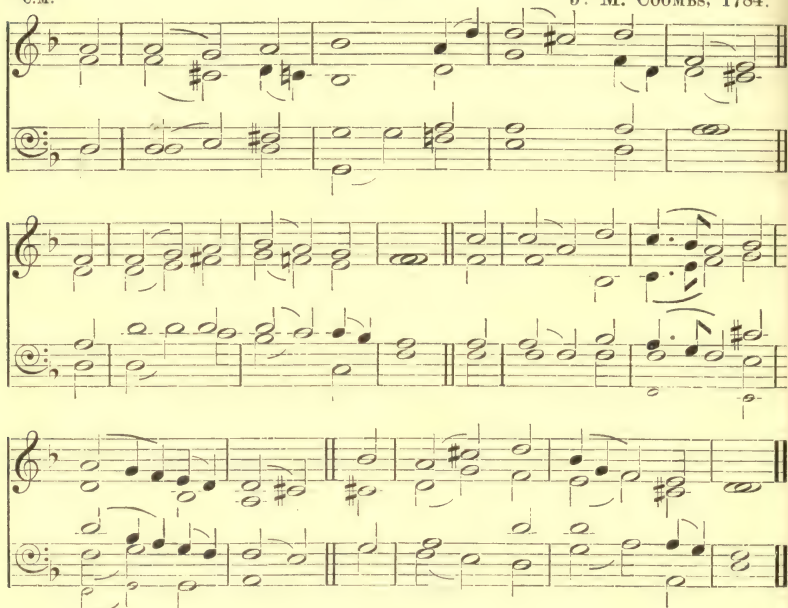
1779. J. Newton.

Tara.

C.M.

88

J. M. COOMBS, 1784.



LIKE in happiness and woe,
Lord, we will follow thee;
And tread the path thyself didst go,
Whate'er that path may be.

2 With earnest zeal 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will:
O may such zeal our souls excite,
His precepts to fulfil.

3 If in some dark affliction's day,
Our path through sorrow run,
May we, like thee, have grace to say,
'Thy will, O Lord, be done.'

4 In thee, a sacred burning love
Through all thy course did shine:
O may such love in us too prove
That we, O Lord, are thine.

5 Supported by almighty grace,
We'll tread the heavenly road;
And carefully thy footsteps trace,
Which lead to thine abode.

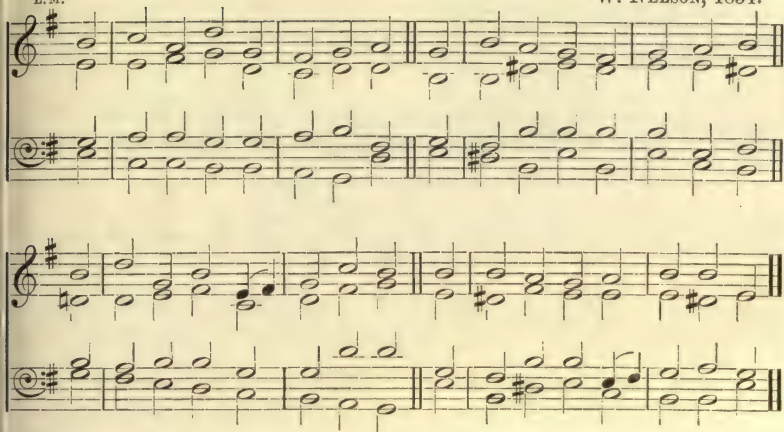
1787. B. Beddome.

Nelson.

89

W. NELSON, 1854.

L. M.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 353.]

- HOW shall I follow him I serve?
 How shall I copy him I love?
 Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
 Which lead me to his seat above?
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
 The life of toil, the mean abode,
 The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
 Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'Twas thus he suffered, though a Son,
 Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
 Until the perfect work was done,
 And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
 Forbid it I should e'er repine;
 Still let me turn to Calvary,
 Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.
- 5 O let me think how thou didst leave
 Untasted every pure delight,
 To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
 The toilsome day, the homeless night;
- 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me:
 Thou camest not thyself to please;
 And, dear as earthly comforts be,
 Shall I not love thee more than these?

1824. J. Conder.

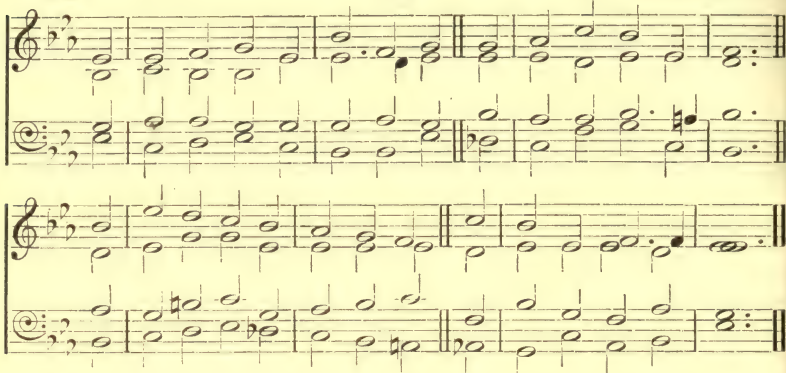
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

St. Hugh.

C.M.

90

E. J. HOPKINS, 1862.



LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
' Father, thy will be done !'

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving, and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven !

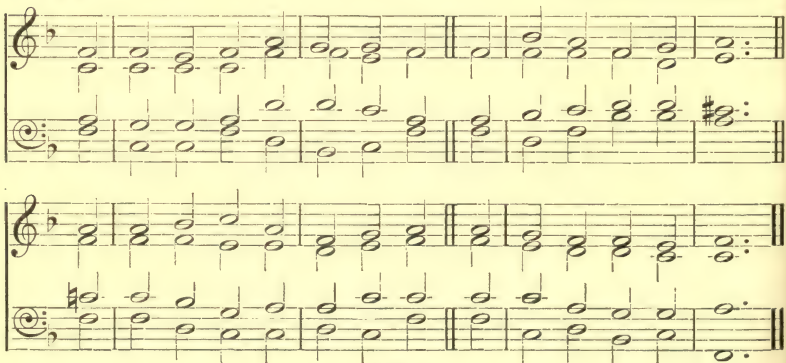
1838. J. H. Gurney.

St. Flavian.

C.M.

91

DAY'S *Psalms*, 1562.



THE SON OF GOD: HIS LIFE ON EARTH.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below !
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe !

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

2 For ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
The grace and gentleness that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

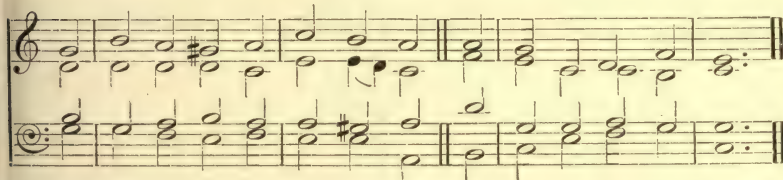
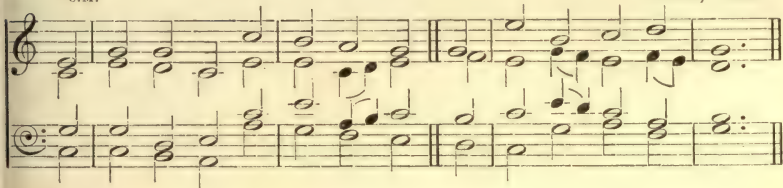
1839. *E. Denny.*

Westminster.

92

J. TURLE, 1836.

C.M.



IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

5 The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

6 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down :
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

7 O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call.
We test our lives by thine.

4 But warm, sweet, tender even yet
A present help is he ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

8 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way !

1856. *J. G. Whittier.*

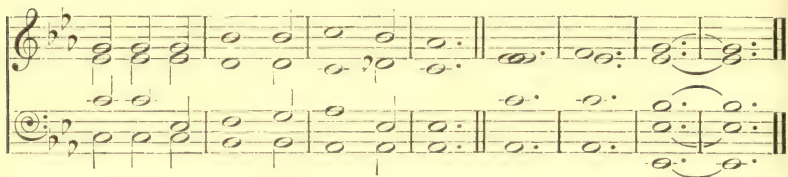
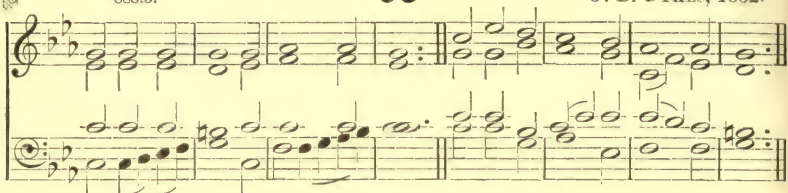
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

St. Aëlfred (*First Tune*).

888.3.

93

J. B. DYKES, 1862.



Whitby (*Second Tune*).

888.3.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
 Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
 But thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
 Calm and still.

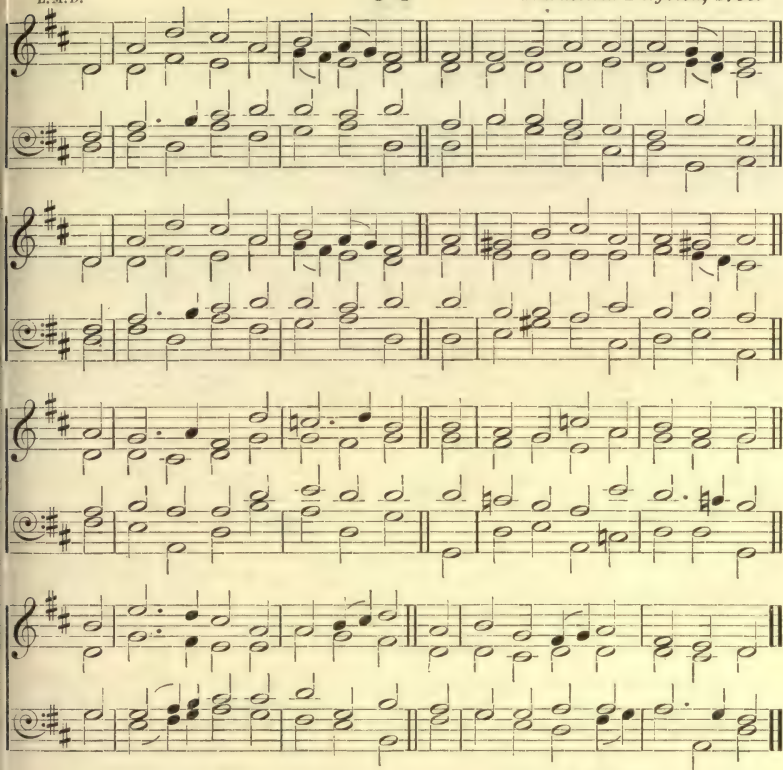
- 2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
 'O save us in our agony !'
 Thy word above the storm rose high,
 'Peace, be still.'
- 3 The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
 Sank like a little child to sleep,
 The sullen billows ceased to leap,
 At thy will.
- 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
 'Peace, be still.'

1861. G. Thring.

St. Basil.

L. M. D.

94

Harmonia Perfecta, 1730.

1.

O MASTER, it is good to be
 High on the mountain here with thee :
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
 Those glorious saints of other days ;
 Who once received on Horeb's height
 The eternal laws of truth and right ;
 Or caught the still small whisper, higher
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2.

O Master, it is good to be
 With thee, and with thy faithful three :
 Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
 Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
 Here, where the son of thunder learns [burns ;
 The thought that breathes, and word that
 Here, where on eagle's wings we move
 With him whose last best creed is love.

3.

O Master, it is good to be
 Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee ;
 And watch thy glistering raiment glow,
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
 The human lineaments that shine
 Irradiant with a light divine :
 Till we too change from grace to grace
 Gazing on that transfigured Face.

4.

O Master, it is good to be
 Here on the Holy Mount with thee :
 When darkling in the depths of night,
 When dazzled with excess of light,
 We bow before the heavenly voice
 That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
 Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
 'This is my Son—O hear ye him !'

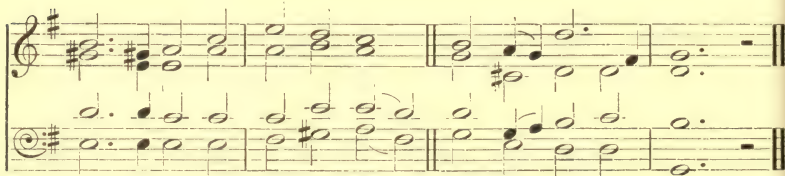
1870. A. P. Stanley.

Salvator.

775.775.

95

M. B. FOSTER, 1905.



Copyright, 1905, by W. Garrett Horder.

WHEN the Lord of love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Though his heart was sad :
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

2 Meek and lowly were his ways ;
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer :
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

3 When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers and birds and dew
Parables of God ;
For within his heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had his abode.

4 Fill us with thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life ;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

5 Lord, be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love ;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

1881. S. A. Brooke.

THE SON OF GOD: HIS PASSION.

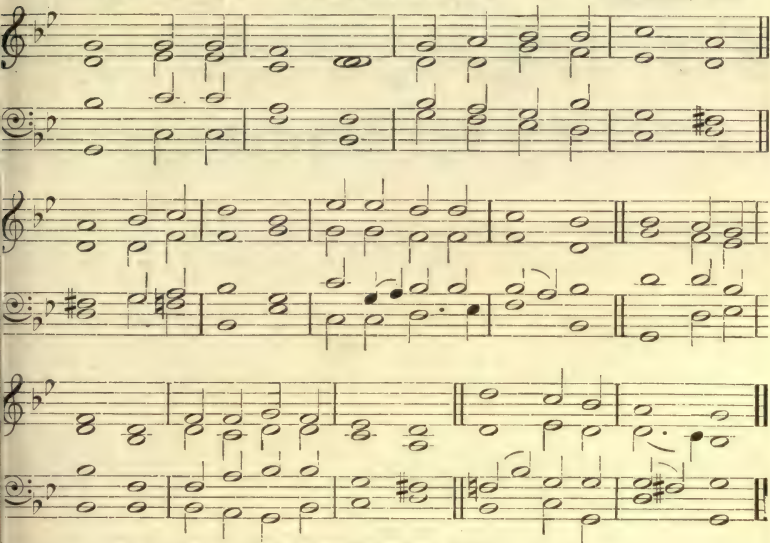
Herzliebster Jesu.

96

11.11.11.5.

Herzliebster Jesu, was hast du verbrochen.

J. CRÜGER, 1640.



Quid commisisti. 1050. *Anselm.*

Herzliebster Jesu, was hast du verbrochen. 1630. *J. Heermann.*

O WONDROUS love, all earthly love exceeding !
The Shepherd for his wandering sheep is bleeding ;
I taste all peace and joy that life can offer,
Whilst thou must suffer.

2 Eternal King ! in power and love excelling,
Fain would my heart and mouth thy praise be telling ;
But how can man's weak powers at all come nigh thee,
How magnify thee ?

3 Such wondrous love would baffle my endeavour
To find its equal, should I strive for ever :
How should my works, could I in all obey thee,
Ever repay thee !

4 Yet this shall please thee, if devoutly trying
To keep thy laws, mine own wrong will denying,
I watch my heart, lest sin again ensnare it
And from thee tear it.

5 But since I have not strength to flee temptation
And crucify each sinful inclination,
O let thy Spirit grace and strength provide me,
And gently guide me.

6 Then shall I see thy grace and duly prize it ;
For thee renounce the world, for thee despise it ;
Then of my life thy laws shall be the measure,
Thy will my pleasure.

1841. *Frances E. Cox, a.*

Genevan Psalm 42.

87.87.77.88.

97

Ainsi que la biche rée.

L. BOURGEOIS (?).

Genevan Psalter, 1551.



Salve mundi Salutare. 12th Cent. Bernard of Clairvaux.

Sei mir tausendmal begrüßet. 1653. P. Gerhardt.

THOUSAND times by me be greeted,
 Jesus, who hast lovèd me,
 And thyself to death submitted
 For my treason against thee:
 Ah, how happy do I feel,
 When 'fore thee I humbly kneel,
 See thee on the cross expiring,
 And true life for me acquiring.

2 Jesus, thee I view in spirit,
 Covered o'er with blood and wounds:
 Now salvation through thy merit
 For my sin-sick soul abounds:
 O who can, thou Prince of Peace,
 Who didst thirst for our release,
 Fully fathom all that's treasured
 In thy love's design unmeasured?

3 Heal me, O my soul's Physician,
 Wheresoe'er I'm sick or sad;
 All the woes of my condition
 By thy balm be now allayed:
 Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,
 Or which on myself I've brought;
 If thy blood me only cover,
 My distress will soon be over.

4 With the deepest adoration
 Humbly at thy feet I lie,
 And with fervent supplication
 Unto thee for succour cry:
 My petition kindly hear;
 Say in answer to my prayer,
 'I will change thy grief and sadness
 Into comfort, joy, and gladness.'

1754. J. Gambold, a.

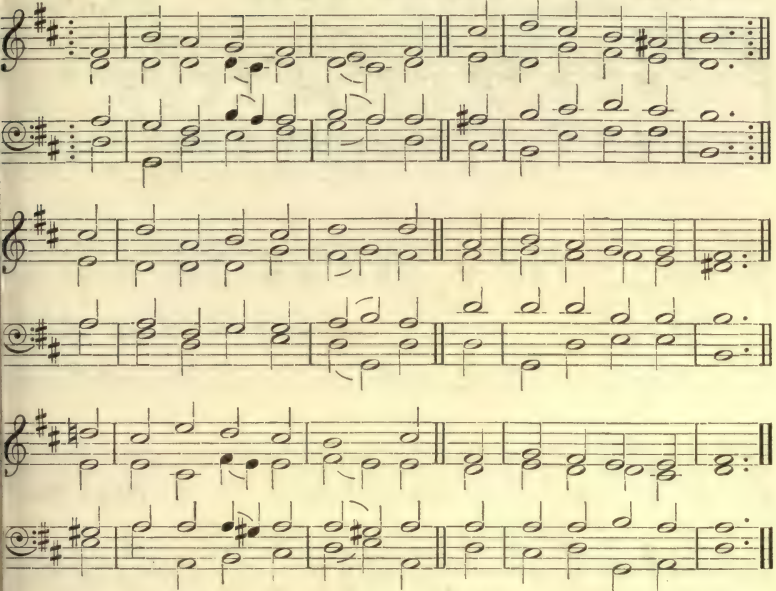
Passion Chorale.

98

76.76. D.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.

H. L. HASSLER, 1601.



Salve Caput cruentatum. 12th Cent. Bernard of Clairvaux.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden. 1656. P. Gerhardt.

O HEAD so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Midst other sore abuses
Mocked with a crown of thorn ;
O Head, ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bowed and wounded,
Saluted be by me.

2 O Lord, what thee tormented
Was my sins' heavy load ;
I had the debt augmented
Which thou didst pay in blood :
Here am I, helpless sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light ;
O thou, my health's beginner,
Let thy grace cheer my sight.

3 Own me, Lord, my Preserver ;
My Shepherd, me receive ;
I know thy love's strong fervour
By all thy pain and grief :
Thou richly dost supply me
With soul-sustaining food,
Nor does thy love deny me
Thy holy flesh and blood.

4 I give thee thanks unfeignèd,
O Jesus, friend in need,
For what thy soul sustained,
When thou for me didst bleed :
Grant me to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until I hence am taken
To meet thee face to face.

1751. J. Gambold, a.

Der du hast für mich gebüßet.

887.887.

H. PAPE, 1648.



Stabat Mater dolorosa. 12th Cent. Jacopone di Benedetti.

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son,
There with speechless grief oppressèd,
Anguish-stricken, and distressed;
Through her soul the sword had gone.

2 Who upon that sufferer gazing,
Bowed in sorrow so amazing,
Would not with his mother mourn?
'Twas our sins brought him from heaven;
These the cruel nails had driven;
All his griefs for us were borne.

3 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed;
By his stripes he wrought our healing;
By his death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

4 Jesus, may thy love constrain us
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve.
Thee our best affectionous giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live.

1845. H. Mills.

Welt, sieh.

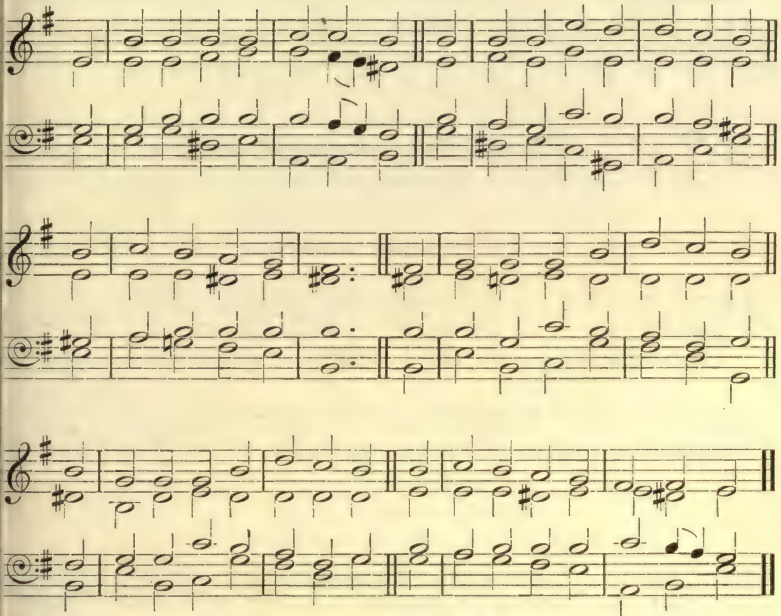
886.888.

100

O Welt, sieh hier dein Leben.

C. GREGOR'S

Choralbuch, 1784.



O Welt, sieh hier dein Leben. 1648. P. Gerhardt.

O WORLD ! behold upon the tree
Thy Life is hanging now for thee ;
Thy Saviour yields his breath ;
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

2 I and my sins that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought this agony.
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe
That now thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by thee.

3 From henceforth there is nought of mine
But I would seek to make it thine,
Since all to thee I owe.
Whate'er my utmost power can do,
To thee to render service true,
Here at thy feet I lay it low.

4 Ah ! little have I, Lord, to give,
So poor, so base the life I live ;
Till soul and body part,
This one thing I will do for thee :
The woe, the death endured for me,
I'll cherish in my inmost heart.

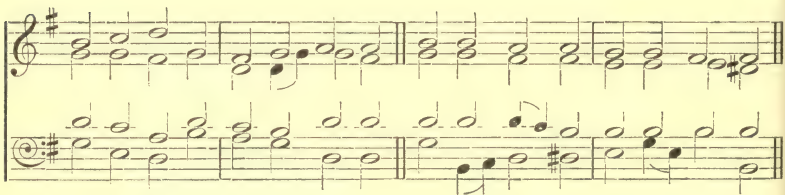
1858. Catherine Winkworth, a.

Alle Menschen.

87.87.88.77.

101

Alle Menschen müssen sterben. Weimar Gesangbuch, 1681.



Jesu meines Lebens Leben. 1659. *F. C. Homburg.*

1.

JESUS, source of my salvation,
Conqueror of death and hell,
Thou who didst, as my oblation,
Suffer more than tongue can tell,
Through thy sufferings, death, and merit,
I eternal life inherit ;
Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

2.

Lord, thy deep humiliation
Has atoned for all my pride,
I need fear no condemnation,
Since for sinners thou hast died :
Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,
To restore me to God's favour ;
Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

3.

Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever,
Who for me wast crucified ;
For thy agony, dear Saviour,
For thy wounds and piercèd side,
For thy love, so tried, unending,
For thy death, all deaths transcending,
For thy death and love divine,
Lord, I'll be for ever thine.

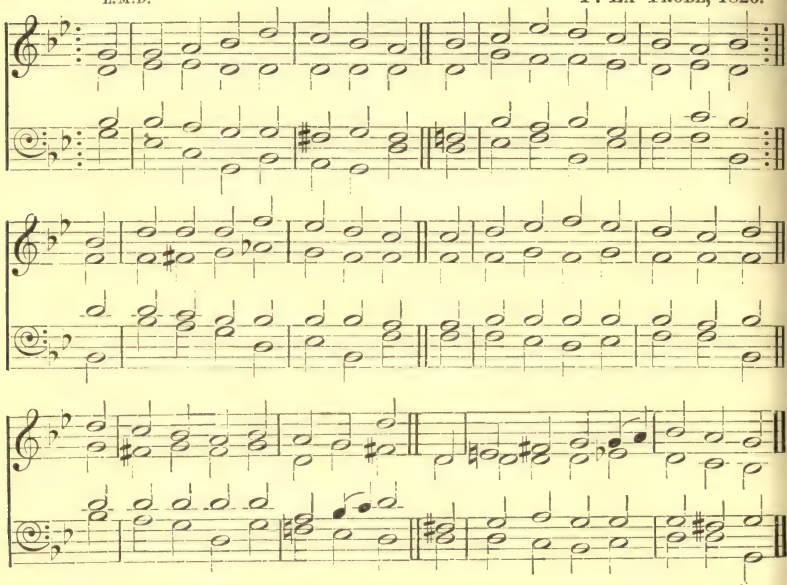
1732. *J. C. Jacobi, a.*

Ely Place (*First Tune*).

L.M.D.

102

P. LA TROBE, 1826.



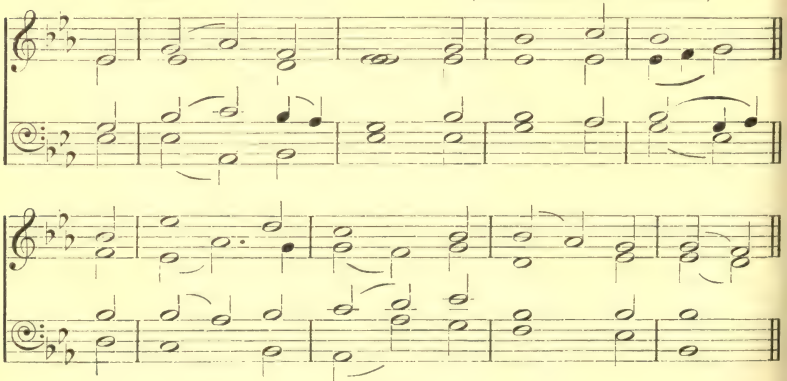
[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 470.]

Rockingham (*Second Tune*).

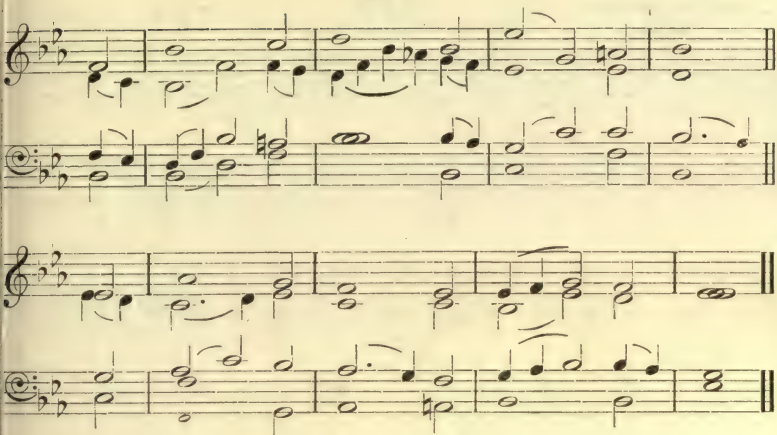
L.M.

Psalmody in Miniature, Supplement II, 1783.

Adapted by E. MILLER, 1790.
(Harmonized from S. WEBBE.)



THE SON OF GOD: HIS PASSION.



[The usual setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 291.]

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

1707. *I. Watts.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

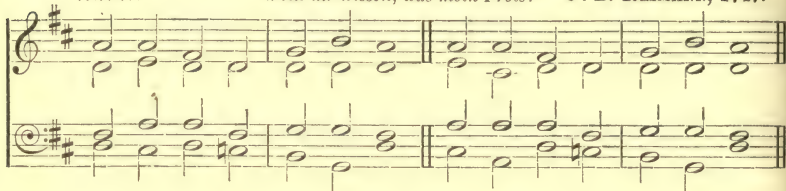
Wollt ihr wissen.

103

77.77.77.

Wollt ihr wissen, was mein Preis?

J. B. REIMANN, 1747.



Wollt ihr wissen, was mein Preis? J. C. Schwedler, d. 1730.

DO you ask what most I prize?
Where my highest knowledge lies?
Would you see my portion blest,
Know my joy? 'Tis here confessed:
Jesus, crucified for me.

2 Who is faith's foundation strong?
Who my righteousness and song?
Who restored me, sinner vile,
To the Father's pardoning smile?
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Who is my soul's life, my all?
Who redeemed me from the fall?
Justified and cleansed me?
God to serve, who set me free?
Jesus, crucified for me.

4 Who consoles my troubled breast?
From my foes, who gives me rest?
Who in weariness and grief
Promises and sends relief?
Jesus, crucified for me.

5 Who despoils death of its sting?
Makes the dying saint to sing?
Bids me enter his abode,
Join the angel saints of God?
Jesus, crucified for me.

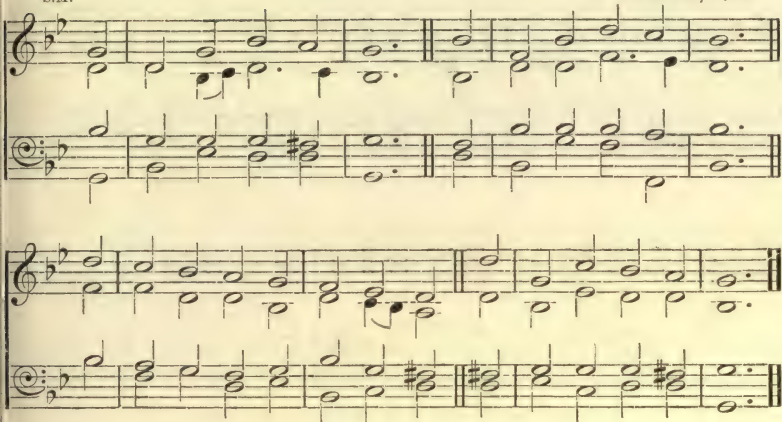
1875. J. Connor.

St. Bride.

104

S.M.

S. HOWARD, 1762.



GO forth in spirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount ;
See there thy friend between two thieves,
Suffering on thy account.

2 Fall at his cross's foot,
And say, ' My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those wounds,
Which life for me procured.'

3 Fix on that face thine eye ;
Why dost thou backward shrink ?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4 Fear not ; for this is he
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteousness
Delights to deck the worst.

5 Or art thou at a loss
What thou to him shalt say ?
Be but sincere, and all thy case,
Just as it is display.

1742. *J. Gambold.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

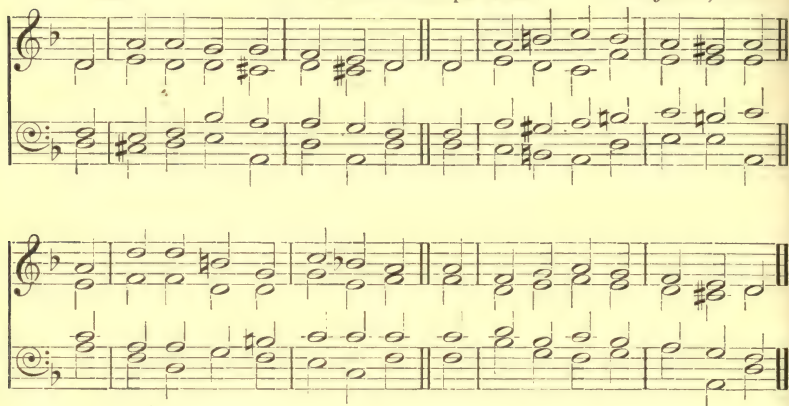
Nun treiben wir.

L.M.

105

Nun treiben wir den Papst heraus.

Olden-Stettin
Gesangbuch, 1576.



[May also be sung to *St. Sepulchre*, No. 258.]

THE cross, the cross, O that's my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the friend of sinners vile;
Abased I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory, with unveiled face;
And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to him who loved me.

5 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world his saving name;
Repenting souls, in him believe;
Ye wounded, look on him and live.

6 No flaming sword doth guard the place,
The cross of Christ proclaims free grace:
All pilgrims, who would heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

1742. *Clare Taylor, a.*

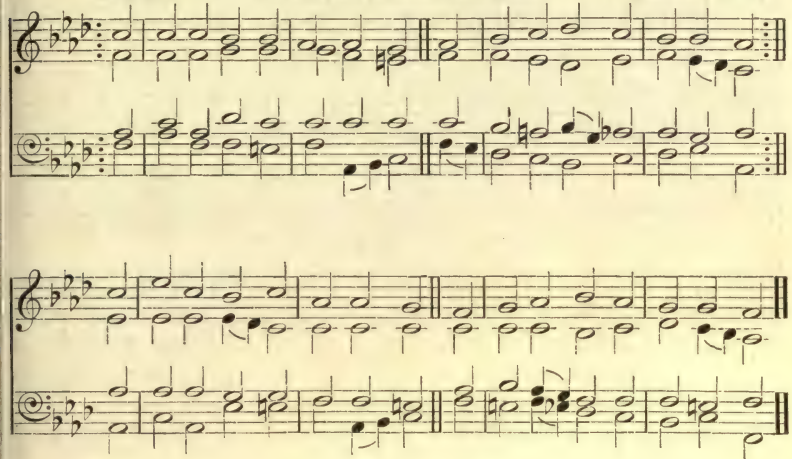
106

Wer weiss, wie nahe.

88.88.88.

Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende.

H. ALBERT, 1640.



O LOVE divine, what hast thou done ?
 The incarnate God hath died for me,
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree :
 The incarnate God for me hath died ;
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace ;
 Come, sinners, see your Maker die,
 And say, was ever grief like his ?
 Come, feel with me his blood applied :
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified ;

3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God ;
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood ;
 Pardon for all flows from his side :
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

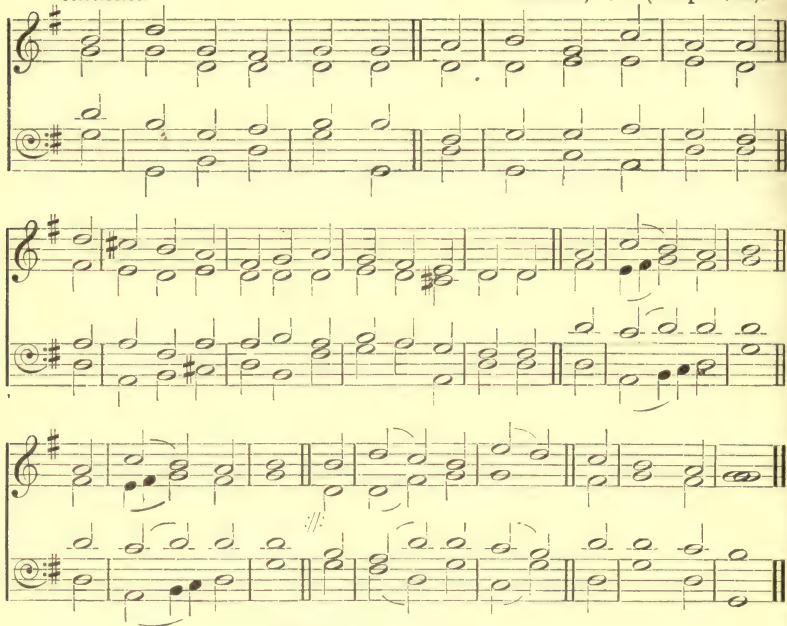
1742. C. Wesley.

Dem heiligen Blut.

107

L. E. SCHLICHT, 1755 (comp. 1744).

66.66.44.44.



GO, follow the Saviour,
Consider his travail;
Adore him for ever,
Ye sinners, and marvel;
It is for you—He suffers so.

2 Behold the Lord Jesus,
For you he is wounded,
He bleeds to release us;
His love is unbounded:
For evermore,—His name adore.

3 Our meek, suffering Saviour
Prayed for his oppressors,
And gained God's favour
For us vile transgressors;
He thus displays—His boundless grace.

4 Accept for thy passion,
Most merciful Saviour,
Our deep adoration:
Remain thou for ever
Our highest good,—O Lamb of God.

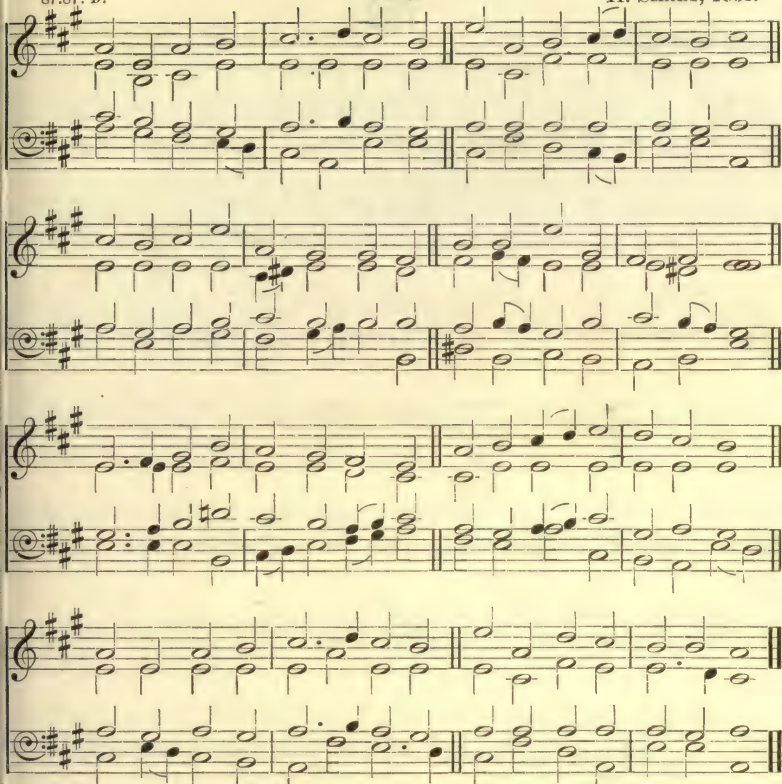
J. Cennick, d. 1755.

Rex Gloriae.

87.87. D.

108

H. SMART, 1868.



HAIL! thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail! thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;
 Thou didst free salvation bring :
 Hail ! thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame,
 By thy merits we find favour ;
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid ;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made :
 All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;
 Opened is the gate of heaven,
 Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide ;
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :
 There for sinners thou art pleading ;
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
 Thou art worthy to receive :
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give ;
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

109

Herr und Ältster.

10.7.10.7.10.10.77.

Herr und Ältster deiner Kreuzgemeinde.

J. D. GRIMM'S *Choralbuch* (MS.), 1755.

From an Aria, c. 1748.



O Bethania du Friedenshütte. 1759. C. Gregor.

BETHANY, O peaceful habitation,
 Blessèd mansion, loved abode ;
 There my Lord had oft his resting station,
 Converse held in friendly mood :
 With that bliss, which Mary highly savoured,
 I could wish this day still to be favoured ;
 But thy presence makes to me -
 Every place a Bethany.

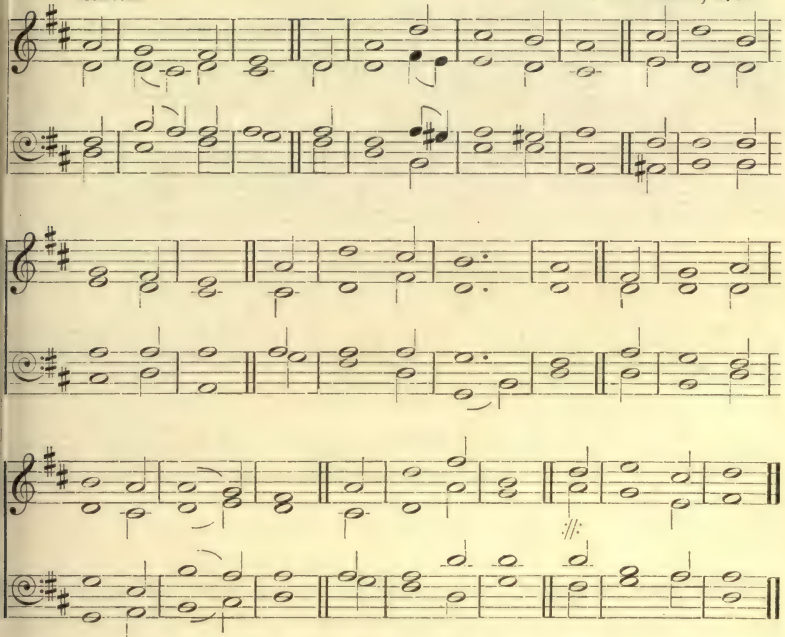
1801. M.

110

C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.

'Tis finished now.

466.57.44.



Ei noch einmal, singt fühlbar tausendmal. 1759. C. Gregor.

TIS finished now,
Redemption's finished now ;
Ye ransomed sinners bow,
Adore and wonder,
That earth and heaven's Founder
Now sinks in death.

2 Look up and see,
By faith look up and see,
His heart was pierced for thee ;
The Rock of ages,
Whose stream thy thirst assuages
Was rent for thee.

3 We are redeemed,
Redeemed to endless bliss,
Our souls rejoice at this ;
With heart enlarged
We see our debt dischargèd,
Our ransom paid.

4 O sing again,
Sing still in higher strain
Unto the Lamb once slain ;
Bring for salvation
Praise, thanks, and adoration :
Hallelujah !

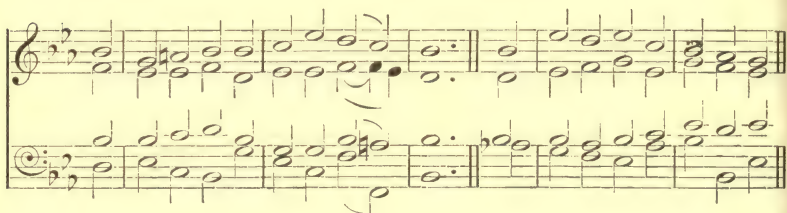
1786. C. I. La Trobe.

111

♫ *Anblick, der mirs Herze bricht.*

889.889.

C. GREGOR'S *Choralbuch*, 1784.



O Anblick, der mirs Herze bricht. 1767. C. Gregor.

MOST awful sight, my heart doth break ;

Oh, it can ne'er my mind forsake,

How thou for me hast wept and prayèd :

Might I, for thy soul's agony,

When wrestling with death bitterly,

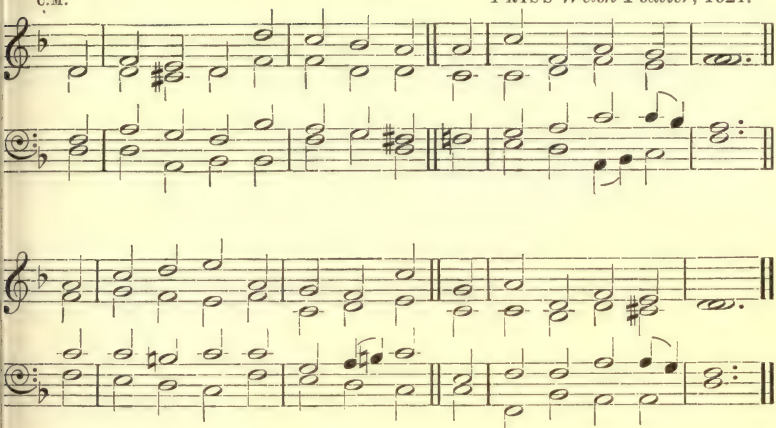
Lord, as thy trophy be displayèd.

1779. F. W. Foster.

St. Mary.

C.M.

112

PRYS'S *Welsh Psalter*, 1621.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

5 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

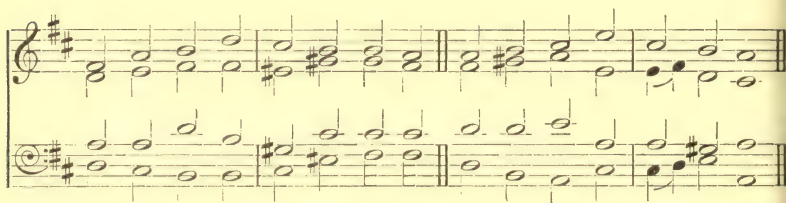
1779. *W. Cowper.*

St. Lawrence.

113

87.87.447.

C. STEGGALL, 1872 (comp. 1864).



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 141.]

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
‘ It is finished ! ’
Hear the dying Saviour cry !

2 ‘ It is finished ! ’ O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;
‘ It is finished ! ’
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law ;
Finished all that God had promised :
Death and hell no more shall awe ;
‘ It is finished ! ’
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
Strike them to Immanuel’s name ;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim,
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

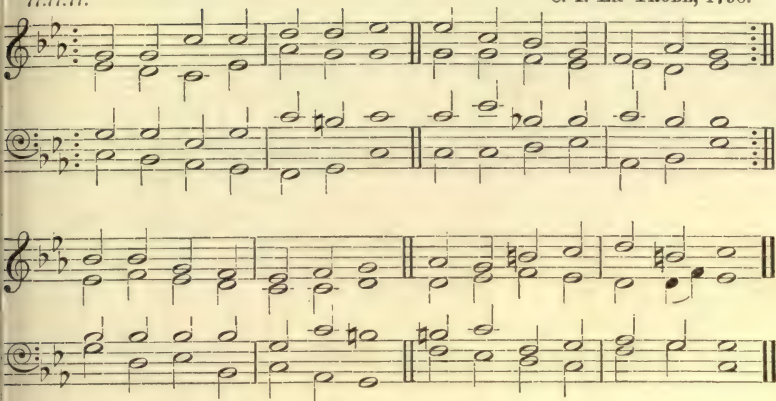
1784. J. Evans.

La Trobe.

114

C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.

77.77.77.



MET around the sacred tomb,
 Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
 'Midst this sad sepulchral gloom
 Shall your faith give way to fears?
 He will soon, e'en as he said,
 Rise triumphant from the dead.

2 Hidden from all ages past
 Was the cross's mystery,
 Doubts awhile a veil had cast
 O'er that first dear family;
 Till they saw him, and believed,
 And as Lord and God received.

3 Now with tears of love and joy
 We remember all his pain,
 Sighs and groans, and dying cry;
 For the Lamb for us slain,
 And from death our souls to save,
 Once for us lay in the grave.

4 In thy death is all my trust,
 I have thee my refuge made;
 And when once, consigned to dust,
 In the tomb my body's laid,
 Then with saved souls above
 I will praise thy dying love.

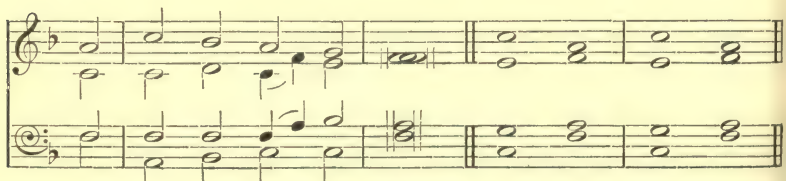
1799. C. I. La Trobe.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Ave, Du Schmerzensmann.

66.666.666.6.45.45.

115 D. J. GRIMM'S *Choralbuch* (MS.), 1755.
From an Aria, c. 1747.





'TIS finished !' Jesus cries,
He bows his head and dies :
The veil is rent in twain,
Burst is the captive's chain,
Man is restored again :
All hail, in death though pale,
Victorious Lamb, all hail,

Then did thine arm prevail :
O glorious sacrifice :
Ever, ever
To thy promised word
Faithful, faithful,
Saviour, God, and Lord.

1801. C. I. La Trobe.

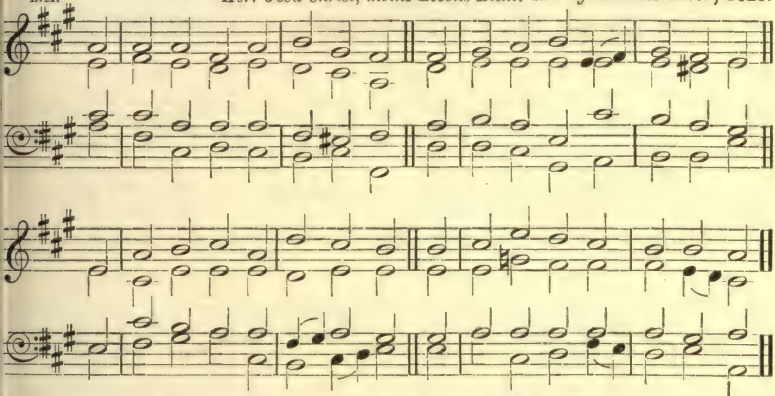
Breslau.

116

C. GALL'S

L.M.

Herr Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht. As hymnodus sacer, 1625.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 467.]

[May also be sung to *St. Lawrence*, No. 66.]

WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross,
The sinners' hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is love' ;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love ;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

1815. T. Kelly.

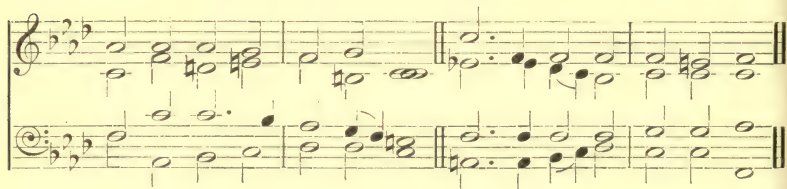
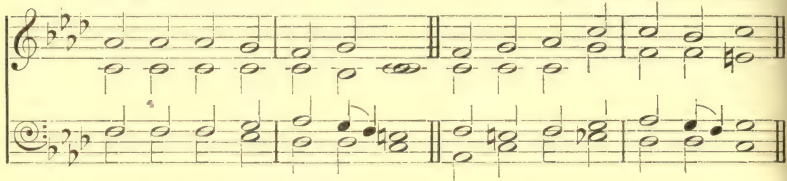
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Supplication (*First Tune*).

77.77. D.

117

B. LUARD-SELBY, 1904.

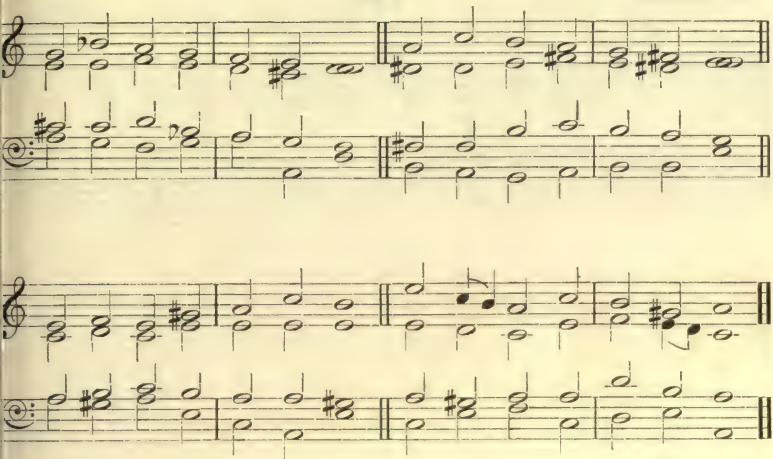


Jedburgh (*Second Tune*).

77.77. D.

J. ANTES, c. 1800.





SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;
 When repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
 O by all thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy helpless infant years,
 By thy life of want and tears,
 By thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power ;
 Turn, O turn, a favouring eye,
 Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred grief that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode ;
 By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within thy fold ;
 From thy seat above the sky,
 Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thine hour of dire despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God ;
 O from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany.

1815. *R. Grant.*

Gethsemane.

118

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1869.

77.77.77.



[May also be sung to *Meiningen*, No. 575.]

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O, the wormwood and the gall !
O, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete :
' It is finished ! ' hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who hath taken him away ?
Christ is risen ! He meets our eyes :
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

1820. *J. Montgomery.*

Stuttgart.

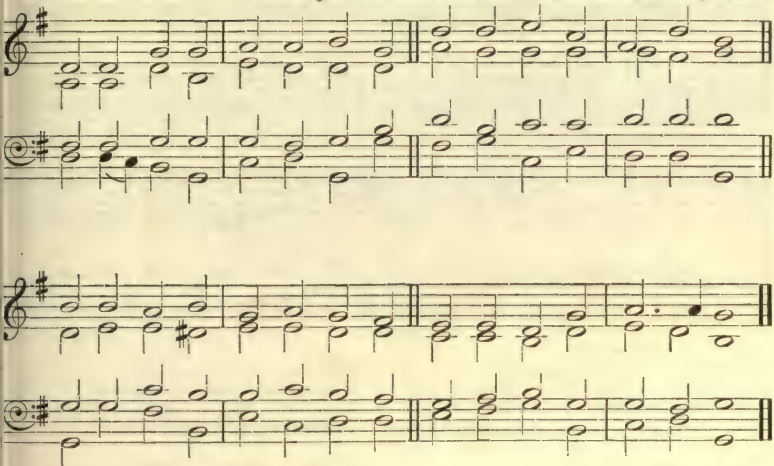
87.87.

119

C. F. WITT (?).

Sollt es gleich bisweilen scheinen.

Psalmodia Sacra, 1715.



In the cross of Christ I glory;
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way:
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys, that through all time abide.

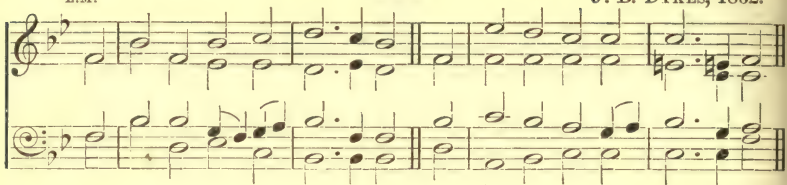
1825. *J. Bowring.*

St. Drostané.

L.M.

120

J. B. DYKES, 1862.



1.
RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes 'Hosanna !' cry ;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2.
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3.
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4.
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

5.
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

1827. H. H. Milman, a.

Antes.

77.77.

121

J. ANTES, c. 1800.



1.
WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

2.
 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
 Thou hast shed the human tear:
 Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

3.
 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
 Thou the blood of life hast shed;
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
 Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

4.
 When the heart is sad within
 With the thought of all its sin,
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

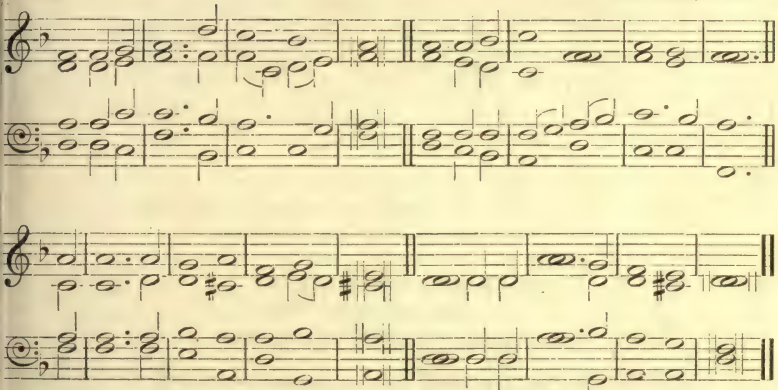
5.
 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
 Though the sins were not thine own;
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
 Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

1827. *H. H. Milman, a.*

St. Cross.

122

J. B. DYKES, 1861.



1.
O COME and mourn with me awhile;
 O come ye to the Saviour's side;
 O come, together let us mourn:
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

2.
 Have we no tears to shed for him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
 Ah! look how patiently he hangs:
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

3.
 Seven times he spoke, seven words of love;
 And all three hours his silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men:
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

4.
 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
 His Pilate and his Judas were:
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

5.
 O love of God! O sin of man!
 In this dread act your strength is tried,
 And victory remains with love:
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

1849. *F. W. Faber, a.*

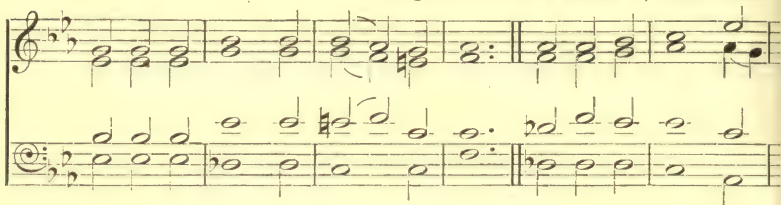
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Darlington.

888.

123

Adapted from J. BATTISHILL, 1738—1801.



BY Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of him who all our suffering bore.

3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

5 So, when the dayspring from on high
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
Then shall the Lord again draw nigh.

1855. *I. G. Smith.*

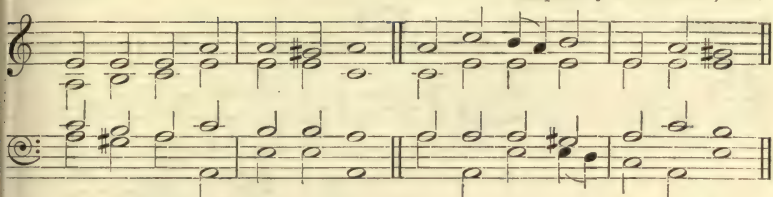
Bethsemane.

77.77.77.

124

C. TYE, 1553.

Adapted by W. H. MONK, 1861.



THRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with thee;
Darkness veils thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold thee silent and alone;

2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around thee and within,
Till th' appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
He, the Father's only Son,
He, the Christ, th' anointed One,
He doth ask him—even he—
'Why hast thou forsaken me?'

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know thee nigh.

1875. J. Ellerton.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

THE SON OF GOD: HIS RESURRECTION.

Anacker.

125

77.77. D.

Alle Menschen müssen sterben.

A. F. ANACKER, 1838.



THE SON OF GOD: HIS RESURRECTION.

Ad regias Agni dapes. 6th Cent.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his pierced side.
Praise we him, whose love divine
Gives his guests his blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast ;
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest !

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie,
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light :
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall ;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy—
Sin alone can this destroy ;
From sin's power do thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be !

1849. *R. Campbell, a.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Welcome, Happy Morning.

11.11.11.11.11.

126

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

The musical score is written for a single instrument or voice, featuring a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is composed of simple, flowing lines with a final double bar line at the end of the fifth system.

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THE SON OF GOD: HIS RESURRECTION.

Salve, festa dies. 6th Cent. V. H. C. Fortunatus.

1.

‘WELCOME, happy morning!’ age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all his works adore!
‘Welcome, happy morning!’ age to age shall say.

2.

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrows ended, hail his triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!

3.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to thee.
‘Welcome, happy morning!’ age to age shall say.

4.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature’s fall,
Of the Father’s Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!

5.

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan’s chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with thee!
‘Welcome, happy morning!’ age to age shall say.

1868. *J. Ellerton, a.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Lancashire.

76.76. D.

127

H. SMART, 1867 (comp. c. 1836).



Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα. 8th Cent. John of Damascus.

THE day of resurrection !
 Earth, tell it out abroad ;
 The passover of gladness,
 The passover of God !
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light,

And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own ' All hail ! ' and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful ;
 Let earth her song begin ;
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein ;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

1862, J. M. Neale.

Easter Hymn.

77.77. with Hallelujahs.

128

Lyra Davidica, 1708.

Surrexit Christus hodie. c. 1300.

1.
JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, *Hallelujah!*
Our triumphant holy day, *Hallelujah!*
Who did once, upon the cross, *Hallelujah!*
Suffer to redeem our loss. *Hallelujah!*

2.
Hymns of praise, then, let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3.
But the pain that he endured
Our salvation hath procured;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

4.
Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1708. Anon. in '*Lyra Davidica*,' a.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Luther's Hymn.

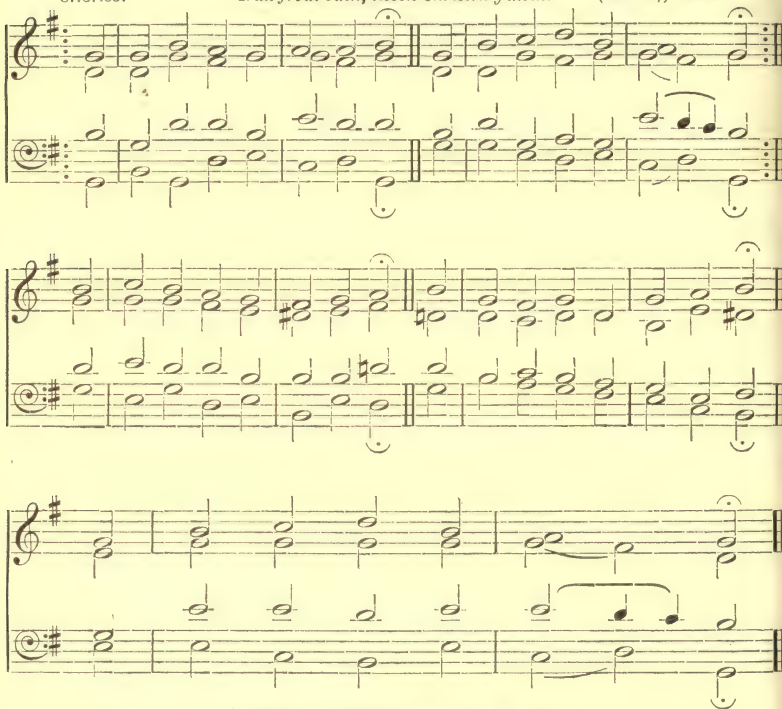
87.87.887

129

Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein.

Wittenberg Gesangbuch

(KLUG), 1535.



Christ lag in Todesbanden. 1524. M. Luther.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>IN death's strong grasp the Saviour lay,
 For our offences given ;
 But now the Lord is risen to-day,
 And brings us life from heaven ;
 Come, let us therefore all rejoice
 And praise our God with cheerful voice,
 And sing loud hallelujahs.</p> | <p>3 It was a wondrous war, I trow,
 When life and death contended ;
 But life hath triumphed o'er the foe,
 The reign of death is ended ;
 It is indeed as Scripture saith,
 That Christ in dying conquered death,
 And from his realm ascended.</p> |
| <p>2 No son of man could conquer death,
 Such mischief sin had wrought us ;
 For innocence dwelt not on earth,
 And therefore death had brought us
 Within his thralldom from of old,
 And ever grew more strong and bold,
 His shadow lay athwart us.</p> | <p>4 Then let us keep the feast to-day
 That God himself hath given ;
 And his pure word shall do away
 The old and evil leaven ;
 For Christ to-day will meet his own,
 And faith will feed on him alone,
 The living bread from heaven.</p> |

1855-1863. Catherine Winkworth, a.

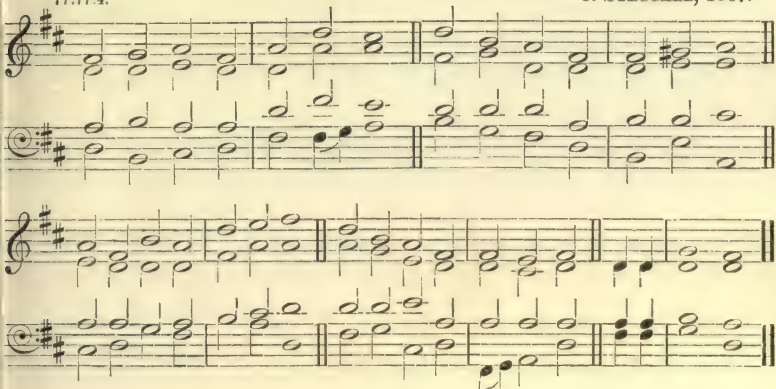
THE SON OF GOD: HIS RESURRECTION.

Westmoreland.

130

C. STEGGALL, 1867.

77.77 4.



Christus ist erstanden. 1531. M. Weisse.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again !
 Christ has broken every chain ;
 Hark ! angelic voices cry,
 Singing evermore on high :
 Hallelujah !

2 He who gave for us his life,
 Who for us endured the strife,
 Is our paschal Lamb to-day ;
 We too sing for joy, and say,
 Hallelujah !

3 He who bore all pain and loss,
 Comfortless upon the cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us, and hears our cry :
 Hallelujah !

4 He who slumbered in the grave,
 Is exalted now to save ;
 Now through Christendom it rings,
 That the Lamb is King of kings !
 Hallelujah !

5 Now he bids us tell abroad,
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we, too, may enter heaven :
 Hallelujah !

6 Thou, our paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, thy ransomed people feed ;
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 That we all may sing for aye,
 Hallelujah !

1858. *Catherine Winkworth, a.*

131

Lasset uns den Herren preisen.

87.87.8778.77.

J. SCHOP, 1641.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 22.]

Lasset uns den Herren preisen. 1641. J. Rist.

PRAISE the Lord with hearts and voices,
 Christian people o'er the earth;
 Fitting that his Church rejoices
 'Fore her Lord with holy mirth;
 He is free from death's dark prison,
 Christ who came with heavenly grace;
 Lion he of Judah's race;
 Christ our Saviour now is risen,
 Now is ended all the strife;
 Church, rejoice in Christ thy life.

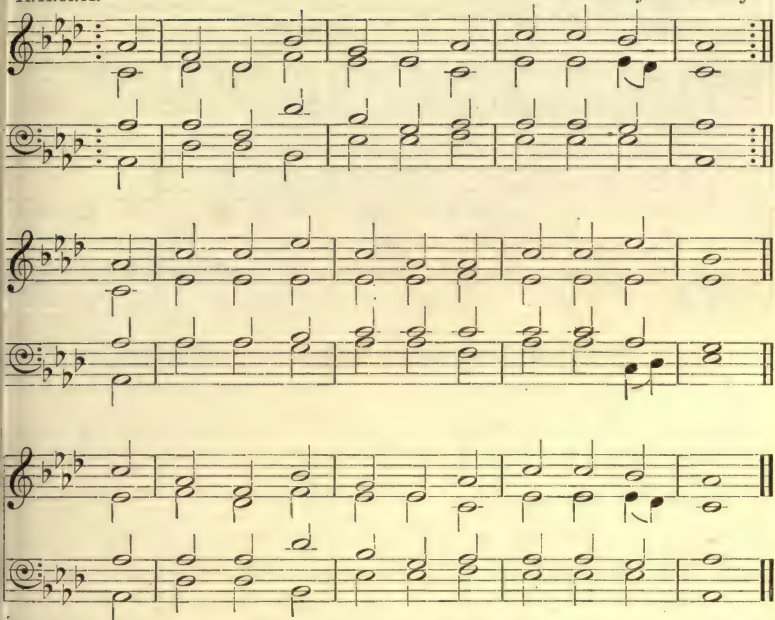
1885. J. D. Libbey.

St. Denio.

11.11.11.11.

132

Welsh Hymn Melody.



Kommt, danket dem Helden. 1704. J. D. Herrnschmidt.

WITH hearts and with voices, O praise ye the Lord ;
 Man's foes he has conquered, fulfilling his word ;
 He lives who was dead, and now rules in his might,
 Let all in their loud hallelujahs unite.

2 Hell's host he has conquered, has broken sin's chain ;
 Led death, too, his captive, man's freedom to gain ;
 As Prince of earth's peace, he now reigns on his throne ;
 Once bond-slaves of Satan, he claims us his own.

3 Man's debt has been paid, for man's Surety has died ;
 God's Lamb has been slain, and his blood been applied ;
 Redemption's accomplished for Adam's lost race,
 For Jesus has risen, attesting God's grace.

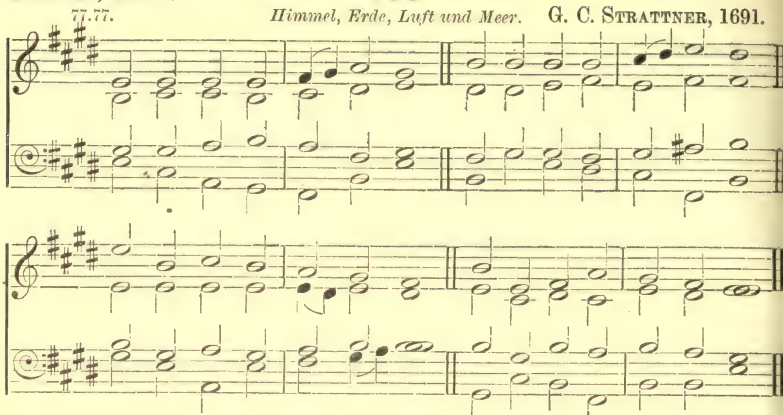
4 Then bless the great Conqueror with heart and with song ;
 He now ever liveth, his praises prolong ;
 In us, living Lord, be thy home ever found,
 Till earth's hallelujahs in heaven resound.

1883. B. Harvey.

Himmel, Erde.

133

Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer. G. C. STRATTNER, 1691.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 716.]

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day !
Sons of men, and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high !
Sing, ye heavens ; thou earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O grave ?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of Glory ! Soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this :
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

1739. C. Wesley, a.

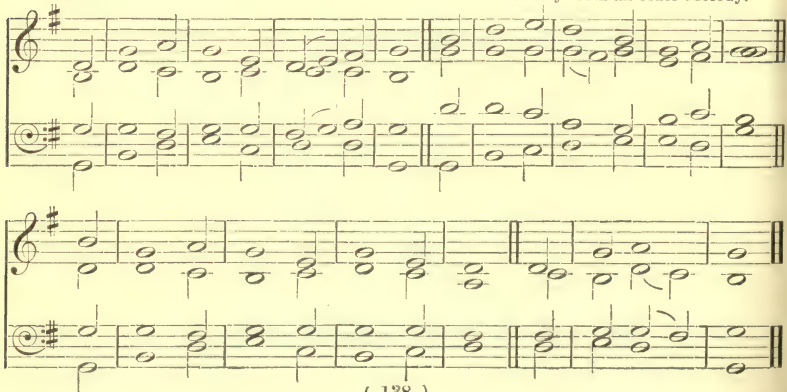
Jesu Kriste.

134

Jistebnitz Cancional, 1420—30.

888.4.

Probably from an older Melody.



THE SON OF GOD: HIS RESURRECTION.

Finita jam sunt praelia. 1695.

1.
THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;
Now is the Victor's triumph won ;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Hallelujah !

2.
Death's mightiest powers have done their
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed ; [worst,
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Hallelujah !

3.
On the third morn he rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Hallelujah !

4.
He brake the age-bound chains of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell.
Hallelujah !

5.
Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee.

Hallelujah !

1859. F. Pott, a.

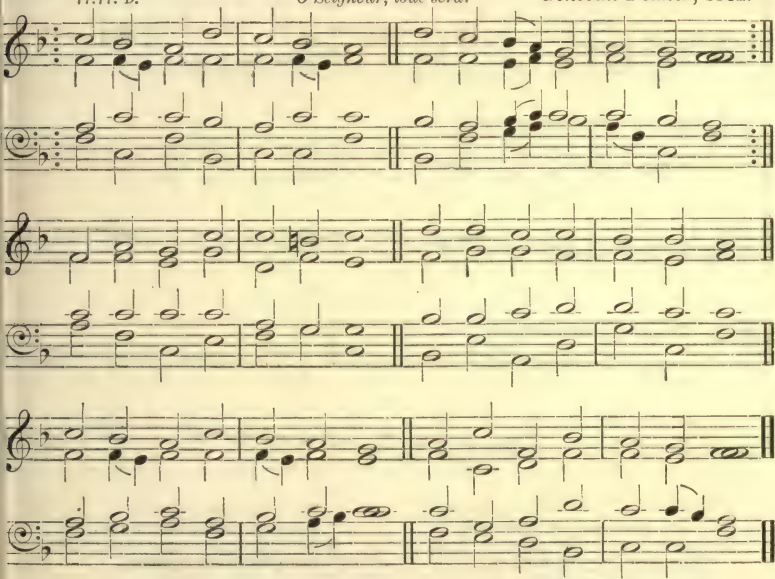
Benevan Psalm 75.

135

77. 77. D.

O Seigneur, loué sera.

Genevan Psalter, 1562.



Kein Kind ist so vergnüget. 1754. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

JESUS, who is always near
To assuage his children's grief,
Unto Thomas did appear,
To remove his unbelief.
'Come,' he said, 'my nail-prints view,
And my side, the spear pierced through ;
Humbled the disciple stood,
And exclaimed, 'My Lord, my God.'

2 I would go from pole to pole
To behold my risen Lord ;
But content thyself, my soul,
Listen to thy Saviour's word,
'They who me by faith receive,
Without seeing, who believe,
Trust my word, and thereon rest,
They abundantly are blest.'

1789. J. Svertner.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Fairfield.

S. M. D.

136

P. LA TROBE, 1854.



- CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear ;
 Let hope and joy succeed ;
 The joyful news with gladness hear,
 'The Lord is risen indeed' :
 The promise is fulfilled
 In Christ, our only Head ;
 Justice with mercy's reconciled ;
 He lives who once was dead.
- 2 The Lord is risen again,
 Who on the cross did bleed ;
 He lives to die no more, Amen ;
 The Lord is risen indeed :

- He truly tasted death
 For wretched, fallen men ;
 In bitter pangs resigned his breath,
 But now is risen again.
- 3 He hath himself the keys
 Of death, the grave, and hell ;
 His is the victory and praise,
 And he rules all things well :
 Death now no more I dread,
 But cheerful close mine eyes ;
 Death is a sleep, the grave a bed ;
 With Jesus I shall rise.

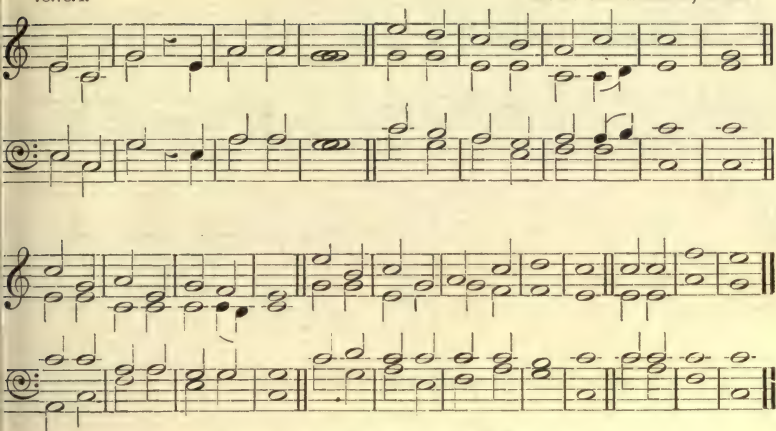
(1) 1762. J. Hart, a. : (2 and 3) 1754. J. Cennick, a.

St. Albinus.

78.78.4.

137

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich. 1757. C. F. Gellert.

JESUS lives ! Thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! By this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah !

2 Jesus lives ! Henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah !

3 Jesus lives ! For us he died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah !

4 Jesus lives ! Our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Hallelujah !

5 Jesus lives ! To him the throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Hallelujah !

1841. *Frances E. Cox, a.*

Herr und Ältster.

10.7.10.7.10.10.77.

Herr und Ältster deiner Kreuzgemeinde.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.) c. 1748.

From an Aria.



Ave zum Heraustritt. 1767. Louise v. Haym.

HAIL, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
 Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
 Grant to us, who love thee, that great favour
 To embrace thy feet in faith:
 Thou hast in our stead the curse endured
 And for us eternal life procured;
 Joyful, we with one accord
 Hail thee as our risen Lord.

2 O thou matchless source of consolation,
 Scarce thy resting moments end,
 When a heart-enlivening salutation
 To thy children thou dost send:
 We would share thy dear disciples' feeling,
 As before their risen Master kneeling;
 Thus shall we with all our heart
 Witness what a Friend thou art.

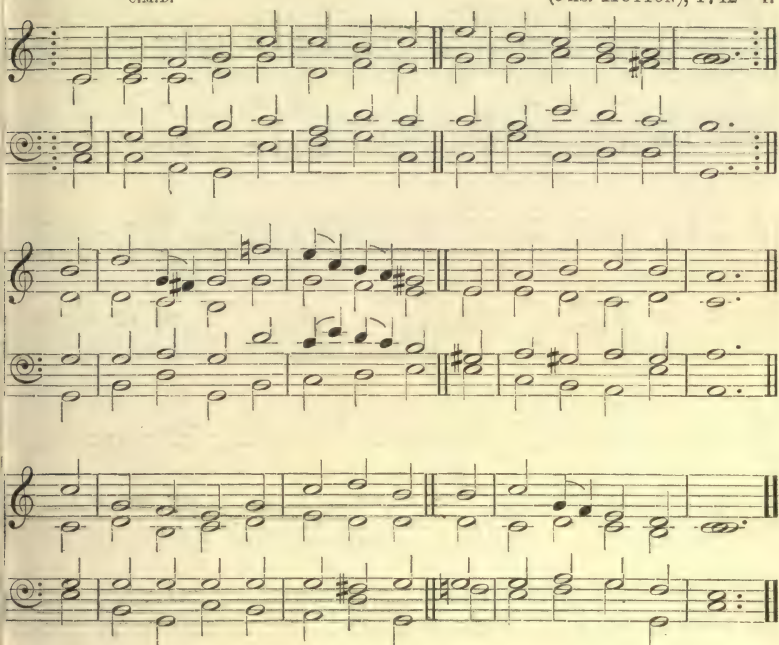
1801. T. Bird.

Christ, the Good Shepherd.

C.M.D.

139

Tunes for the Hymns, etc.
(JAS. HUTTON), 1742—4.



Hallelujah, der Heiland lebt! 1778. C. Gregor.

SING hallelujah, Christ doth live,
And peace on earth restore;
Come, ransomed souls; and glory give,
Sing, worship and adore;
With grateful hearts to him we pay
Our thanks in humble wise:
Who aught unto our charge can lay?
'Tis God that justifies.

2 Who can condemn, since Christ was dead,
And ever lives to God;
Now our whole debt is fully paid,
He saves us by his blood:
The ransomed hosts in earth and heaven
Through countless choirs proclaim:
'He hath redeemed us, praise be given
To God and to the Lamb.'

3 The God of Mercy let us praise,
Who saveth fallen men,
That by his power which Christ did raise
We now are born again,
Born to a living confidence,
That we for Jesus' sake
Shall of that blest inheritance,
Laid up for us, partake.

4 His resurrection's power divine,
By grace on us bestowed,
Renews us, that we, dead to sin
May live alone to God:
Thus we, supported by his might,
From strength to strength proceed;
And, walking in his truth and light,
Praise him in word and deed.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

St. Matthew.

C.M.D.

140

W. CROFT, 1708.



BELIEVING souls, rejoice and sing,
Your risen Saviour see,
And say, 'O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, thy victory?'
Rejoice, your conquering Saviour lives,
He lives to die no more;
And life eternal freely gives,
Since he our sorrows bore.

2 Sing praises to our risen Lord;
Life, immortality
And lasting bliss are now restored
For all, for you and me:
Believe the wondrous deed, my soul,
Adore his saving name;
Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole
His love and power proclaim.

3 The Prince of glory bowed his head,
Expiring on the cross;
But now the Lord is risen indeed,
Is risen and lives for us:
Rejoice, and in the dust adore
The Lamb for sinners slain;
He liveth now and evermore,
For evermore to reign.

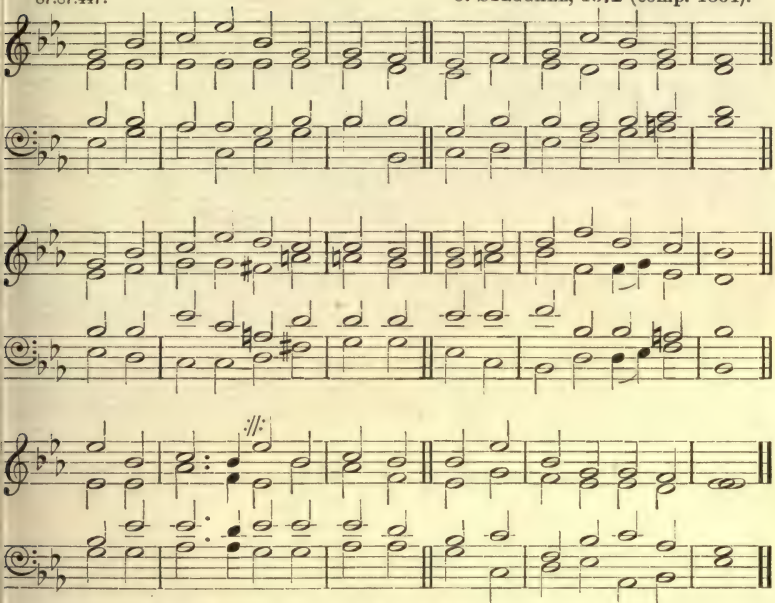
(144) 1789. J. Swertner.

St. Lawrence.

87.87.447.

141

C. STEGGALL, 1872 (comp. 1864).

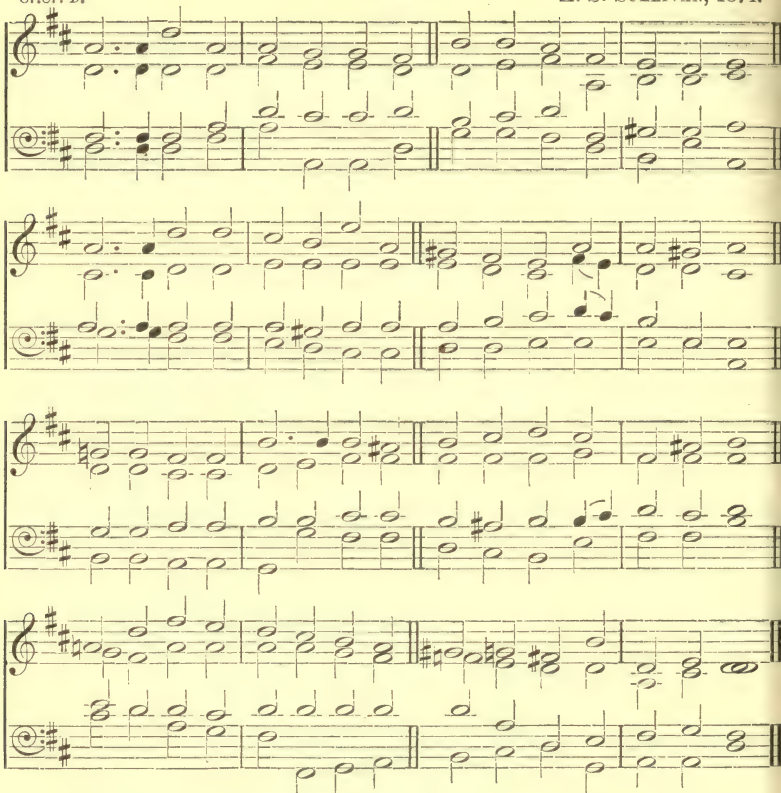


[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 113.]

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
 See the place where Jesus lay;
 He has burst his bands asunder;
 He has borne our sins away;
 Joyful tidings!
 Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
 By his death he overcame;
 Thus the Lord his glory raises;
 Thus he fills his foes with shame:
 Sing ye praises!
 Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
 Come from heaven to meet their King:
 Soon in yonder blessed regions
 They shall join his praise to sing.
 Songs eternal
 Shall through heaven's high arches ring.
 1809. *T. Kelly.*



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HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!

Hearts to heaven and voices raise;

Sing to God a hymn of gladness,

Sing to God a hymn of praise;

He, who on the cross a victim

For the world's salvation bled,

Jesus Christ, the King of glory,

Now is risen from the dead.

- 2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn;
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By his mighty enterprise;
We with him to life eternal
By his resurrection rise.

- 3 Christ is risen, Christ, the firstfruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At his second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before him wave,
Ripened by his glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

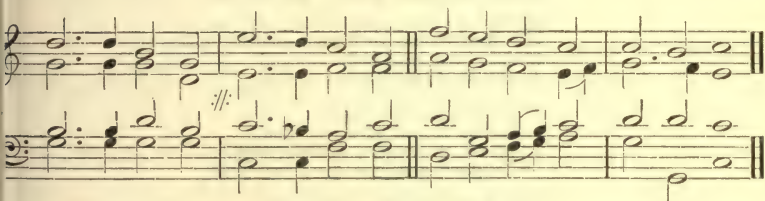
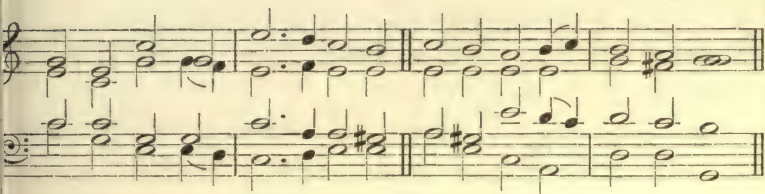
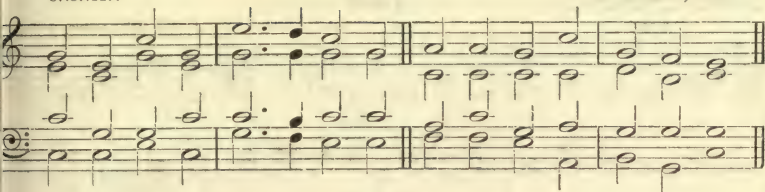
- 4 Christ is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory,
From the brightness of thy face;
So that we, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with thee.

Regent's Square.

143

87.87.447.

H. SMART, 1867.



HALLELUJAH, he is risen !
 Jesus is gone up on high !
 Burst the bars of death asunder ;
 Angels, shout ; and men, reply—
 He is risen,
 Living now, no more to die.

2 Hallelujah, he is risen !
 Our exalted Head to be ;
 Sends the witness of the Spirit
 That our Advocate is he :
 He is risen,
 Justified in him are we.

3 Hallelujah, he is risen !
 Death for aye hath lost his sting,
 Christ, himself the Resurrection,
 From the grave his own will bring :
 He is risen,
 Living Lord and coming King.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

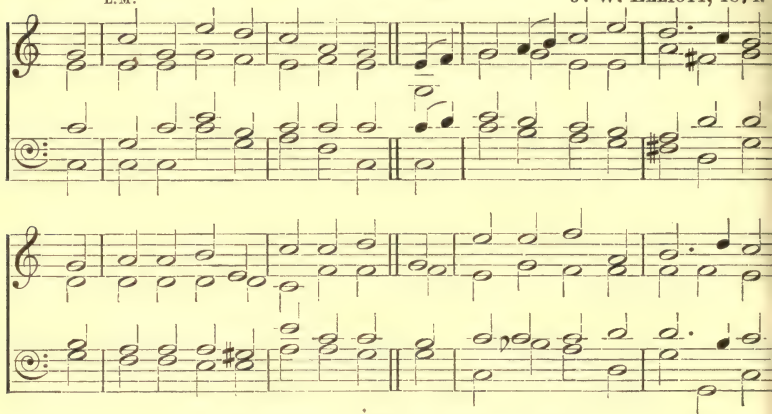
THE SON OF GOD: HIS ASCENSION AND GLORY.

Church Triumphant.

144

L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT, 1874.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Hymnum canamus gloriæ. Bede, d. 735.

SING we triumphant hymns of praise,
S New hymns to heaven exulting raise:
Christ, by a road before untrod,
Ascendeth to the throne of God.

- 2 The holy apostolic band
Upon the Mount of Olives stand,
To whom the angels, drawing nigh,
'Why stand and gaze upon the sky?
- 3 This is the Saviour!' thus they say,
'This is his noble triumph-day!
Again shall ye behold him, so
As ye to-day have seen him go.'
- 4 O grant us thitherward to tend,
And with unwearied hearts ascend
Toward thy kingdom's throne, where thou,
As is our faith, art seated now.
- 5 Be thou our joy and strong defence,
Who art our future recompense:
So shall the light that springs from thee
Be ours through all eternity.
- 6 O risen Christ, ascended Lord,
All praise to thee let earth accord,
Who art, while endless ages run,
With Father and with Spirit One.

1854. B. Webb.

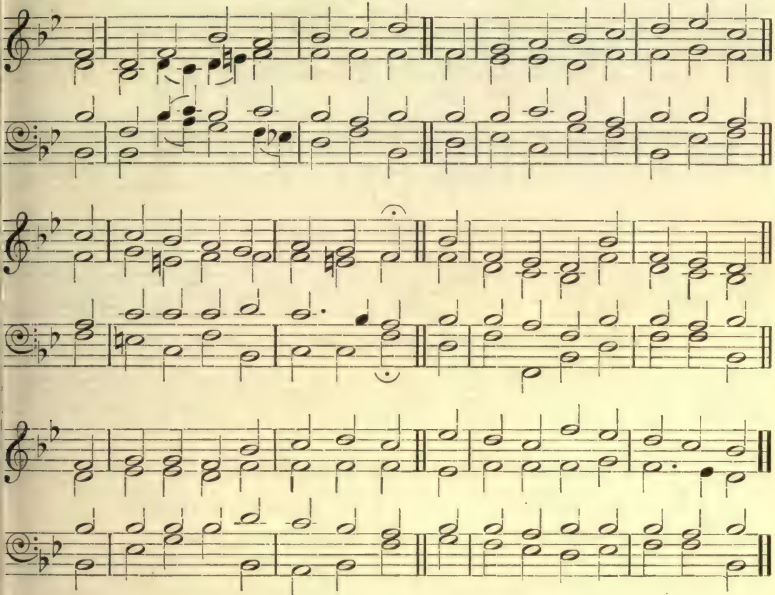
Swiss Tune.

888.888.

145

Auf, freies Volk, versammle dich.

J. SCHMIDLIN, 1770.



Wer ist wohl wie du? 1704. J. A. Freylinghausen.

O JESUS, Source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compassed round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to thee are dear;
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be there.

3 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

1737. J. Wesley.

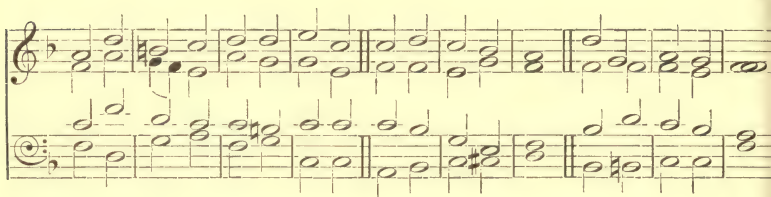
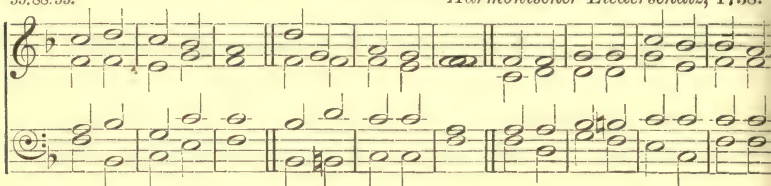
146

König.
55.88.55.

Seelenbräutigam.

J. B. KÖNIG (?).

Harmonischer Liederschatz, 1738.



Wer ist wohl wie du? 1704. J. A. Freylinghausen.

- J**ESUS, who with thee
Can comparèd be ?
Source of rest and consolation,
Life and light, and full salvation :
Son of God, with thee
None compared can be.
- 2 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following thee with love most tender,
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force :
Further thou my course.
- 3 By thy Spirit's light
Me instruct aright,
That I watch and pray with fervour,
Trusting thee, my soul's preserver :
Love unfeigned, O Lord,
Unto me afford.
- 4 Give me courage good,
That my wealth and blood
I for thee could spend, my Saviour,
Hating world and sin for ever ;
Since for me, my God,
Thou didst shed thy blood.
- 5 When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart,
And into thy realms convey me,
In thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

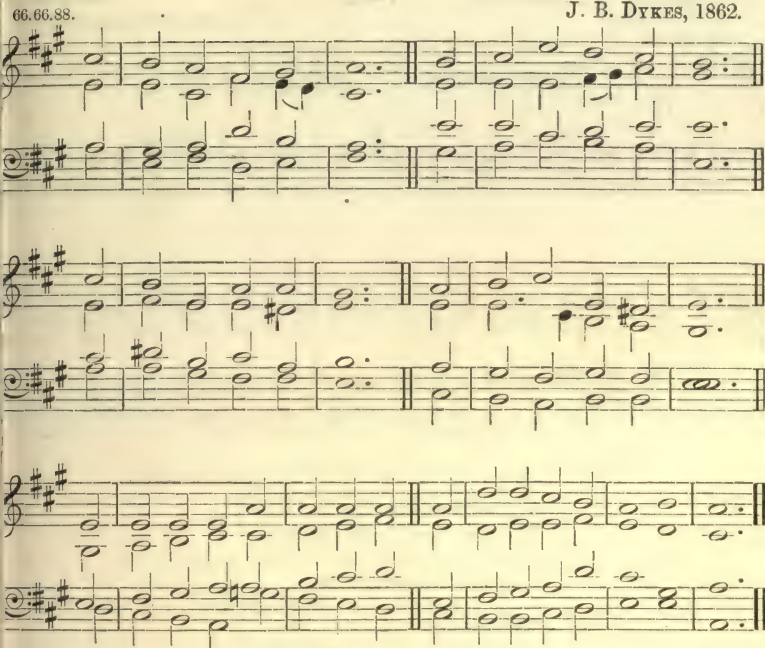
1754. J. Gambold, a.

THE SON OF GOD: HIS ASCENSION AND GLORY.

St. Godric.

147

J. B. DYKES, 1862.



JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God !
My tongue would bless thy name :
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

3 Be thou my Counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide,
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side ;
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

4 Jesus, my great High-priest,
Offered his blood and died :
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside ;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 O thou Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reign of grace I sing ;
Thine is the power ; behold I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

6 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown ;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

1707. I. Watts.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Nottingham (St. Magnus).

148

C. M.

J. CLARK, 1709 (posthumous).



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 555.]

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound;
See what immortal glories shine
And circle it around!
- 5 This is the man, the exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

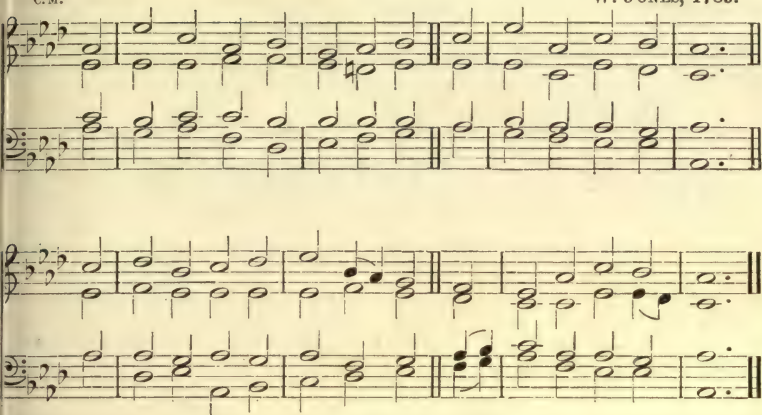
1707. I. Watts.

St. Stephen.

149

C.M.

W. JONES, 1789.



Heb. iv. 14-16.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above ;
His heart is filled with tenderness,
And overflows with love.

2 In all our griefs he takes a share,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations are,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears ;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

6 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face ;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

1709. I. Watts, a.

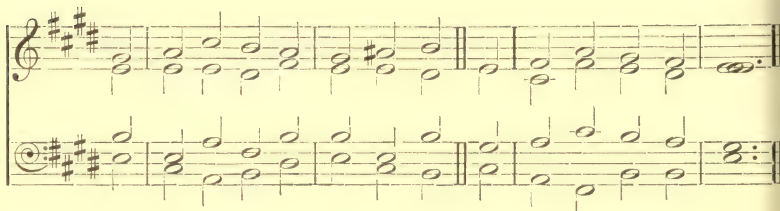
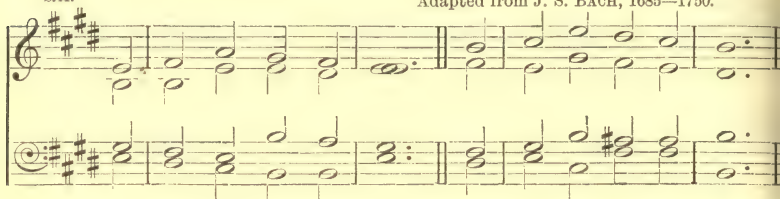
150

Potsdam.

S. M.

MERCER'S *Church Psalter and Hymnbook*, 1854.

Adapted from J. S. BACH, 1685—1750.



1.

JESUS who died, is now
Seated upon his throne :
The angels, who before him bow,
His just dominion own.

2.

The unworthiest of his friends
Upon his heart he bears ;
He ever to their cause attends,
For them a place prepares.

3.

Blest Saviour, condescend
My advocate to be :
I could not have a better friend
To plead with God for me.

c. 1719. *T. Harrison, a.*

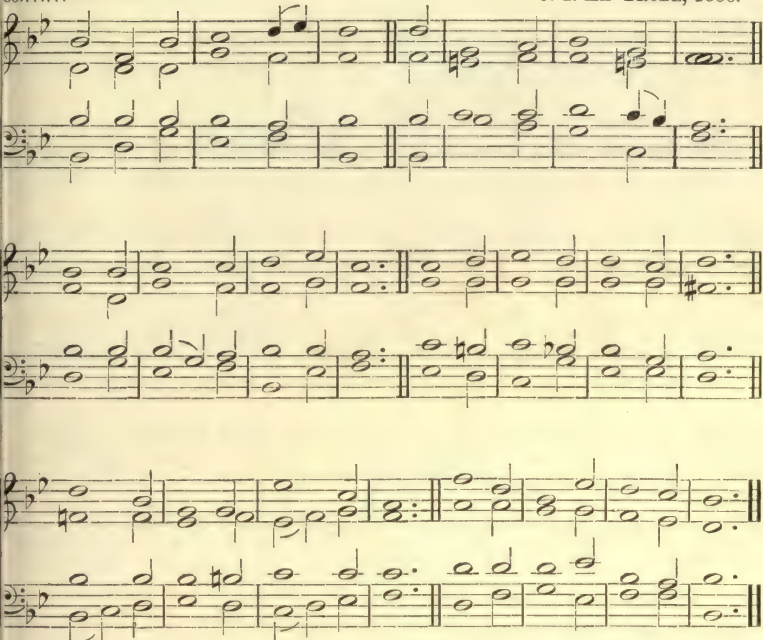
THE SON OF GOD: HIS ASCENSION AND GLORY.

ulneck.

66.77.77.

151

C. I. LA TROBE, 1806.



- W**ORTHY, O Lord, art thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to thee confess ;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.
- 2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers :
Source of power he rules alone :
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.
- 3 Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign ;
One in majesty divine
With thy Father on his throne,
King of kings, let all combine,
Gratefully thy sway to own.
- 4 Jesus, thou art my King,
To me thy succour bring ;
Christ, the Mighty One, art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid ;
This thy promise claim I now,
Send me down the promised aid.
- 5 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory ;
Sin, and death, and hell control,
Pride, and self, and every foe,
All subdue ; through all my soul
Conquering and to conquer go.

1739. C. Wesley, a.

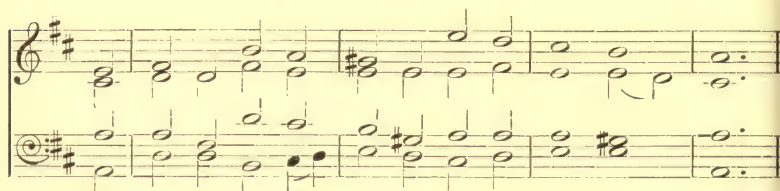
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Darwall (*First Tune*).

66.66.88.

152

J. DARWALL, 1770.



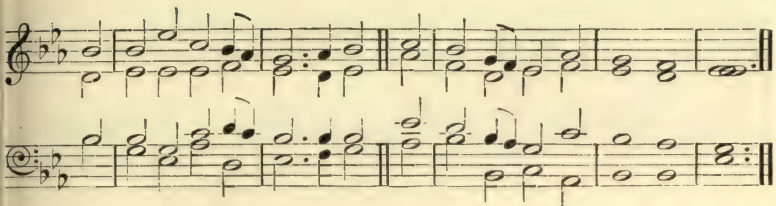
Waterstock (*Second Tune*).

66.66.88

J. Goss, 1826.



THE SON OF GOD: HIS ASCENSION AND GLORY.



REJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your God and King adore !
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your heart, etc.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are unto Jesus given ;
Lift up your heart, etc.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your heart, etc.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus our Lord shall come,
And take his brethren up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice :
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.
1744. C. Wesley, a.

GOD : FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Brockham.

153

L.M.

J. CLARK, 1709 (posthumous).



Heb. iv. 14-16.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands
A great High-priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

2 He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows has a part,
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness then before the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

1764. *M. Bruce.*

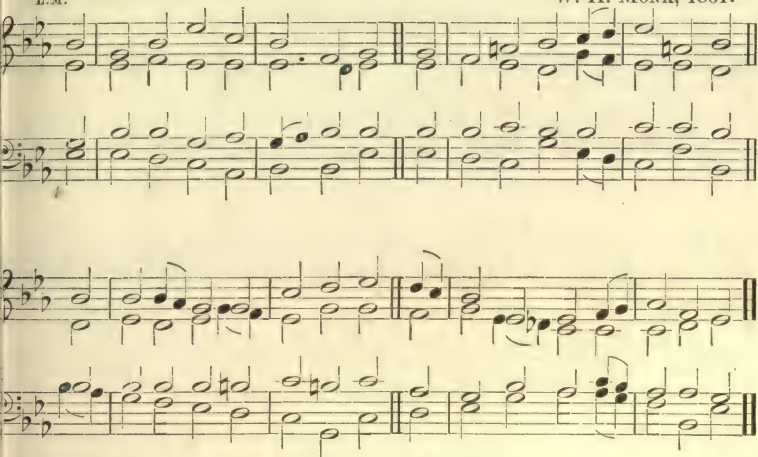
THE SON OF GOD: HIS ASCENSION AND GLORY.

t. Bernard.

154

L.M.

W. H. MONK, 1861.



MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise ascend to his abode :

Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is the dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well-pleased he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

4 As man he pities my complaint ;
His power and truth are all divine ;
He will not fail, he cannot faint ;
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

1779. W. Cowper.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

155

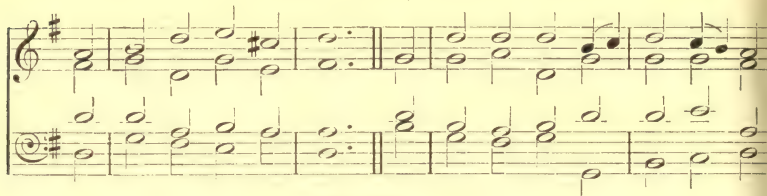
St. George (*First Tune*).

C.M.

Lobt Gott, ihr Christen alle gleich.

N. HERMAN, 1554.

English Carol form of Melody.



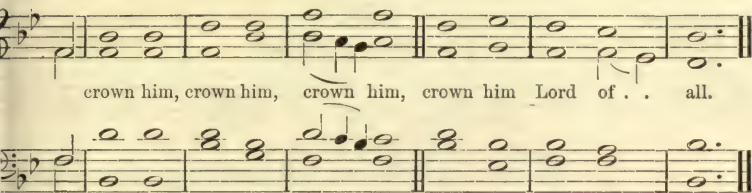
Miles' Lane (*Second Tune*).

C.M.

W. SHRUBSOLE, 1779.



THE SON OF GOD: HIS ASCENSION AND GLORY.



1.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all.

2.

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call:
Praise him whose blood-stained path ye trod,
And crown him Lord of all.

4.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace
And crown him Lord of all.

5.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine;
And crown him Lord of all.

6.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

7.

Let every tribe and every tongue
Before him prostrate fall
And shout, in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

1780. E. Perronet, a.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Jmsbruck.

886.888.

156

O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.

H. ISAAC, 1539.
(posthumous.)



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 744.]

1.

JESUS, the whole creation's Head,
Lord of the living and the dead,
Endless thy glories shine;
Thy blood-bought Church in mercy own;
The Church, assembled round thy throne,
Or pilgrims here, we all are thine.

2.

Pilgrims on earth, we here may rest,
The sparrow here hath found a nest,
Thine altars, O Lord God:
For all thy blessings and thy care,
Our gratitude in praise and prayer
Shall still ascend to thine abode.

3.

Ye spirits of the just above,
With Christ now perfected in love,
Once our companions here,
In higher strains join us to sing
Blessing and honour to our King,
Till he in glory shall appear.

4.

Hail, Lamb once slain, thy precious blood
Hath brought us sinners nigh to God,
Worthy art thou alone:
Accept, O Lord, Ancient of days,
Thy universal Church's praise,
Here and around thy glorious throne.

1805. *J. Birrell.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

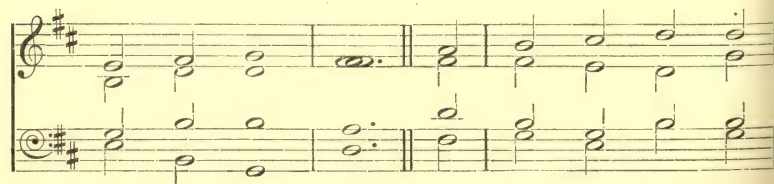
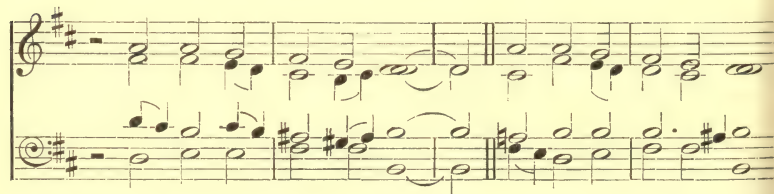
Wachet auf.

898.898.66.4.448.

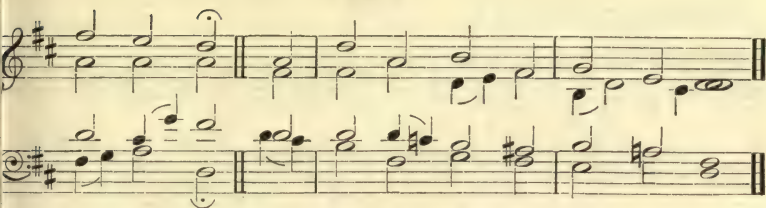
157

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

P. NICOLAI (?).
Freudenspiegel, 1599.



THE SON OF GOD: HIS ASCENSION AND GLORY.



[A simpler setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 389 (in C), and at Hymn 684 (in D).]

Looft den Koning alle Volken. 1806. R. Feith.

PRAISE the Lord ; through every nation,
 His holy arm hath wrought salvation ;
 Exalt him on his Father's throne :
 Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
 Who now prepares in heavenly regions
 Unfailing mansions for his own :
 With voice and minstrelsy
 Extol his Majesty :
 Hallelujah !
 His praise shall sound,
 All nature round,
 Where'er the race of man is found.

2 God with God dominion sharing,
 And Man with man our image bearing,
 Gentiles and Jews to him are given :
 Praise your Saviour, ransomed sinners,
 Of life, through him, immortal winners,
 Nor longer heirs of earth, but heaven.
 O beatific sight,
 To view his face in light :
 Hallelujah !
 And, while we see,
 Transformed to be
 From bliss to bliss eternally.

3 Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,
 O'er sin and death and hell victorious,
 Wisdom and might to thee belong :
 We confess, proclaim, adore thee ;
 We bow the knee, we fall before thee :
 Thy love henceforth shall be our song.
 The cross meanwhile we bear,
 The crown ere long to wear.
 Hallelujah !
 Thy reign extend,
 World without end ;
 Let praise from all to thee ascend.

1828. *J. Montgomery.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

St. Peter's, Westminster.

87.87.447.

158

J. TURLE, 1863.



1.

LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious:
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow;
Crown him—Crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2.

Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him—Crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3.

Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him—Crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4.

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him—Crown him;
King of kings and Lord of lords!

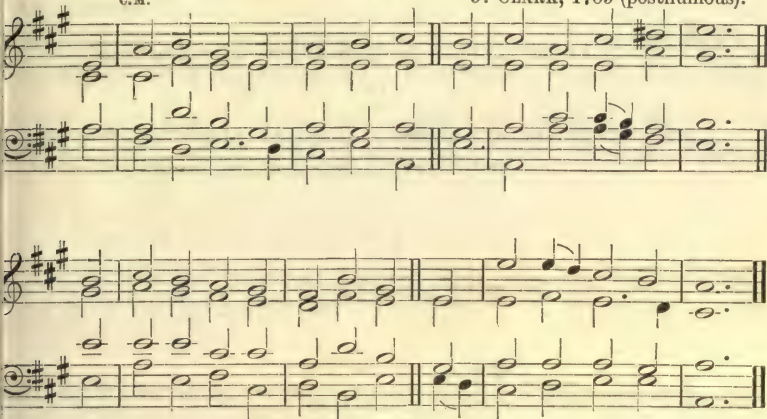
1809. T. Kelly.

Tottenham (St. Magnus).

159

G.M.

J. CLARK, 1709 (posthumous).



THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right ;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below ;
They reign with him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him,
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

1820. T. Kelly.

Ely.

160

L.M.

T. TURTON, 1844.



1.
COME, let us sing the song of songs,
With hearts and voices swell the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs;
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!'

2.
Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God;
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!'

3.
To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be;
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!'

4.
To him, enthroned by filial right,
All powers in heaven and earth pertain,
Honour and majesty and might;
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!'

5.
Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be;
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!'

1841. J. Montgomery, a.

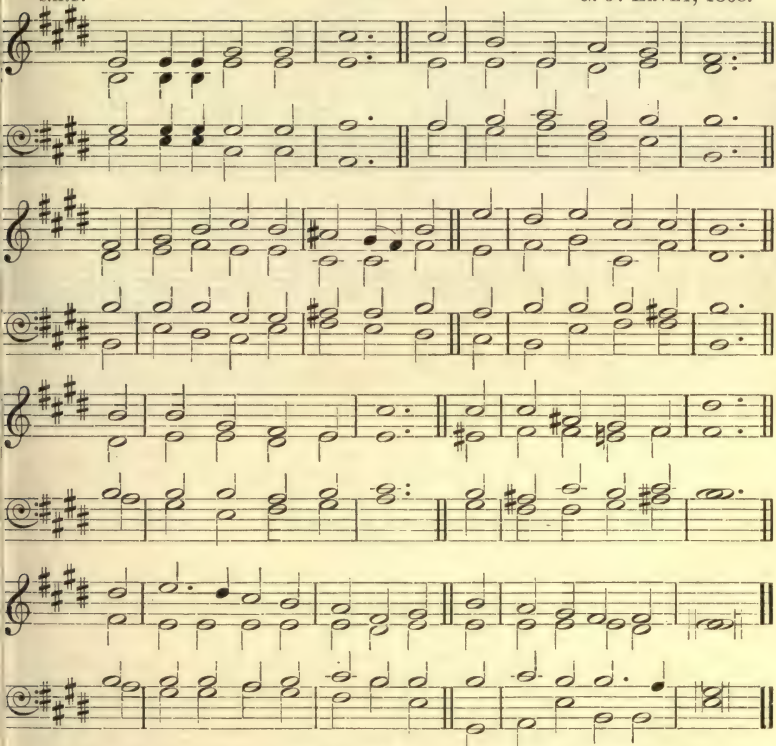
THE SON OF GOD: HIS ASCENSION AND GLORY.

Diademata.

161

G. J. ELVEY, 1868.

S. M. D.



CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne :
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of love :
Behold his hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of peace :
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end ;
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of years :
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For thou hast died for me :
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Acbill.

162

C.M.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



1.

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide ;
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

2.

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies ;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled thee from our eyes.

4.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds ;
Let thy dear grace be given,
That, while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven ;

5.

That where thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be.
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.



HE is gone—beyond the skies ;
 A cloud receives him from our eyes ;
 Gone beyond the highest height
 Of mortal gaze or angel's flight,
 Through the veils of time and space
 Passed into the holiest place,—
 All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone : and we remain
 In this world of sin and pain ;
 In the void which he has left
 On this earth, of him bereft,
 We have still his work to do ;
 We can still his path pursue,
 Seek him both in friend and foe,
 In ourselves his image show.

3 He is gone : we heard him say,
 ' Good that I should go away.'
 Gone is that dear form and face,
 But not gone his present grace ;
 Though himself no more we see,
 Comfortless we cannot be :
 No ! his Spirit still is ours,
 Quickening, freshening all our powers.

4 He is gone : but we once more
 Shall behold him as before,
 In the heaven of heavens the same
 As on earth he went and came ;
 In the many mansions there
 Place for us he will prepare ;
 In that world unseen, unknown,
 He and we shall yet be one.

1859. A. P. Stanley.

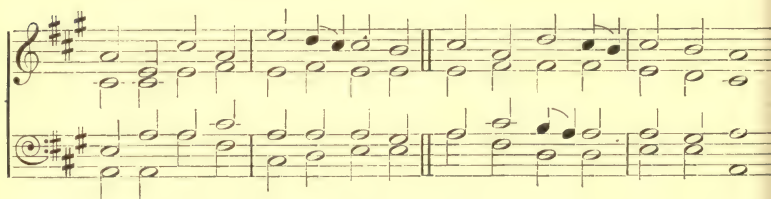
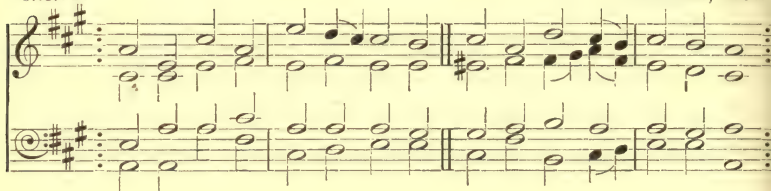
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Gobaith.

164

87.87. D.

R. DAVIES, 1868.



SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph ;
 See the King in royal state ;
 Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
 To his heavenly palace gate ;
 Hark, the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful hallelujahs sing,
 And the portals high are lifted,
 To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the tramp of jubilee ?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory ;
 He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's right hand ;
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with thee in glory stand.
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels ;
 Man with God is on the throne ;
 Mighty Lord, in thine ascension,
 We by faith behold our own.

1862. C. Wordsworth.

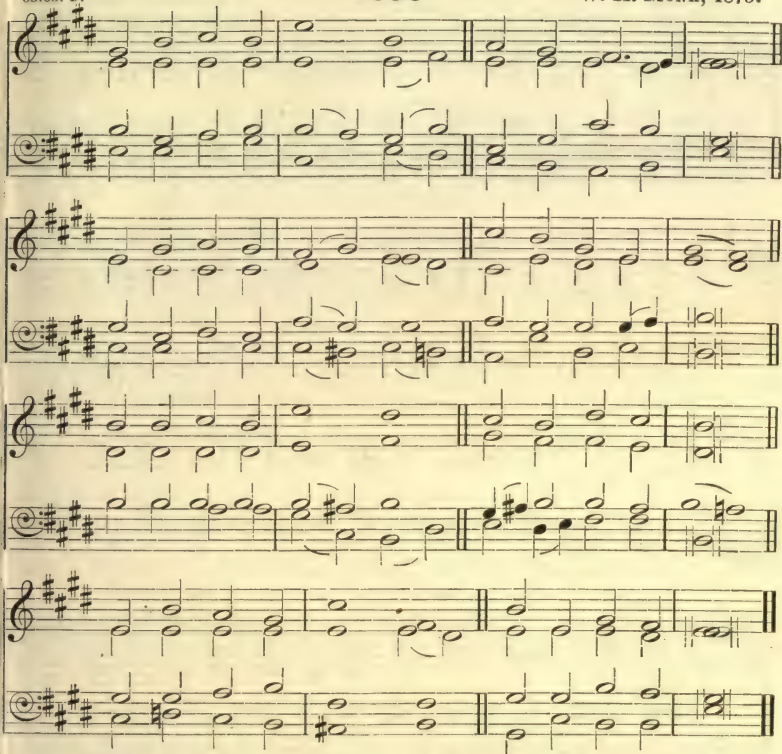
THE SON OF GOD: HIS ASCENSION AND GLORY.

Evelyns.

65.65. D.

165

W. H. MONK, 1875.



IN the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess him
King of Glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 At his voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.

4 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of Glory now.

1870. *Caroline M. Noel.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

THE SON OF GOD: HIS SECOND COMING.

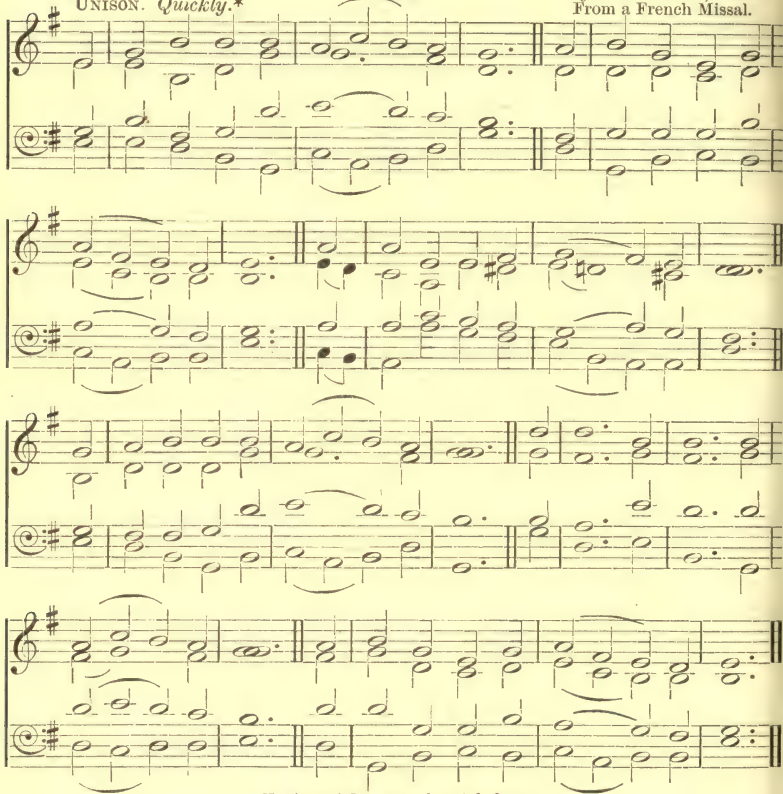
Veni Immanuel.

88.88.88.

UNISON. *Quickly.**

166

Hymnal Noted, 1854.
From a French Missal.



Veni, veni Immanuel. 12th Cent.

O COME, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.

*Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.*

- 2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
- 3 O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;

Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

- 4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

- 5 O come, O come, thou Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe.

1861. J. M. Neale, a.

* It is suggested that when at the end of ll. 1, 3 or 5 there is no comma, the dotted semi-breve should be treated as a minim.

THE SON OF GOD: HIS SECOND COMING.

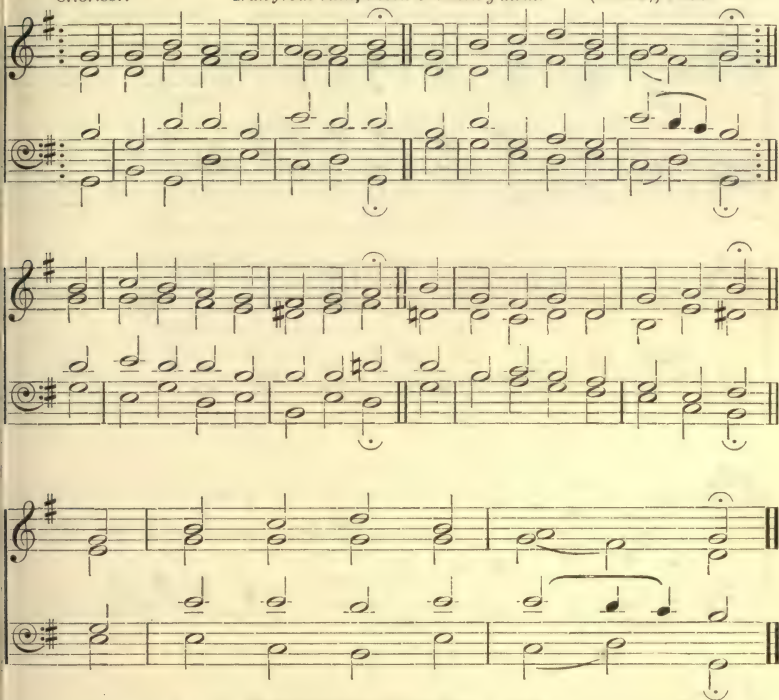
Luther's Hymn.

87.87.887.

167

Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein.

Wittenberg Gesangbuch
(KLUG), 1535.



Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit. c. 1556.

a. 1586. B. Ringwaldt.

TIS sure that awful time will come
When Christ, the Lord of glory,
Shall from his throne give men their doom,
And change things transitory :
This will strike dumb each impious jeer,
When all things are consumed by fire,
And heaven and earth dissolved.

2 When all with awe shall stand around
To hear their doom allotted,
O may my worthless name be found
In the Lamb's book unblotted ;
Grant me that firm, unshaken faith,
That thou, my Saviour, by thy death
Hast purchased my salvation.

3 Before thou shalt as Judge appear,
Plead as my Intercessor,
And on that awful day declare
That I am thy confessor ;
Then bring me to that blessed place,
Where I shall see with open face
The glory of thy kingdom.

4 O Jesus, shorten the delay,
And hasten thy salvation,
That we may see that glorious day
Produce a new creation :
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and King,
Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
Thy praise for ever : Amen.

Wachet auf.

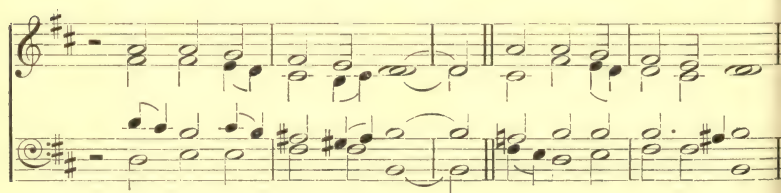
898.898.66.4.88.

168

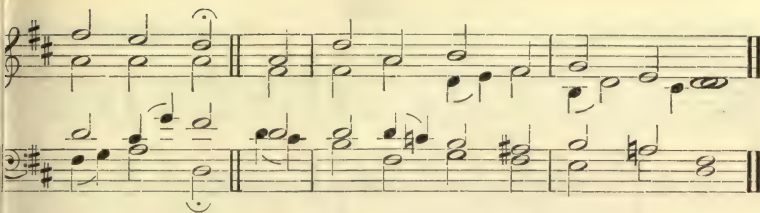
Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

P. NICOLAI (?).

Freudenspiegel, 1599.



THE SON OF GOD: HIS SECOND COMING.



Wachet auf ! ruft uns die Stimme. 1599. P. Nicolai.

WAKE, awake ! for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
Awake, Jerusalem, at last.
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices,
Forth, virgins, haste, ere night be past.
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take,
Hallelujah !
And for the marriage-feast prepare,
For we must go to meet him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing ;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom ;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come ;
Ah ! come, thou Blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son,
Hallelujah !
We follow till the halls we see,
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee,
With harp and cymbals' clearest tone ;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round thy dazzling throne ;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours ;
But we rejoice, and sing to thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

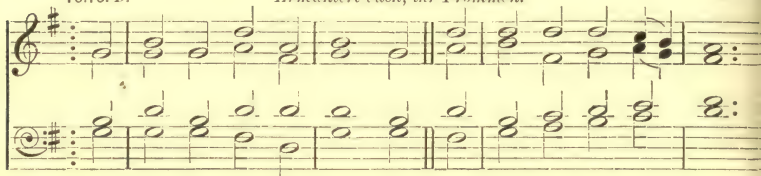
1858. *Catherine Winkworth.*

Ermuntert euch.

Einige Melodeyen, c. 1710.

76.76. D.

Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 358.]

Matthew xxv. 6-10.

Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen. 1700. L. Laurenti.

REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear ;
The evening is advancing
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh :
Up, pray and watch and wrestle ;
At midnight comes the cry.

- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil ;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

- 3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until, in songs of triumph,
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand ;
Arise ! ye heirs of glory ;
The Bridegroom is at hand.

- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear :
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere :
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
That brings us unto thee.

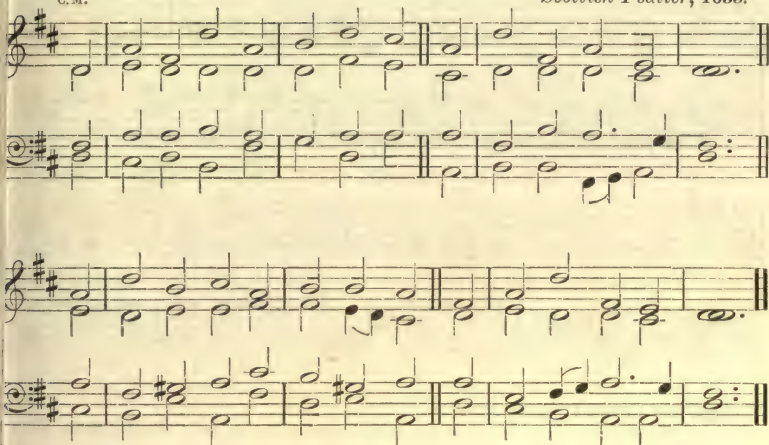
1851. Sarah Findlater, a.

London New.

170

Scottish Psalter, 1635.

C.M.



[Higher settings of this Tune will be found at Hymns 29 and 276.]

Isaiah ii. 2-5.

BEHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 Come then, O come, from every land
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

c. 1745. *Scots Paraphrases*. 1764. M. Bruce.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Lo, he cometh (*First Tune*).

87.87.447.

171

C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.



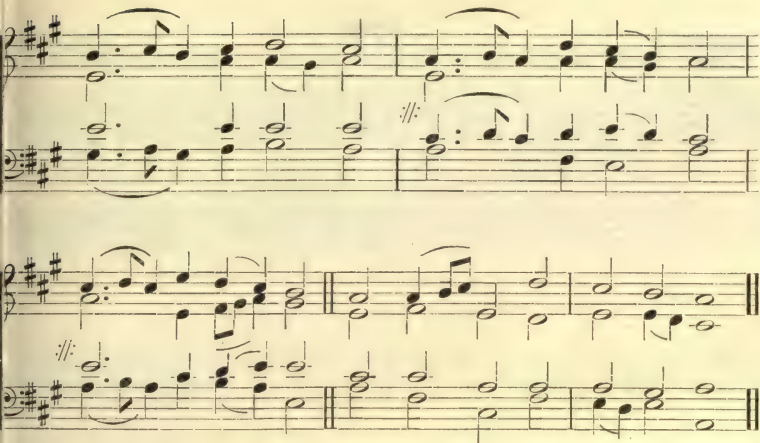
Belmsley (*Second Tune*).

87.87.447.

T. OLIVERS, 1765.



THE SON OF GOD: HIS SECOND COMING.



LO, he cometh ; countless trumpets
 Christ's appearance usher in :
 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
 See our Judge and Saviour shine :
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain.

2 Now the song of all the savèd,
 'Worthy is the Lamb,' resounds ;
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Every eye shall see his wounds ;
 Great his glory,
 Every knee to him shall bow.

3 All who love him view his glory,
 In his bright, once marrèd face ;
 Jesus cometh ; all his people
 Now their heads with gladness raise ;
 Happy mourners,
 Lo, on clouds he comes, he comes.

4 See redemption, long expected,
 On that glorious day appear ;
 All his people, once despisèd,
 Joyful meet him in the air :
 Hallelujah,
 Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.

1750. *J. Cennick. a.*

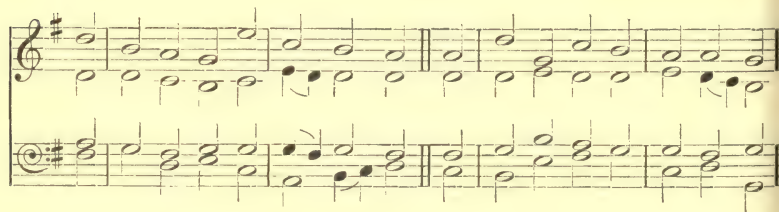
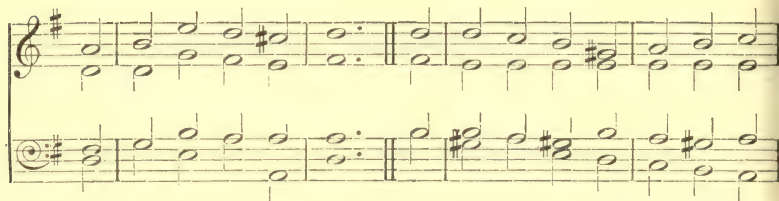
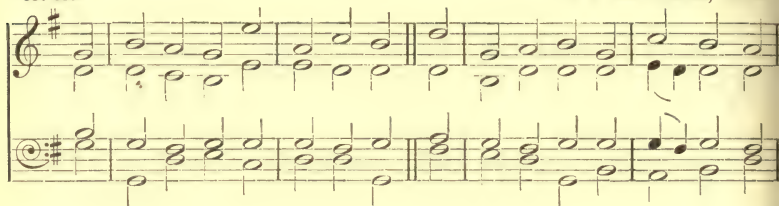
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Taunton.

886.888.

172

C. I. LA TROBE, 1806.



O Herr der Herrlichkeit. 1778. C. Gregor.

LORD, for thy coming us prepare,
May we to meet thee without fear
At all times ready be :
In faith and love preserve us sound :
O let us day and night be found
Waiting with joy to welcome thee.

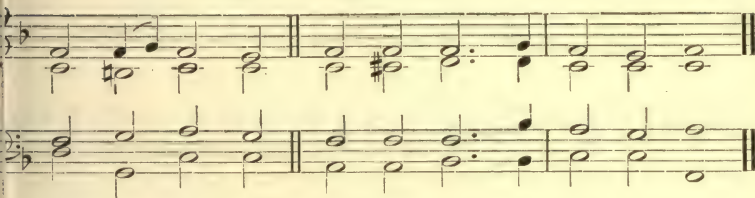
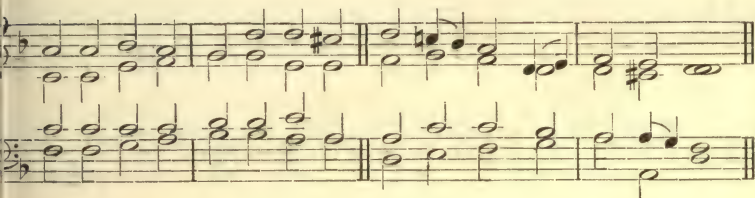
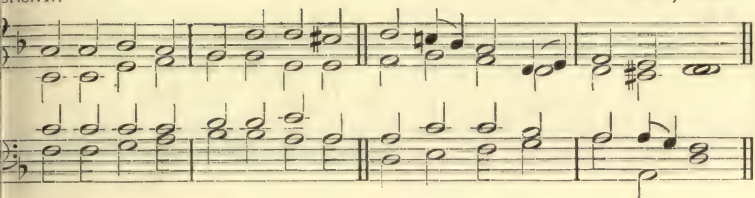
1789. J. Swertner.

Shburton.

37. 87. 47.

173

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



SAVIOUR, hasten thine appearing,
Take thy waiting people home :
This sweet hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here till thou dost come.

Lord, how long shall thy creation
Groan and travail sore in pain ?
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign ;
And, like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again.

3 Gather, Lord, thy chosen nation,
Israel's long afflicted race ;
Let them find thy free salvation,
Own and trust thy wondrous grace,
And, adoring,
Look on thy once marr'd face.

4 Reign, O reign, Almighty Saviour,
Heaven and earth in one unite ;
Make it known, that in thy favour
There alone is life and light ;
At thy coming,
We shall have unmixed delight.

1838. J. G. Deck.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Biberach.

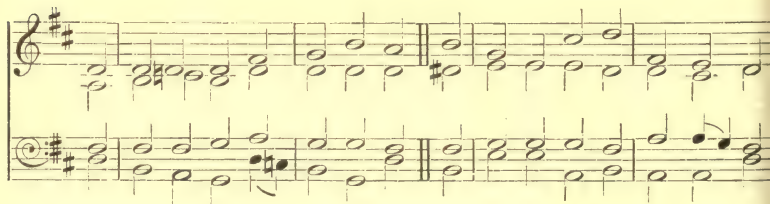
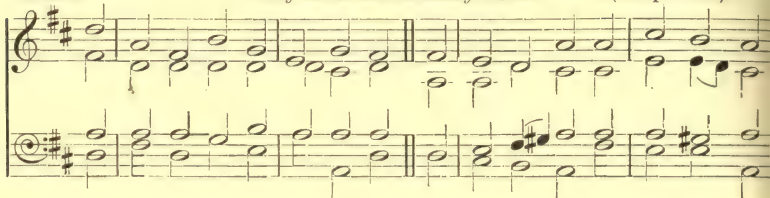
174

J. H. KNECHT, 1799

88.88.88.

Wie gross ist des Allmächt'gen Güte.

(comp. 1793).



1.

'A LITTLE while,' our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where he, for us, has gone before,
To dwell with him, to see his face,
And sing the glories of his grace.

2.

'A little while,' he'll come again;
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow him:
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

3.

'A little while,' 'twill soon be past;
Why should we shun the shame and cross
O let us in his footsteps haste,
Counting for him all else but loss:
O how will recompense his smile
For sufferings of this 'little while.'

4.

'A little while'; come, Saviour, come;
For thee thy waiting people long;
Take us, with all thy ransomed, home,
To sing the new, eternal song;
To see thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to thee.

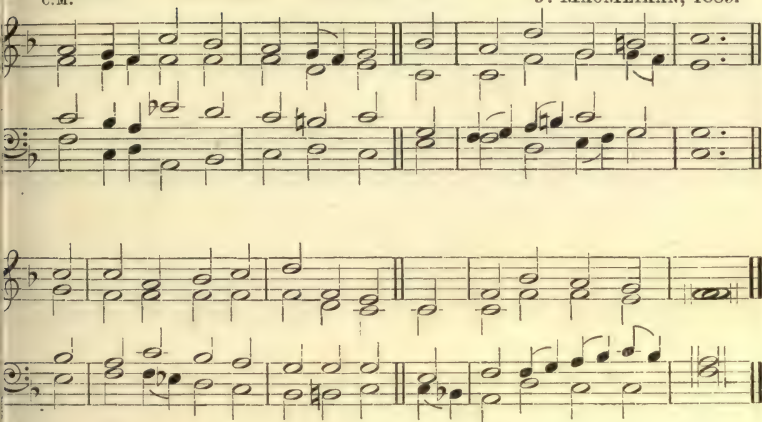
1841. J. G. Deck.

t. Columba.

175

C.M.

J. MACMEIKAN, 1889.



LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
 Star of the coming day,
 Arise, and with thy morning beams
 Chase all our griefs away.

- 2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
 And answering island sing
 The praises of thy royal name,
 And own thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
 In memory of thy love.
- 4 Lord, Lord, thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for thee.
- 5 Come then, with all thy quickening power,
 With one awakening smile,
 And bid the serpent's trail no more
 Thy beauteous realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruit
 Of grace and peace divine;
 Be thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of victory thine.

1842. *E. Denny.*

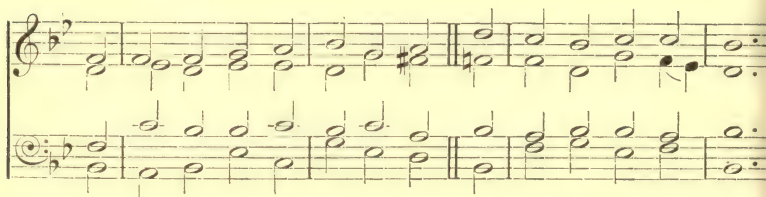
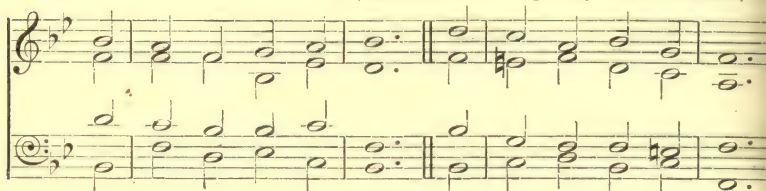
Maranza.

S.M.

176

LEISENTRITT'S *Hymnologium*, 158

Ave, Maria klare. Adapted by W. H. HAVERGAL, 18



COME, Lord, and tarry not,
Bring the long-looked-for day;
O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come!'
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come in thy glorious night,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering thy foes before thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

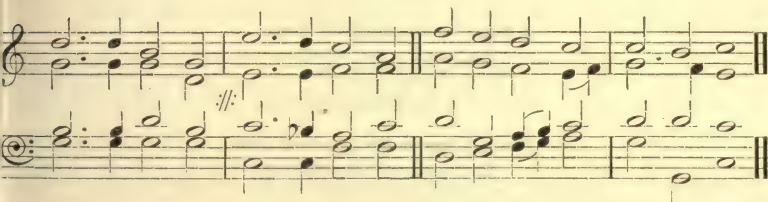
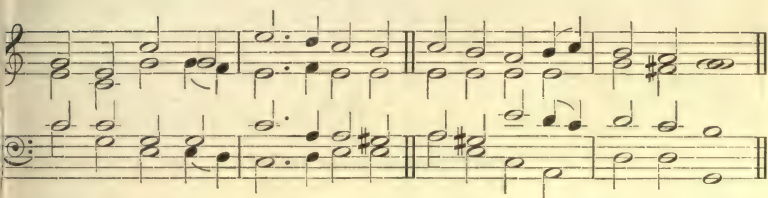
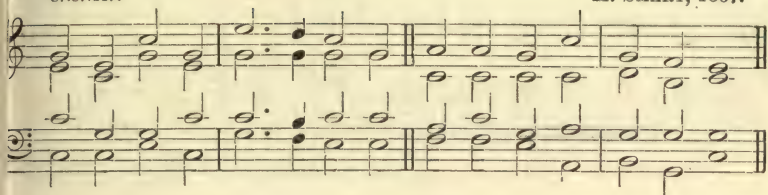
1846. H. Bonar.

Regent's Square.

177

87.87.447.

H. SMART, 1867.



CHRIST is coming ! let creation
From her groans and travail cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase :
Christ is coming !
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain ;
She shall yet behold thy glory,
When thou comest back to reign :
Christ is coming !
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee ;
But, in heavenly vestures shining,
They their loving Lord shall see :
Christ is coming !
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung ;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue :
' Christ is coming !
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !'
1853. J. R. Macduff.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Arran.

178

66.66. Iambic.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864



THY kingdom come, O God ;
Thy rule, O Christ, begin ;
Break with thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

- 2 Where is thy reign of peace
And purity and love ?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above ?
- 3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime,
Shall flee thy face before ?
- 4 We pray thee, Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might ;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.
- 5 Men scorn thy sacred name,
And wolves devour thy fold ;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.
- 6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet ;
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise and never set.

THE SON OF GOD: HIS LOVE.

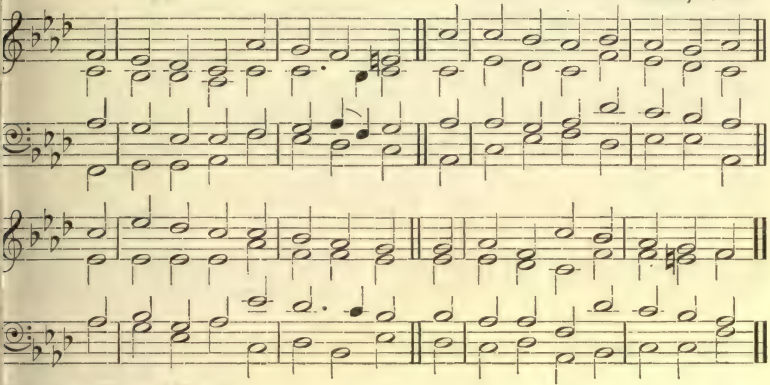
THE SON OF GOD: HIS LOVE.

179

Affingham (St. Luke) (First Tune).

L.M.

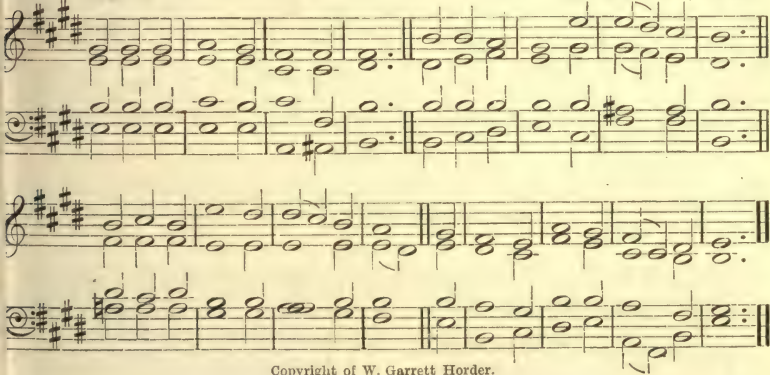
J. CLARK, 1701.



Daryton (Second Tune).

L.M.

H. P. SMITH, 1874.



Copyright of W. Garrett Horder.

Jesu, dulcedo cordium. c. 1150. *Bernard of Clairvaux.*

JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life, thou light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on thee call ;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

We taste thee, O thou living bread,
And long to feast upon thee still ;

We drink of thee, the fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.
4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

1858. *Ray Palmer.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Westminster (*First Tune*).

C.M.

180

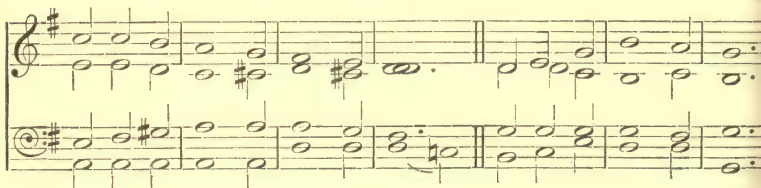
J. TURLE, 1836.



St. Agnes, Durham (*Second Tune*).

C.M.

J. B. DYKES, 1866.



Jesu, dulcis memoria. e. 1150. *Bernard of Clairvaux.*

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? ah this
Nor tongue, nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

1849. *E. Caswall.*

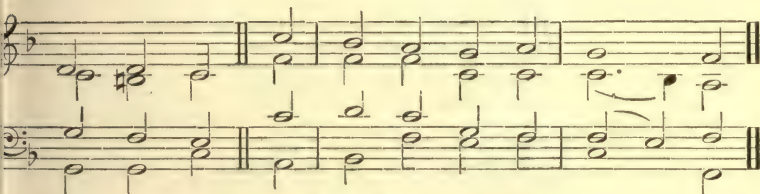
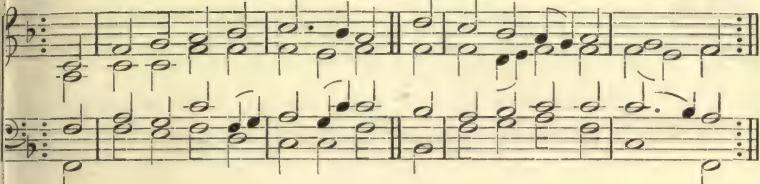
181

aden.

7.87.887.

Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.

S. GASTORIUS, 1681.



Psalm xxiii.

Der Herr ist mein getreuer Hirt. 1531. W. Meusel.

THE Lord my Shepherd is and Guide,
Who kindly doth direct me ;
For all my wants he will provide,
From dangers will protect me :
He leads me to a pasture-ground,
Where for my soul rich food is found,
The word of his salvation.

For me he opens living springs,
Amidst the desert dreary ;
And to the great Rock's shadow brings
My soul when faint and weary ;
He leads me in the blessed way
Of his commands, and when I stray,
He brings me back rejoicing.

3 For me a table he prepares,
My soul enjoys his favour ;
And, thus secure, no foeman dares
My God and me to sever ;
My heart his Holy Spirit cheers,
And changeth all my grief and fears
To joys no tongue can utter.

4 His goodness and his mercies all
Will follow me for ever ;
And I'll pursue my heavenly call
To cleave to my dear Saviour,
And to the Church his body here,
Until in heaven I shall appear
With Christ, my soul's Redeemer.

1754. M., a.

182

Eisenach.

88.88.88.

Machs mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güte.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1622



O Jesu Christ, mein schönstes Licht. 1653. P. Gerhardt.

MY Saviour, thou thy love to me
In want, in pain, in shame hast shown ;
For me thou on the accursèd tree
Didst by thy precious blood atone :
Thy death upon my heart impress,
That nothing may it thence erase.

2 What in thy love possess I not ?
My Star by night, my Sun by day,
My Spring of life, when parched with drought,
My Wine to cheer, my Bread to stay,
My Strength, my Shield, my Safe Abode,
My Robe before the throne of God.

3 Still let thy love point out my way,
How wondrous things thy love has wrought ;
Still lead me, lest I go astray,
Direct my work, inspire my thought ;
And when I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

4 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

1739. J. Wesley, a.

Liebe die du mich.

87.87.77.

183

J. C. BACH (?)
Meiningen *Gesangbuch*, 1693.

Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde.



Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde. 1657. J. Scheffler.

LOVE, who in the first beginning
Man in thine own likeness made ;
Love, who when we fell by sinning
Raised us up no more afraid ;
Henceforth I myself resign,
Love, to be for ever thine.

3 Love, who by thy word and spirit
Life and light to me revealed ;
Love, who 'gainst the wrath I merit
Art my soul's protecting shield ;
Henceforth I myself resign,
Love, to be for ever thine.

2 Love, who here on earth endured
Human sorrow, toil, and pain ;
Love, who by thy death procur'd
Joy to me and endless gain ;
Henceforth I myself resign,
Love, to be for ever thine.

4 Love, to whom my will submitted
When I took thine easy yoke ;
Love, to whom my heart was knitted
When thy love its love awoke ;
Henceforth I myself resign,
Love, to be for ever thine.

5 Love, who wilt to heaven's bright story
Raise me from my sleep profound ;
Love, who with the crown of glory
Wilt at length my head surround ;
Henceforth I myself resign,
Love, to be for ever thine.

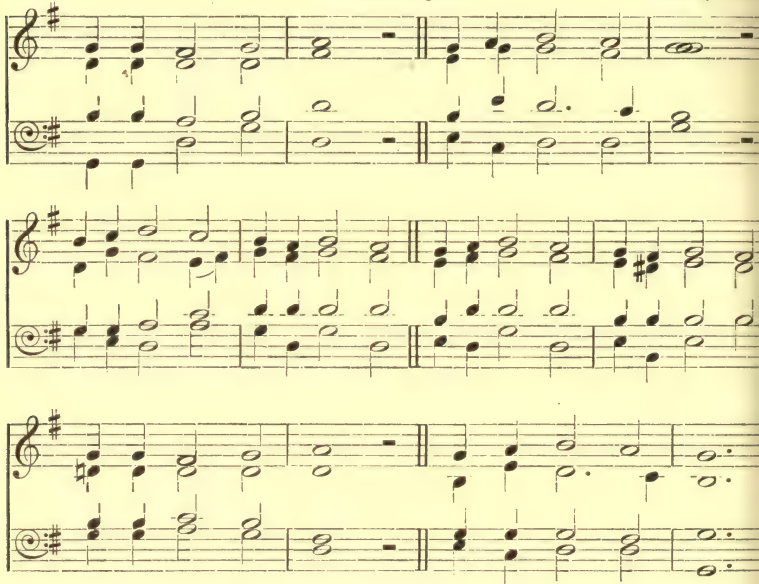
1864. Frances E. Cox.

Drese. (Original form of melody.)

55.88.55.

Seelenbräutigam.

A. DRESE, 1698



Seelenbräutigam, Jesu, Gottes Lamm. c. 1690. A. Drese.

O ETERNAL Word,
 Jesus Christ our Lord,
 Praise for all the love that sought us,
 Praise for the dread death that bought us
 From our sin and shame,
 Praise be to thy name!

- 2 God and man indeed,
 Comfort in all need,
 Thou becam'st a man of sorrows,
 To gain life eternal for us
 By thy precious blood,
 Jesus, man and God.
- 3 Let not faith's weak spark
 Perish in the dark,
 Thy hand still our lamps supplying,
 Nothing that we need denying,
 So shall our faith's light
 Shine on clear and bright.

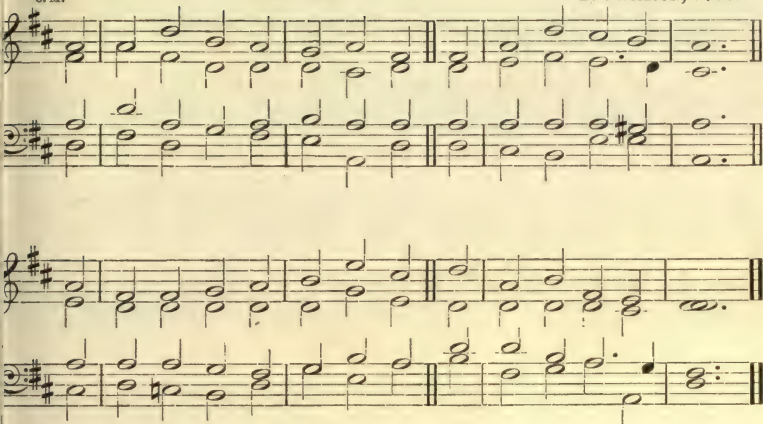
1789. J. Swertner, a.

185

Byzantium.

C. M.

T. JACKSON, 1780.



JESUS, thy love exceeds by far
The love of earthly friends ;
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
Is firm, and never ends.

2 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free ?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to thee.

3 I love thee for the glorious worth
In thy great self I see ;
I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.

4 No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die :
Thou for thy enemies wast slain ;
What love with thine can vie ?

5 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned,
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

6 Thou wouldst like wretched man be made
In everything but sin ;
That we as like thee might become,
As we unlike have been.

7 Like thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every beauteous grace ;
From glory thus to glory changed
As we behold thy face.

8 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love ;
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.

(1) 1719. *T. Harrison, a.*

(2-8) 1697. *J. Stennett.*

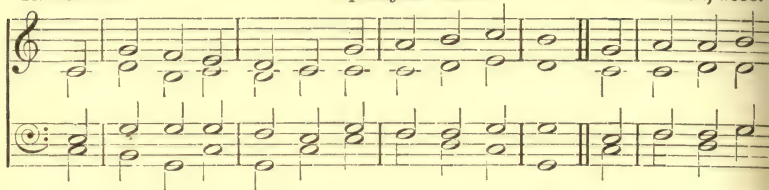
Ursprung.

11.11.66.11.11.

186

O Ursprung des Lebens.

TH. SELLE, 1655.



Mein Herze, wie wankest und flatterst du noch. 1705. C. J. Koitsch.

1.

O SAVIOUR, the truest, the best of all friends,
Thy love is unbounded, thy love never ends;
A fountain e'er flowing,
Rich blessings bestowing,
Thy kingdom eternal thou spreadest around,
Its joys are unceasing, its pleasures abound.

2.

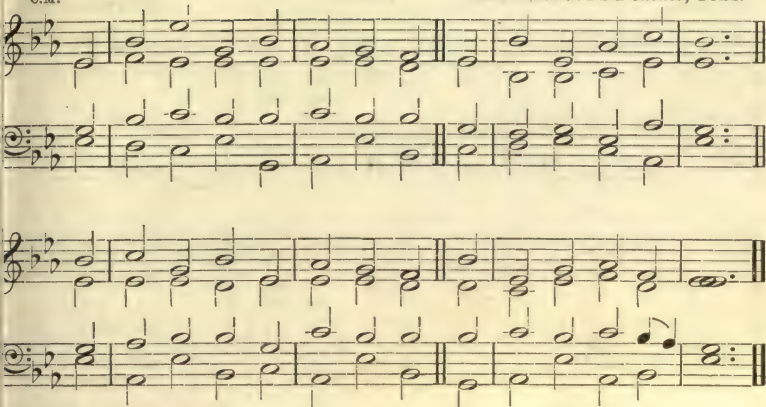
O draw me, my Saviour, now wholly to thee
And let the pure spring of thy love rise in me
All earthly emotion
Be lost in devotion;
My heart be enlightened from thy crossaloon
Lord, keep me henceforth, and for ever, thine own.

3.

O take me, my Saviour, and all that is mine,
Thy love hath me conquered, my will I resign;
In labour, in sadness,
In trials, in gladness,
With zeal I will serve thee, God's child I will be,
In thee I will live, Lord; O live thou in me.

St. David.
C.M.

187

RAVENS-CROFT'S *Psalms*, 1621.

[May also be sung to *St. James*, No. 6.]

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 His grace subdues the power of sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks, and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

6 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

Bethany.

188

87.87. D.

H. SMART, 1867.



LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temple leave :

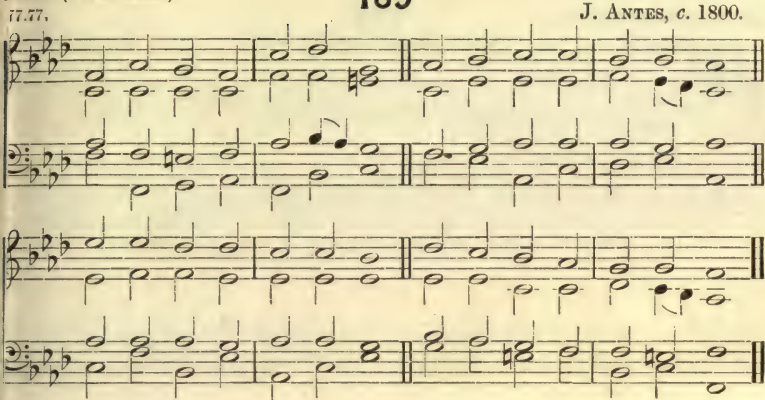
Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
 3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee ;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

1747. C. Wesley.

Antes (First Tune).

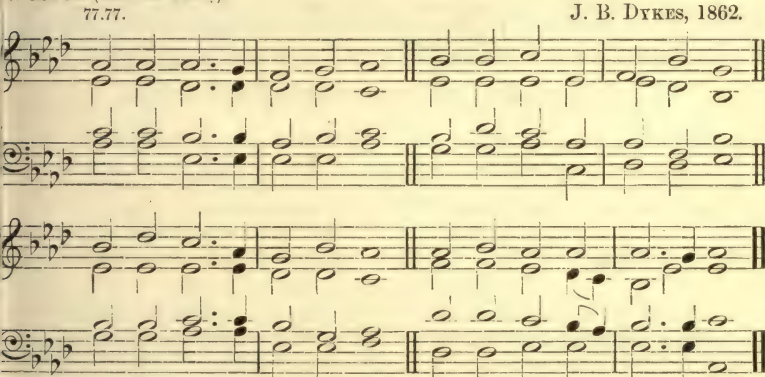
189

J. ANTES, c. 1800.



t. Bees (Second Tune).

J. B. DYKES, 1862.



HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

2 'I delivered thee, when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yea, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more !

1768. W. Cowper.

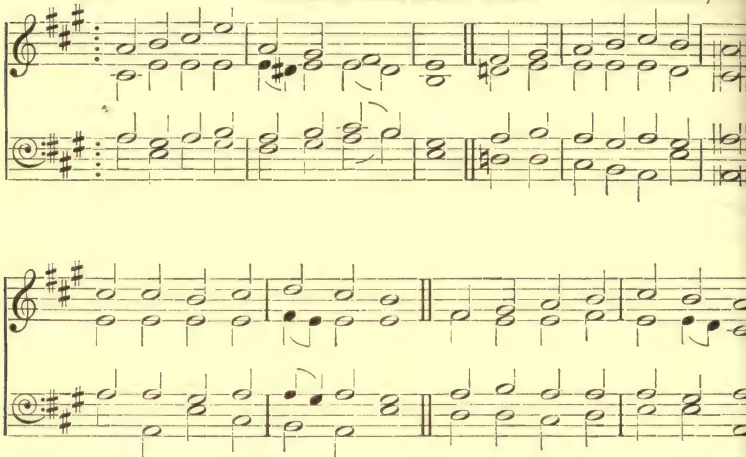
Gott des Himmels.

190

87.87.77.

Gott des Himmels und der Erden.

H. ALBERT, 164



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 747.]

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same ;
Still he calls them brethren, friends.
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us ?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love :
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above ;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

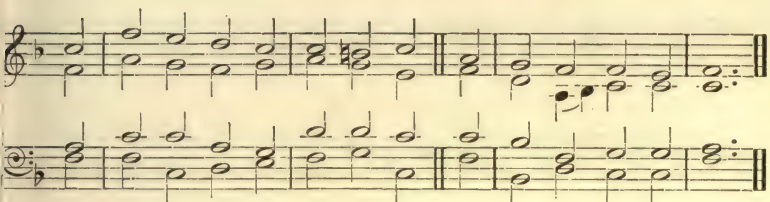
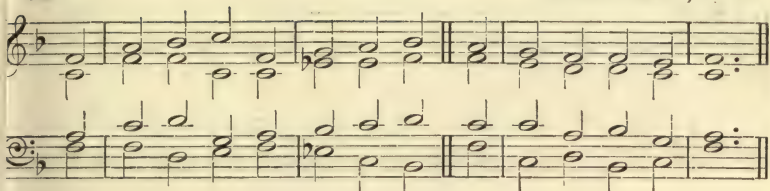
1779. J. Newton.

Dundee.

C.M.

191

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 7.]

THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

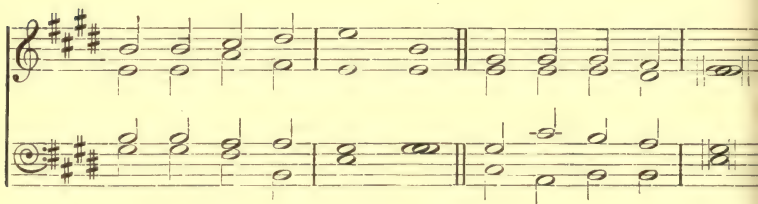
1824. G. W. Doane.

St. Lambert.

192

65.65.

R. R. CHOPE, 1862



JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

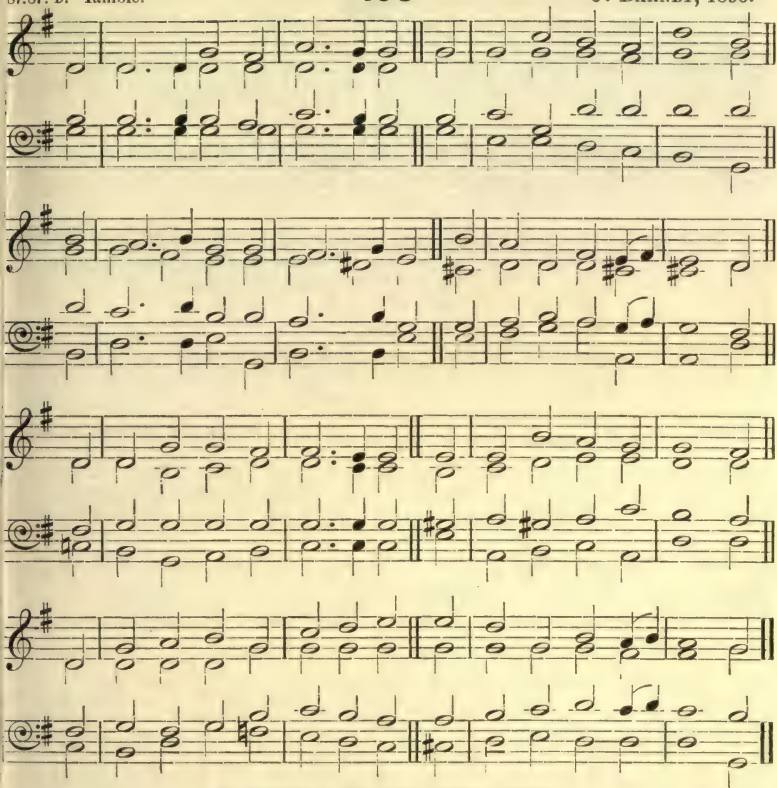
5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

his for ever.

87.87. D. Iambic.

193

J. BARNBY, 1890.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 He loved me ere I knew him ;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus he bound me to him ;
 And round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which nought can sever,
 For I am his and he is mine,
 For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 He bled, he died to save me ;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But his own self he gave me.
 Nought that I have mine own I'll call,
 I'll hold it for the Giver ;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all
 Are his, and his for ever.

3 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 All power to him is given,
 To guard me on my onward course
 And bring me safe to heaven.
 The eternal glories gleam afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavour ;
 So now to watch, to work, to war,
 And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend,
 So kind, and true, and tender !
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender !
 From him who loves me now so well
 What power my soul shall sever ?
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell ?
 No ! I am his for ever.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Dominus regit me (*First Tune*).

194

87.87. Iambic.

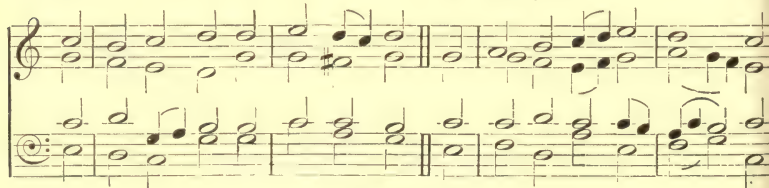
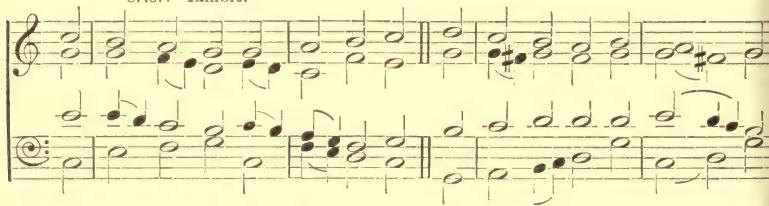
J. B. DYKES, 1868.



Ach Gott und Herr (*Second Tune*).

C. GALL'S *As hymnodus*, 1625.

87.87. Iambic.



Psaln xliii.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And O, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth !

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

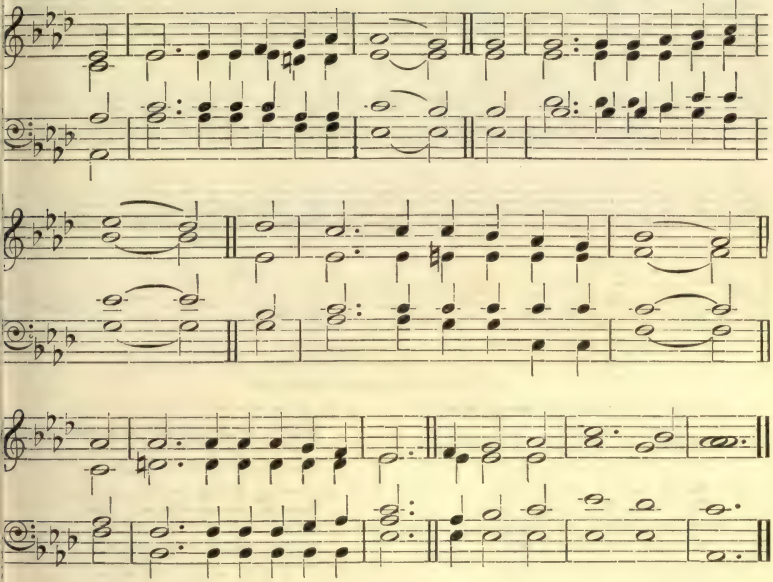
1868. H. W. Baker.

St. Margaret.

195

88.886.

A. L. PEACE, 1885.



O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee:
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

1882. G. Matheson.

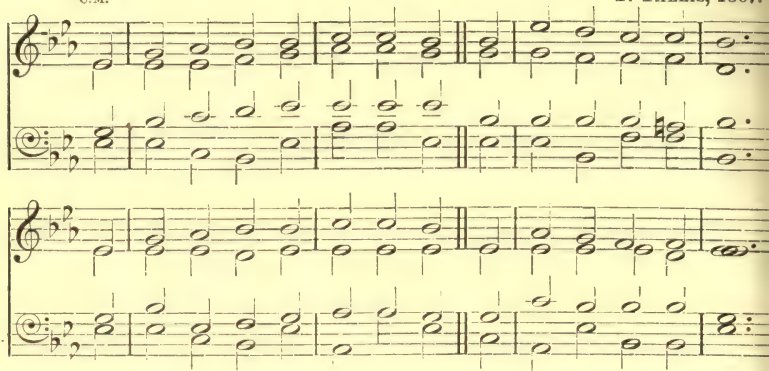
THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Tallis's Ordinal.

C.M.

196

T. TALLIS, 1567.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 503.]

Veni Creator Spiritus. 9th Cent.

- COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
 Proceeding from above,
 Both from the Father and the Son,
 The God of peace and love.
- 2 Visit our minds, and into us
 Thy heavenly grace inspire,
 That for all truth and godliness
 We may have true desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter
 In grief and all distress :
 The heavenly gift of God most high,
 Which no tongue can express.

- 4 Thou in thy gifts art manifold
 Whereby Christ's Church doth stand
 In faithful hearts thou writ'st thy law,
 The finger of God's hand.
- 5 According to thy promise made,
 Thou givest speech with grace,
 That through thy help the praise of God
 May sound in every place.
- 6 O Holy Ghost, into our souls
 Send down thy heavenly light :
 Kindle our hearts with fervent love,
 To serve God day and night.

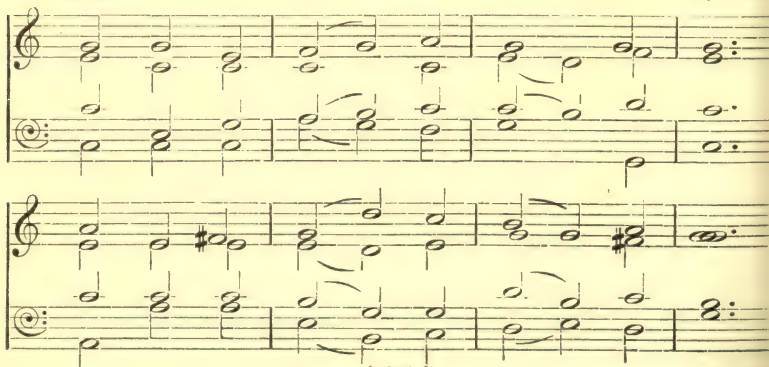
1549. *Sternhold and Hopkins.*

Veni Creator.

Irregular.

197

J. B. DYKES, 1875.



v. 4.) That through the a - ges all a - long . .

. . . This may be our end - less song :

Veni Creator Spiritus. 9th Cent.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.</p> | <p>3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace ;
Keep far our foes ; give peace at home :
Where thou art Guide no ill can come.</p> |
| <p>2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;</p> | <p>4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of Both, to be but One,
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song :</p> |

f 'Praise to thy e - ter - nal mer - it,

Fa - - ther, Son, . . and Ho - ly Spi - rit.'

St. Philip.

198

777.

W. H. MONK, 1861.



Veni Sancte Spiritus et emitte. c. 1200.

HOLY Spirit, come, we pray,
Shed from heaven thine inward ray,
Kindle darkness into day.

- 2 Come, thou Father of the poor ;
Come, thou source of all our store ;
Light of hearts for evermore.
- 3 Light most blissful ! Fire divine !
Fill, O fill these hearts of thine ;
On our inmost being shine.

- 4 If in thee it be not wrought,
All in men is vain and nought,
Nothing pure in deed and thought.
- 5 On the faithful who confide
Solely in thyself as Guide,
Let thy sevenfold gifts abide.
- 6 Grant them virtue's full increase,
Grant them safe and sweet release,
Grant them everlasting peace !

1864. W. Mercer.

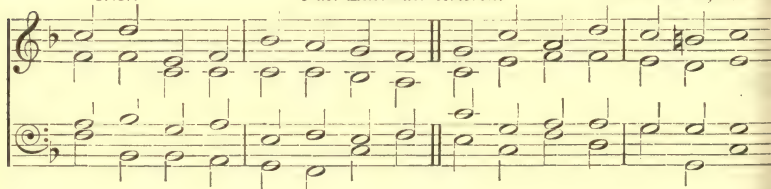
Gregor's Sixteenth.

199

87.87.

O der Alles hätt' verloren.

C. GREGOR'S
Choralbuch, 1784.



O du allersüßste Freude. 1648. P. Gerhardt.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night ;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
From that height which knows no measure
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send !

- 3 Manifest thy love for ever ;
Fence us in on every side ;
In distress be our Reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide.
- 4 When we die, be our Salvation,
Raise us glorious from the grave ;
Perfect thus thy new creation,
God ! omnipotent to save.

1725. J. C. Jacobi, a. ; 1776. A. M. Toplady, a.

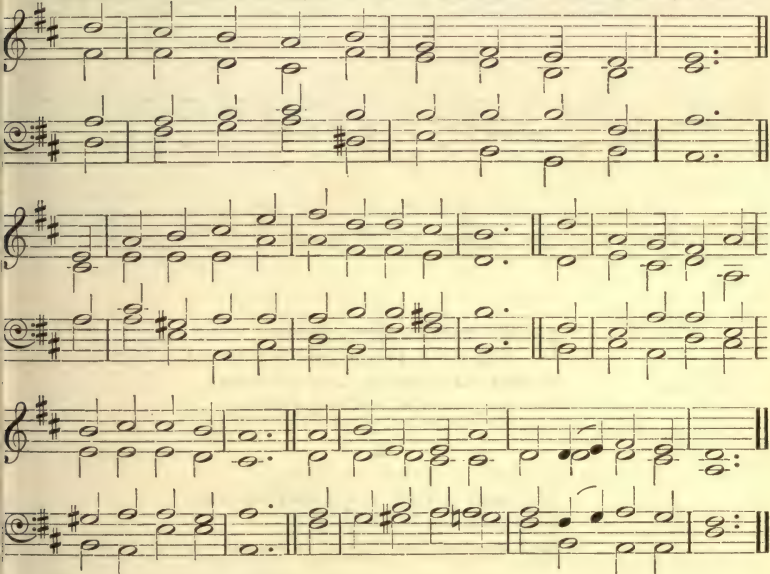
Ich wart' auf dich.

200

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S

10.10.10.10.

Ich wart' auf dich und sehne mich nach dir. Gesangbuch, 1704.



O HOLY Ghost, within our souls repeat
Those blessings which once made this day so great ;
Breathe thou upon us with that heavenly wind,
Which may refresh and purify our mind.

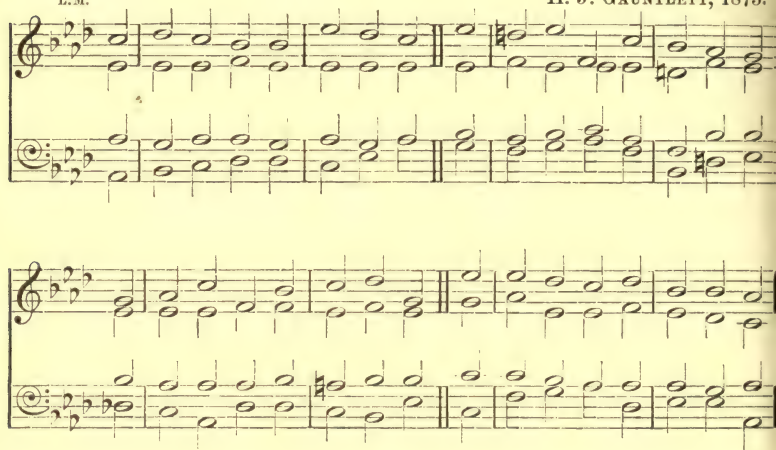
- 2 Kindle within us and preserve that fire,
Which may with holy love our breasts inspire,
And with an active zeal our minds inflame,
To do thy will and glorify thy name.
- 3 Furnish us richly both with gifts and grace
To fit us for the duties of our place ;
So open thou our lips, our hearts so raise,
That both our hearts and lips may give thee praise.
- 4 As in thy temple, keep thou residence
Within our souls, and never part from thence
Till we are framed and fitted by thy hand,
As pillars in God's house above to stand.

Bawkburst.

201

L.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1875.



1.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3.

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray ;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

1720. S. Browne, a.

n Christo.

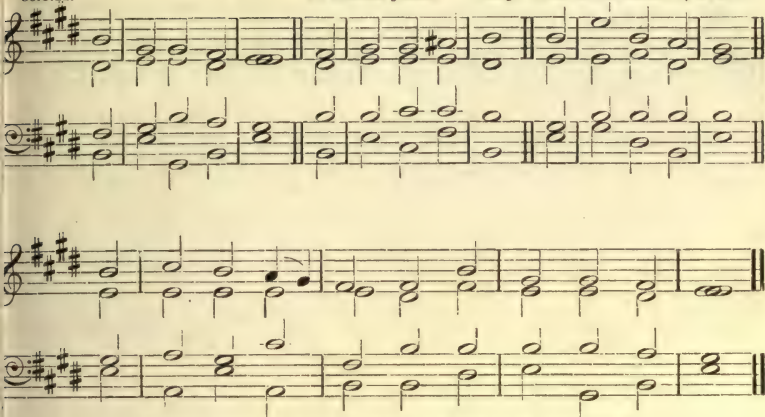
55.5.11.

202

In Christo gelebt.

ZINZENDORF'S

Sing- und Betbüchlein, 1727.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 627.]

Sei ewig gepreist. 1742. N. L. v. Zinzendorf, a.

1.

O SPIRIT of grace,
Thy kindness we trace,
In showing to us,
That life and salvation proceed from Christ's cross.

2.

In darkness we strayed
Until we were led
By thee to believe,
That Jesus, our Saviour, will sinners receive.

3.

Grant us to obey
Thy teaching, we pray,
O Spirit of love,
And thankful to thee for thy mercies to prove.

4.

O therefore impart
Thyself to each heart,
That thus we may show,
In our whole behaviour, that Jesus we know.

1789. P. H. Molther, a.

Moccas.

203

S.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799—1877.



COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our stubborn hearts reveal
The hidden love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and thee.

1759. *J. Hart, a.*

Epworth.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.

87.87. D.

[May also be sung to *Tantum Ergo*, No. 278.]

HOLY Ghost, inspire our praises !
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love,
 While we sing the name of Jesus,
 Deign on every heart to move.
 Source of sweetest consolation,
 Breathe thy peace on all below ;
 Bless, O bless this congregation ;
 Bid our hearts with love o'erflow.

2 Come with heavenly inspiration,
 Jesus in our souls reveal !
 Manifest his great salvation,
 As thine own our spirits seal !

Light divine, on darkness shining,
 Deign the light of truth to give ;
 Every grace and joy combining,
 May we to thy glory live !

3 Hail ! ye spirits bright and glorious,
 High exalted round the throne !
 Now with you we join in chorus,
 And your Lord we call our own.
 God to us his Son hath given ;
 Saints, your noblest anthems raise !
 All in earth and all in heaven,
 Sing the great Jehovah's praise !

1800. B. Woodd.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Bath New (*First Tune*).

205

S.M.D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



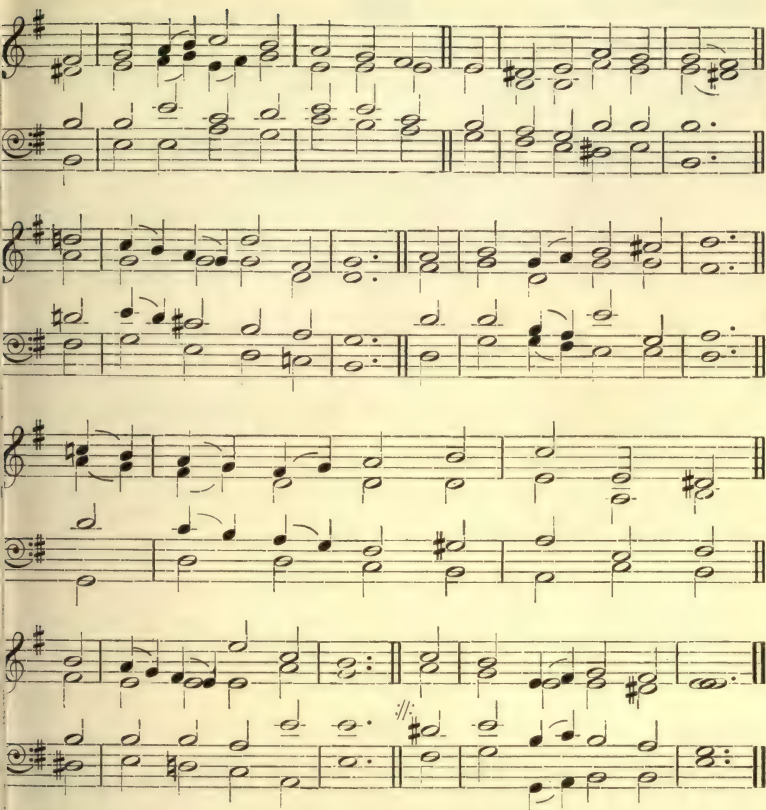
Cyrene (*Second Tune*).

S.M.D.

J. F. LAMPE, 1746.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.



LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power :
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe :

The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day :
Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide :
O, Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

1819. *J. Montgomery.*

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Winchester Old.

C. M.

206

ESTE'S *Psalms*, 1592.

Adapted from TYE, 1553 (?).



WHEN God of old came down from
In power and wrath he came; [heaven,
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But, when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Sotter than gale at morning prime
Hovered his holy dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,

The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud,

5 So when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God: it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come, Lord; come, Wisdom, Love, and
Open our ears to hear; [Power
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

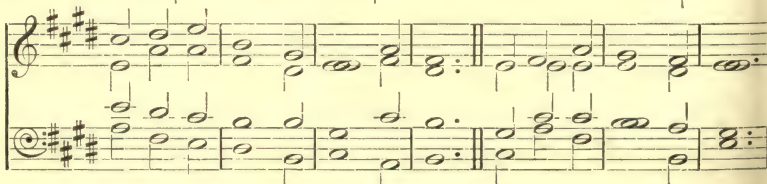
1827. J. Keble.

Armagh.

C. M.

207

J. TURLE, 1863.



SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come !

4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

5 Come as the dove—and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

6 Spirit Divine ! attend our prayers,
Make this lost world thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious powers ;
O come, great Spirit, come !

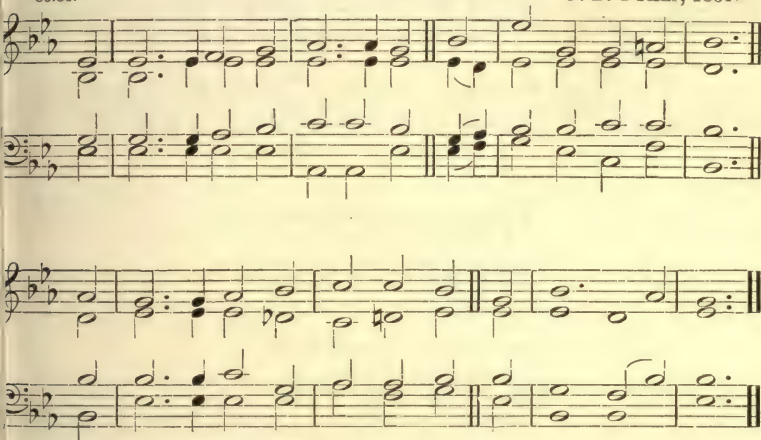
1829. *A. Reed.*

St. Cutbbert.

208

86.84.

J. B. DYKES, 1861.



[May also be sung to *Wreford*, No. 12.]

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

2 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind he came—
As viewless too.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see ;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

1829. *Harriet Auber.*

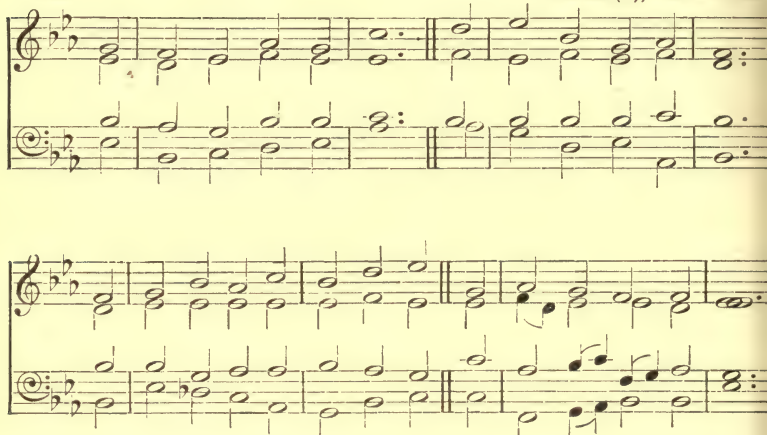
GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

Egban.

209

S.M.

W. TURNER (?), 1651—1740.



BREATHE on me, Breath of God ;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love
And do what thou wouldst do.

- 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.
- 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.
- 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

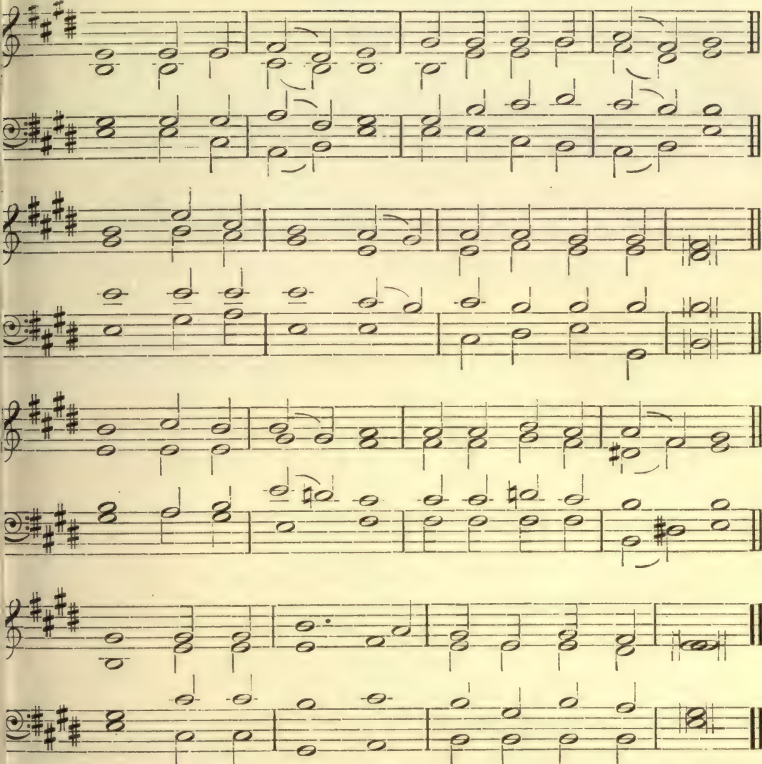
1886. *E. Hatch.*

Schönster Herr Jesu.

210

H. v. FALLERSLEBEN'S
Schlesische Volkslieder, 1842.

11.10.11.10. Iambic.



COME, Holy Spirit, like a dove descending;
Rest thou upon us while we meet to pray;
Show us the Saviour, his great love revealing;
Lead us to him, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, every cloud dispelling;
Fill us with gladness, through the Master's name;
Bring to our memory words that he hath spoken,
Then shall our tongues his wondrous grace proclaim.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, sent from God the Father—
Thou Friend and Teacher, Comforter and Guide—
Our thoughts directing, keep us close to Jesus,
And in our hearts for evermore abide.

1888. R. Bruce.

The Christian Life.

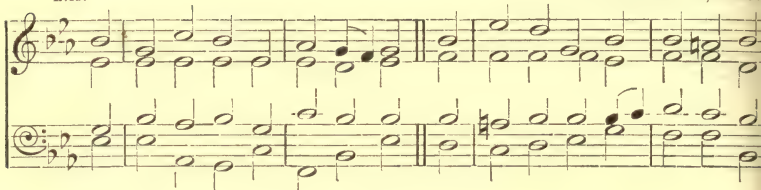
THE CALL OF GOD IN THE GOSPEL.

Shropshire.

211

L. M.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1845



HO, every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites man's fallen race :
Salvation without money buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

- 2 Come to the living waters, come ;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call :
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
God's grace in Christ is free for all.
- 3 Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,
See from the Rock a fountain rise :
For you in healing streams it rolls
From Jesus, made a sacrifice.
- 4 Nothing you in exchange need give ;
Leave all you are and have behind :
Thankful, the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife.
Whither, ah, whither would ye go ?
Christ hath the words of endless life.
- 6 To you he calls, ' My goodness prove :
My promises for all are free :
O taste my everlasting love,
And let your souls delight in me.'

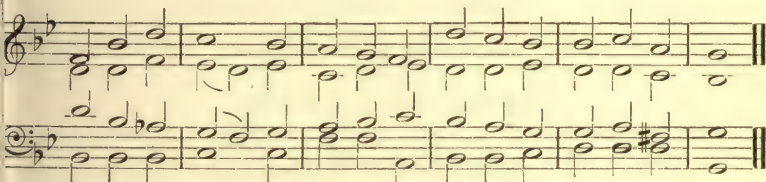
1740. C. Wesley, a.

Gaugban.

5.11.5.5.11.

212

E. J. HOPKINS, 1880.



By permission of Messrs. Weekes & Co., on behalf of the Exors. of the late E. J. Hopkins.

[May also be sung to the single Tune *O tell me no more*, No. 313.]

1.
ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
O you is it nothing your Saviour should die?

2.
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

3.
For what you have done,
His blood must atone;
The Father hath given for you his dear Son.

4.
The Lord, in the day
Of mercy, did lay [away.
our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them

5.
He answered for all:
O come at his call,
And low at his feet with astonishment fall.

6.
Ye all may receive
The peace he did leave, [give!
Who made intercession—'My Father, for-

7.
For you and for me
He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

8.
My pardon I claim;
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' great name.

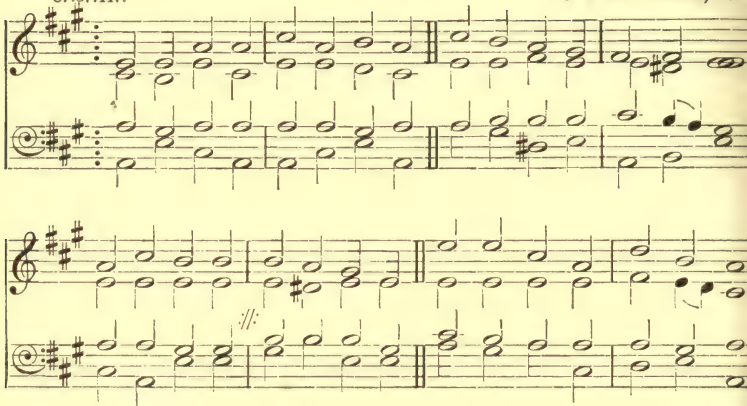
1749. C. Wesley, a.

Lo, He cometh.

213

C. I. LA TROBE, 179

87.87.447.



COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power :
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

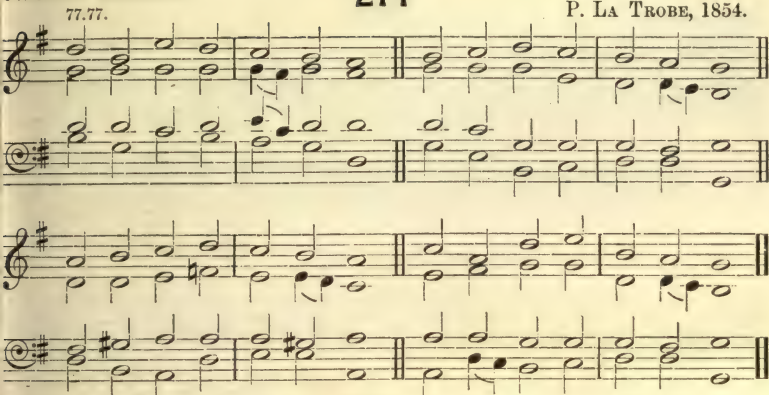
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

1759. J. Hart.

Sweeter Sounds.

214

P. LA TROBE, 1854.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 254.]

[May also be sung to *Vienna*, No. 355.]

NOW begin the heavenly theme ;
Praise ye Jesus' saving name ;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye who long, alas, have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Jesus Christ will give you rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither then your music bring ;
Strike aloud each tuneful string ;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.
- 7 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

1763. *Anon. in Madan's Collection, a.*

Woolmer's.

215

L.M.

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1861.



BEHOLD a stranger at the door;
 He gently knocks—has knocked before;
 Has waited long; is waiting still;
 You use no other friend so ill.

2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will—the very friend you need:
 The man of Nazareth, 'tis he,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands;
 O matchless kindness! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes!

4 Admit him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
 No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
 With whom he condescends to dwell.

5 Sovereign of souls, thou Prince of peace,
 O may thy gentle reign increase!
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
 And be his empire—all mankind.

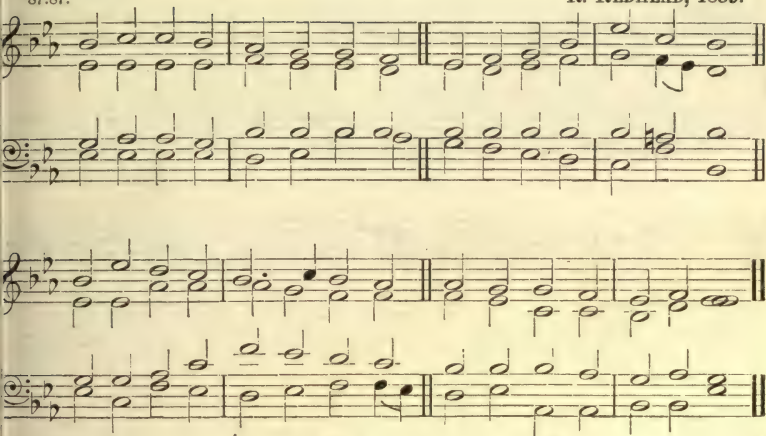
1765. *J. Grigg, a.*

St. Nicolas.

87.87.

216

R. REDHEAD, 1859.



JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me' ;

2 As of old apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love me more.'

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love me more than these.'

5 Jesus calls us ; by thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

1852. C. Frances Alexander.

Ebenezer (*First Tune*).

87.87. D.

Welsh Hymn Melody.

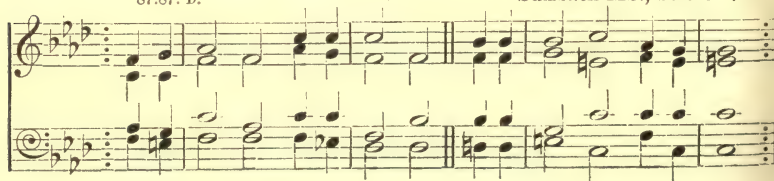


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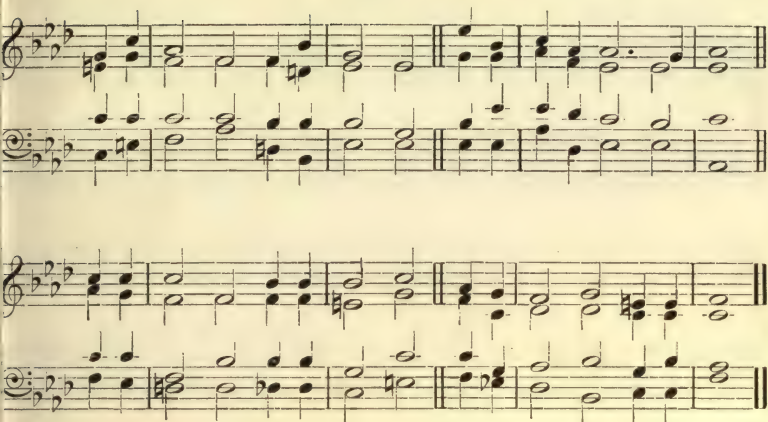
Who ist Jesus? (*Second Tune*).

87.87. D.

Sulzbach MS., before 1794.



THE CALL OF GOD IN THE GOSPEL.



SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round his feet?

- 2 It is God ; his love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems :
'Tis our Father ; and his fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.
- 3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
There is healing in his blood.

4 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this ;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

- 5 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
- 6 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus ;
And O come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

1854. *F. W. Faber.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Herb Jesu (*First Tune*).

66.66.66. Iambic.

218

Herr Jesu, ew'ges Licht.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S

Gesangbuch, 1704.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score includes a repeat sign and a double bar line.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music features a simple, folk-like melody with a repeating pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bass staff.

A musical score for two voices, Soprano and Alto, in G major and 2/4 time. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef and the Alto part with an alto clef. Both parts feature a melody of eighth notes and quarter notes, with some rests. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

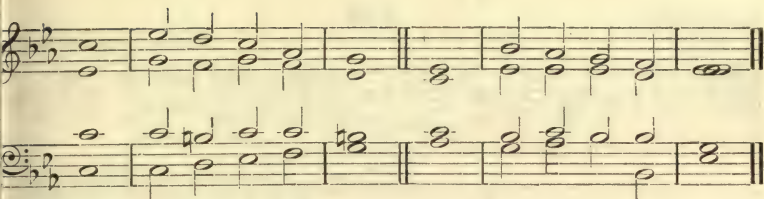
Baca (*Second Tune*).

66.66.66. Iambic.

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1859 (comp. 1852).

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in common time (C) and features a simple, folk-like melody. The score is written in a clear, legible hand, with notes and rests clearly marked. The piece ends with a double bar line.

THE CALL OF GOD IN THE GOSPEL.



THY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead :
Thy life was given for me ;
What have I given for thee ?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know :
Long years were spent for me ;
Have I spent one for thee ?

3 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell :
Thou sufferedst all for me ;
What have I borne for thee ?

4 And thou hast brought to me
Down from thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love :
Great gifts thou broughtest me ;
What have I brought to thee ?

5 O let my life be given,
My years for thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent :
Thou gav'st thyself for me ;
I give myself to thee.

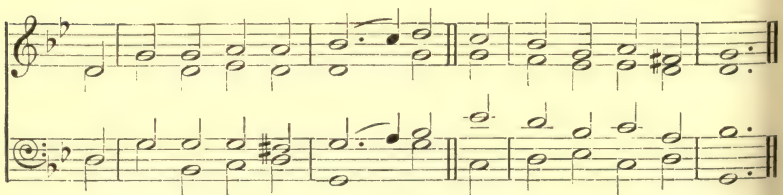
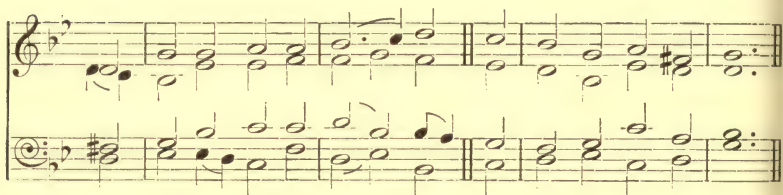
1858. *Frances R. Havergal, a.*

Llangloffan.

219

Welsh Hymn Melody.

76.76. D.



THE CALL OF GOD IN THE GOSPEL.

1.

O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there !

2.

O Jesus, thou art knocking ;
And, lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate !

3.

O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so ?'
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door ;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter
And leave us nevermore.

1867. W. W. How.

Ewing (*First Tune*).

76.76. D.

220

A. EWING, 1853.



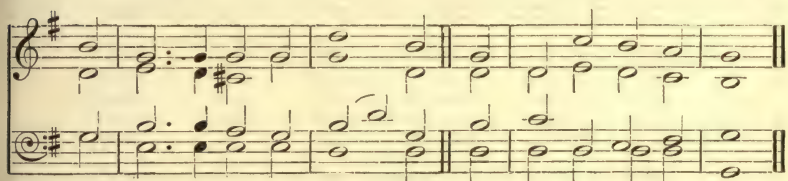
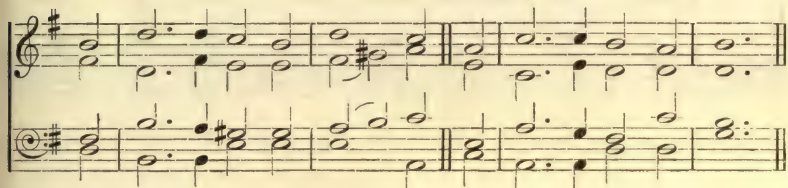
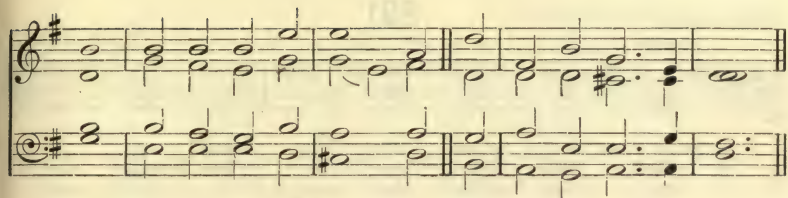
[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 421.]

Come unto me (*Second Tune*).

76.76. D.

J. B. DYKES, 1875.





‘COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.’
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

2 ‘Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.’
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way ;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 ‘Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.’
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 ‘And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.’
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee !

1867. W. C. Dix.

Compassion (*First Tune*).

Irregular.

221

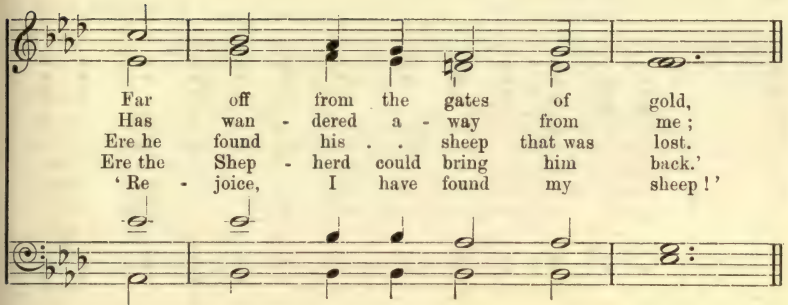
F. MEEN, 1886.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay
 2. 'Lord, Thou hast here thy nine - ty and nine ;
 3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew
 4. 'Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way,
 5. And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riven,

In the shel - ter of the fold ;
 Are they not e - nough for thee ?
 How deep were the wa - ters crossed,
 That mark out the moun - tain's track ?
 And up from the rock - y steep,

But one was out on the hills a - way,
 But the Shepherd made an - swer 'This of mine
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
 'They were shed for one who had gone a - stray,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,

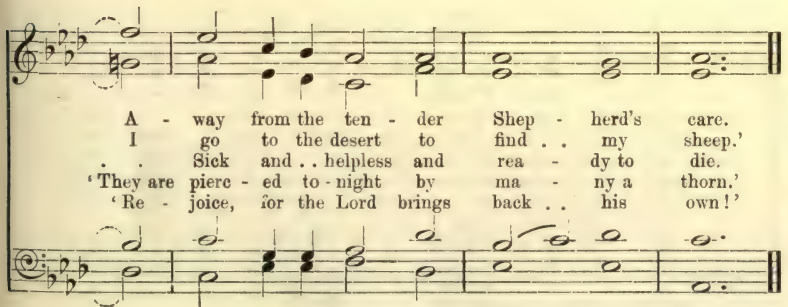
THE CALL OF GOD IN THE GOSPEL.



Far off from the gates of gold,
 Has wan - dered a - way from me ;
 Ere he found his . . sheep that was lost.
 Ere the Shep - herd could bring him back.
 ' Re - joice, I have found my sheep ! '



A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare,
 And, al - though the road be rough and steep,
 Out in the desert be heard its cry, . .
 ' Lord, whence are thy hands so ' rent and torn ? '
 And the an - gels e - choed a - round the throne,



A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
 I go to the desert to find . . my sheep.
 Sick and . . helpless and rea - dy to die.
 ' They are pier - ed to - night by ma - ny a thorn.'
 ' Re - joice, for the Lord brings back . . his own ! '

1868. Elizabeth C. Clephane.

The Ninety and Nine (*Second Tune*).

Irregular.


I. D. SANKEY, 1873.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
 2. 'Lord, Thou hast here thy nine - ty and nine ; Are they
 3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
 4. 'Lord, whence are those blood - drops all . . the way, That
 5. And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riven, And


shel - ter . . of the fold ; But one . . was out on the
 not e - nough for thee ? ' But the Shep - herd made an - swer,
 deep were the wa - ters crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the
 mark out the mountain's track ? ' ' They were shed for one who had
 up from the rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the

hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold,
 ' This of mine Has wan - dered a - way . . from me ;
 Lord passed through, Ere he found his . . sheep that was lost.
 gone a - stray, Ere the Shep - herd could bring him back.
 gate of heaven, ' Re - joice, I have found my sheep ! '

THE CALL OF GOD IN THE GOSPEL.



A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A -
 And, al - though the road . . be rough and steep, I . .
 Out in the de - sert he heard its cry,
 'Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?' 'They are
 And the an - gels e - choed a - round the throne, 'Re -




way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care, A -
 go to the de - sert to find . . my sheep, I . .
 Sick . . and help - less and rea - dy to die,
 pierced . . to - night . . by ma - ny a thorn, They are
 joice, for the Lord . . brings back . . his own! Re -




way from the ten - - der Shep - herd's care.
 go to the de - sert to find . . my sheep.'
 Sick . . and help - less and rea - dy to die.
 pierced . . to - night . . by ma - ny a thorn.'
 joice, for the Lord . . brings back . . his own!'



1868. Elizabeth C. Clephane.

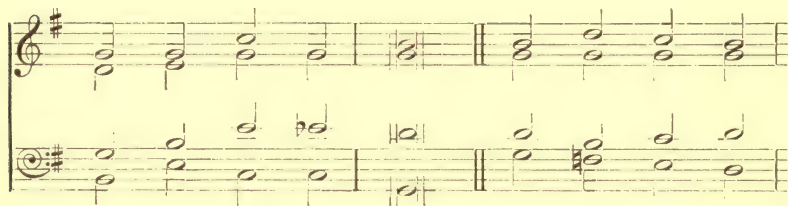
Pass me not.

222 ✓

CAREY BONNER.

85.85.

4



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1.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2.

Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief ;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3.

Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face ;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4.

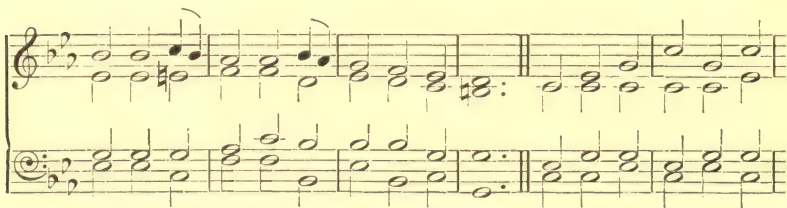
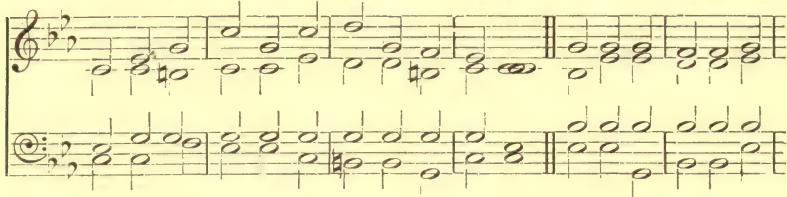
Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee ?
Whom in heaven but thee ?

1868. *Fanny J. Crosby.*

Jesu, Jehovah (*First Tune*).

Anonymous Leaflet, c. 1733.

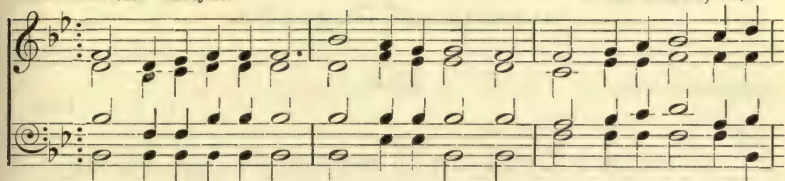
11.10.11.10.11.10. Dactylic. *Jesu, Jehovah, ich such und verlange* So-called *Köthnisches Lied*.



Rescue (Second Tune).

11.10.11.10.11.10. Dactylic.

W. H. DOANE, 1870.



RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying ;
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;
 Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen ;
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

*Rescue the perishing, care for the dying ;
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.*

- 2 Though they are slighting him, still he is waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive ;
 Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently ;
 He will forgive if they only believe.
- 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
 Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
- 4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it ;
 Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide ;
 Back to the narrow way patiently win them ;
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

1870. *Fanny J. Crosby.*

REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE.

Verbum Pactis.

224

66.84.

G. LOMAS, 1876.



τῆς πατρῶας δόξης σου.

5th Cent. Joseph of the Studium.

FAR from thy heavenly care,
Lord, I have gone astray;
And all the wealth thou gav'st to me,
Have cast away.

2 Now from a broken heart,
In penitence sincere,
I lift my prayer to thee, O Lord,
In mercy hear.

3 And in the Father's house
Give me a servant's place,
That I, a son, may learn to own
A Father's grace.

1900. *J. Brownlie.*

Aus tiefer Not.

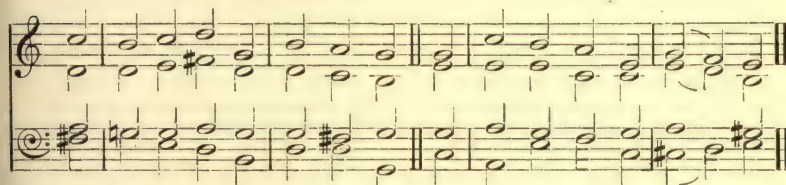
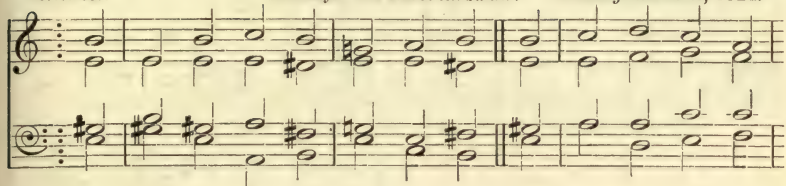
87.87.887.

225

WALTHER'S

Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir.

Gesangbüchlein, 1524.



[May also be sung to *Luther's Hymn*, No. 129.]

Psalm cxxx.

Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir. 1523. *M. Luther.*

OUT of the depths I cry to thee,
 Lord, hear me, I implore thee !
 Bend down thy gracious ear to me,
 Let my prayer come before thee !
 If thou rememb'rest each misdeed,
 If each should have its rightful meed,
 Who may abide thy presence ?

3 And thus my hope is in the Lord,
 And not in mine own merit ;
 I rest upon his faithful word
 To them of contrite spirit ;
 That he is merciful and just,
 Here is my comfort and my trust,
 His help I wait with patience.

2 Our pardon is thy gift, thy love
 And grace alone avail us ;
 Our works could ne'er our guilt remove,
 The strictest life must fail us,
 That none may boast himself of aught,
 But own in fear thy grace hath wrought
 What in him seemeth righteous.

4 Though great our sins and sore our woes,
 His grace much more aboundeth ;
 His helping love no limit knows,
 Our utmost need it soundeth ;
 Our kind and faithful Shepherd, he
 Who shall at last set Israel free
 From all their sin and sorrow.

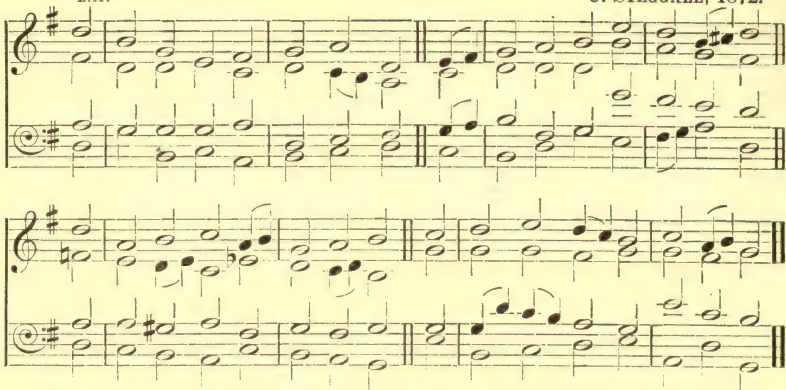
1855-1863. *Catherine Winkworth.*

Lincoln's Inn.

226

L.M.

C. STEGGALL, 1872.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Der Glaub ist ein lebend'ge Kraft. 1566. P. Herbert.

FAITH is a living power from heaven
That grasps the promise God hath given,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Fixed heartily on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save or strengthen us indeed,
Receives the grace he sends us down,
And makes us share his cross and crown.

3 Faith in the conscience worketh peace,
And bids the mourner's weeping cease ;
By faith the children's place we claim,
And give all honour to one name.

4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death ;
Faith worketh hourly joy in God,
And trusts and blesses e'en the rod.

5 We thank thee, then, O God of heaven,
That thou to us this faith hast given
In Jesus Christ thy Son, who is
Our only fount and source of bliss.

6 And from his fulness grant each soul
The rightful faith's true end and goal,
The blessedness no foes destroy,
Eternal love, and light, and joy.

1858. Catherine Winkworth.

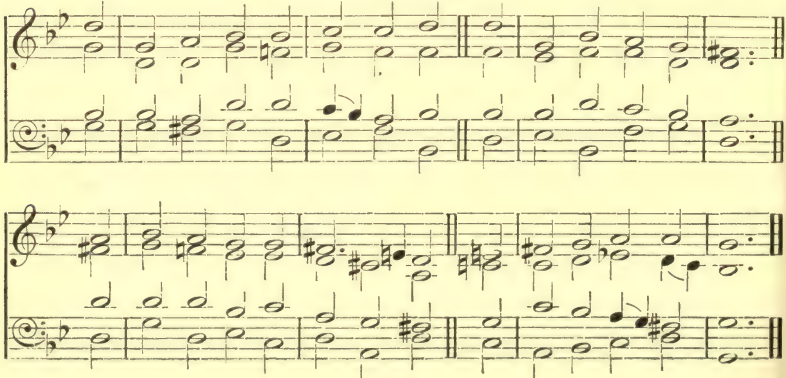
Krieger (*First Tune*).

227

C.M.

Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.

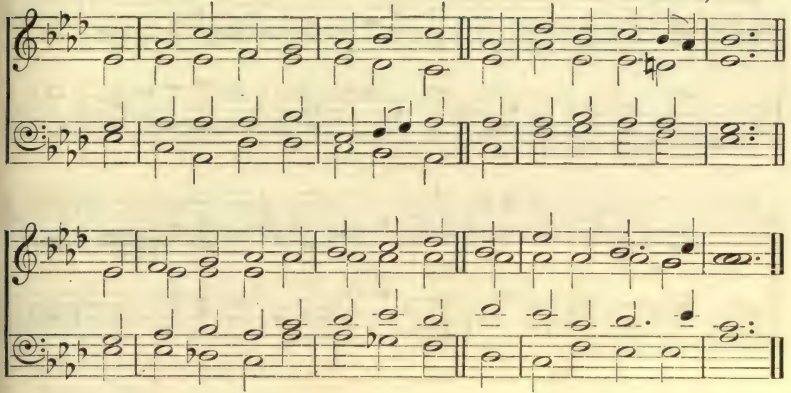
A. KRIEGER, 1667.



When fairest Eve (*Second Tune*).

C.M.

E. G. MONK, 1868.



Erleucht mich, Herr, mein Licht. 1697. E. W. Buchfelder.

O LORD, afford a sinner light,
For I in darkness stray;
Star of the soul, appear in sight,
And show the narrow way.

2 That way is holy, Christians true
Alone may walk therein,
Who through thy powerful grace subdue
The world, the flesh, and sin.

3 Cold is my love; hence sin doth reign,
And grief benumb my heart;
With things, whose only fruit is pain,
How loth am I to part.

4 Resolve, my stubborn heart, and cleave
To Jesus Christ alone:
Wouldst thou all other objects leave,
The work at once were done.

5 Redeeming Lord! I make thee mine,
My Saviour, Sun, and Shield;
Thy blood and death have made me thine;
To thee myself I yield.

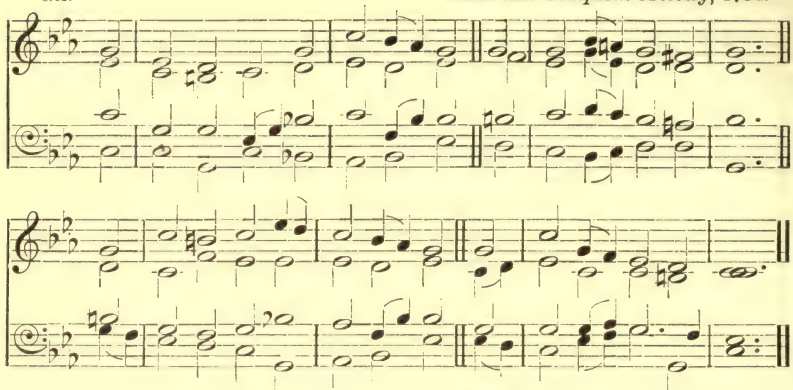
6 Mould me as clay, and fashion me
A vessel to thy praise,
Adorned with righteousness by thee,
And sanctified through grace.

Bangor.

C. M.

228

TANS'UR's Compleat Melody, 1734.

[May also be sung to *St. Flavian*, No. 91.]

- J**ESUS, give mercy to my soul,
While mercy may be given ;
For O ! I greatly have transgressed,
And have offended heaven.
- 2 Too long, alas ! I have refused,
I made too long delay ;
Yet let my spirit know thy peace,
Though late in this my day.
- 3 Shine on me, as the Morning Star
Which day eternal brings !
Rise on me, Sun of righteousness,
With healing in thy wings !
- 4 Pour forth the fountain of thy blood,
To make my spirit whole ;

- Let all thy merits, Lord, descend
To purify my soul.
- 5 Forgive my sin, increase my faith,
And, through thy tender love,
Prepare a mansion for my soul
In realms of peace above.
- 6 Examine me, all-seeing Lord !
My secret actions prove,
Try out my reins, and search my heart,
And evil thoughts remove.
- 7 Thoroughly, as I am known to thee,
Give me myself to know :
Then purge me by thy blood, O Christ,
And make me white as snow.

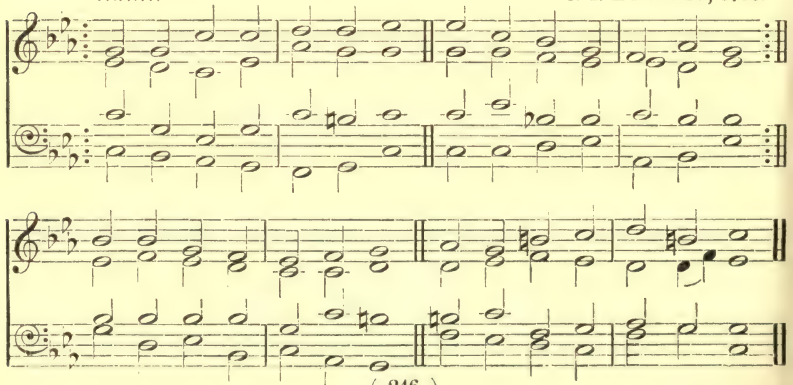
1740. *J. Cennick, a.*

La Trobe (First Tune).

77.77.77.

229

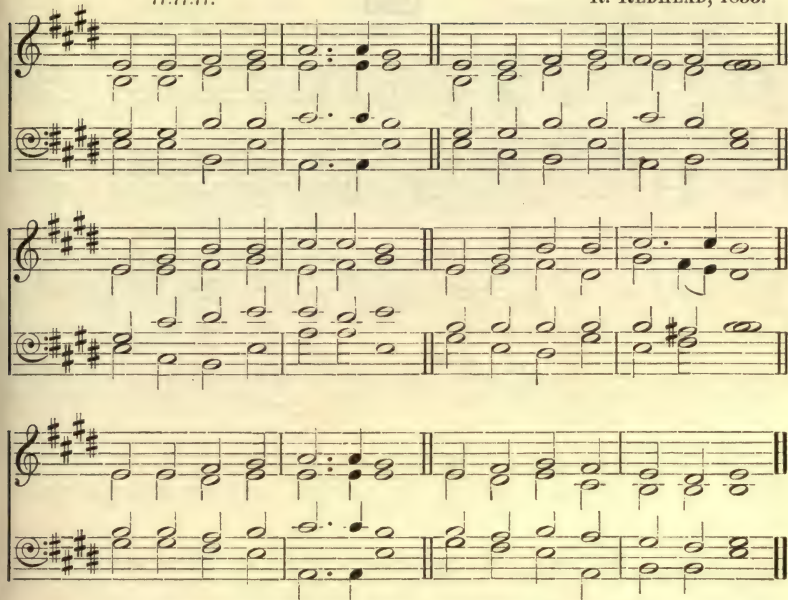
C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.



Petra (Redhead 76) (*Second Tune*).

77.77.77.

R. REDHEAD, 1853.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 775.]

SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,

See me from thy lofty throne ;

Give the sweet relenting grace,

Soften thou this heart of stone ;

Stone to flesh, O God, convert ;

Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,

All my inmost sins reveal,

Sins against thy light and love

Let me see, and let me feel :

Sins that crucified my God,

Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,

Make me restless to return ;

Bid me look on thee and weep,

Bitterly as Peter mourn,

Till I say, by grace restored,

' Now thou know'st I love thee, Lord !'

4 Might I in thy sight appear

As the publican distressed,

Stand, not daring to draw near,

Smite on my unworthy breast,

Make the sinner's only plea,—

God, be merciful to me !

5 O remember me for good,

Passing through the mortal vale ;

Show me the atoning blood,

When my strength and courage fail ;

Let me then in spirit see

Jesus crucified for me !

Das wahre Christentum.

65.65. D. Iambic.

230

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.), 1735—45.



So lang es Gott gefällt. 1766. C. Gregor.

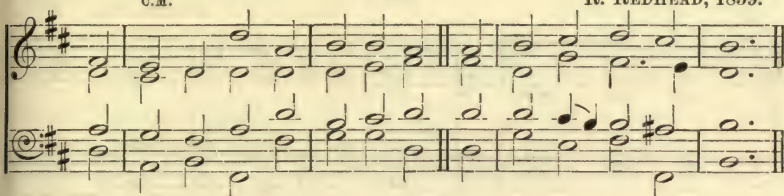
MY portion is the Lord ;
I seek his favour,
And in his name and word
Confide for ever :
The world can never give
So rich a treasure
As in his love to live,
And do his pleasure.

2 He gives me for my tears,
His oil of gladness ;
Delivers, heals, and cheers,
Dispels my sadness ;

He makes sin's power to cease
His grace restrains me,
And with his word of peace
He still sustains me.

3 Therefore I'll humbly cleave
To my Creator,
Who, that my soul might live,
Assumed my nature ;
Redeemed me by his blood
And bitter passion.
Thanks to the Lamb of God
For my salvation.

1789. J. Swertner, a.



HEAR us, Immanuel ; hear our prayer ;
 We wait to feel thy touch :
 Deep-wounded souls to thee repair ;
 And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ,
 We faintly trust thy word :
 But wilt thou pity us the less ?
 Be that far from thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
 With trembling for relief ;
 'Lord, I believe !' with tears he cried ;
 'O help my unbelief !'

4 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answered, 'Daughter, go in peace ;
 Thy faith hath made thee whole.'

5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
 She would have shunned thy view ;
 And, if her faith was firm and strong,
 Had strong misgivings too.

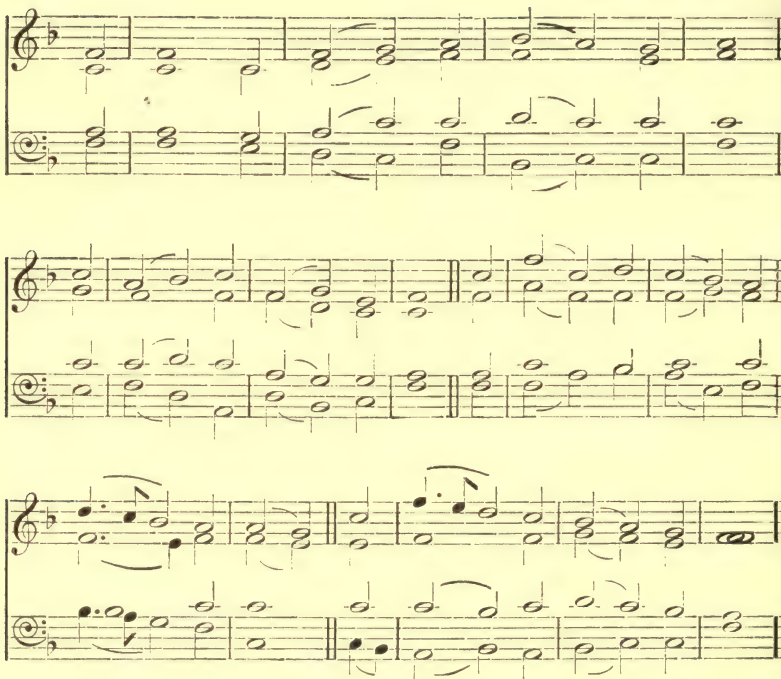
6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee, if we may :
 O send us not despairing home ;
 Send none unhealed away.

1779. W. Cowper, a.

Irish.

C.M.

232

Hymns and Sacred Poems,
Dublin, 1749.*Hosea vi. 1-4.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.</p> <p>2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.</p> <p>3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned, —
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.</p> | <p>4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice :
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.</p> <p>5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground, —</p> <p>6 So shall his presence bless our souls
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.</p> |
|--|--|

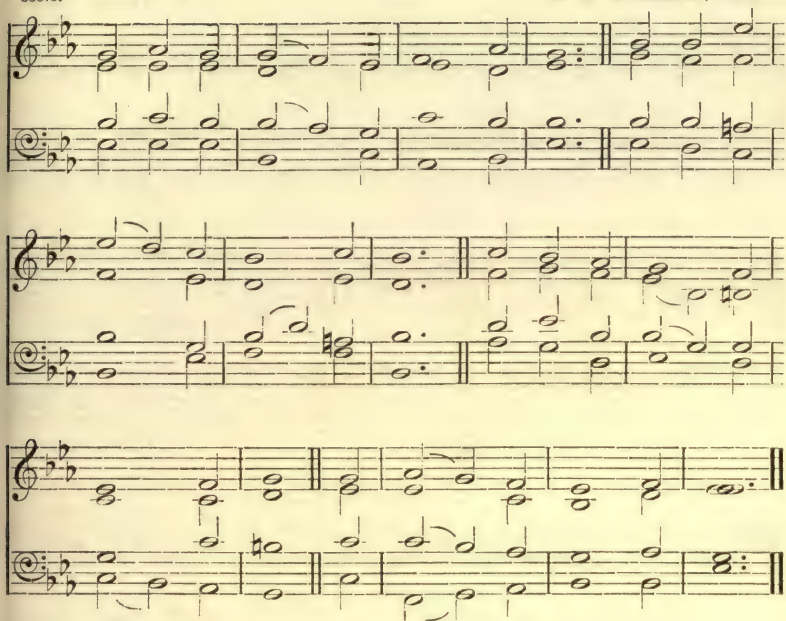
1781. *J. Morison.*

Trust.

888.6.

233

G. W. TORRANCE, 1864.



Copyright of W. Garrett Horder.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

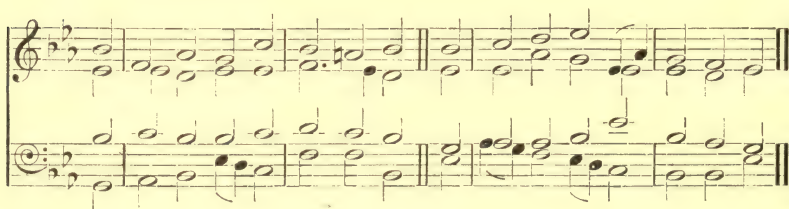
1836. *Charlotte Elliott.*

Mara.

66.86.88.

234

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



1.

I NEED no other plea
 With which to approach my God,
 Than his own mercy, boundless, free,
 Through Christ on man bestowed ;
 A Father's love, a Father's care
 Receives and answers every prayer.

2.

I need no other priest
 Than one High-priest above ;
 His intercession ne'er has ceased
 Since first I knew his love :
 Through that my faith shall never fail,
 E'en when I pass through death's dark vale.

3.

I need no human ear
 In which to pour my prayer ;
 My great High-priest is ever near,
 On him I cast my care ;
 To him, him only, I confess,
 Who can alone absolve and bless.

4.

I need no works by me
 Wrought with laborious care,
 To form a meritorious plea
 The bliss of heaven to share : [grace,
 Christ's finished work, through boundless
 Has there secured my dwelling-place.

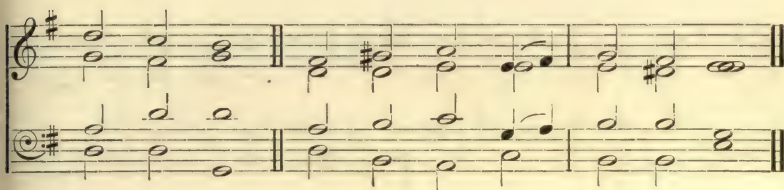
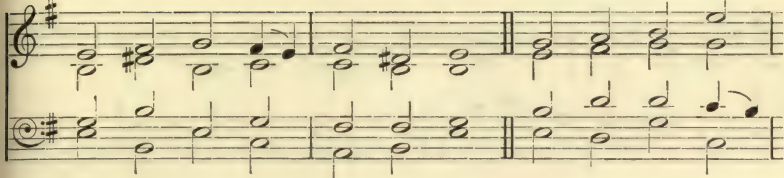
1869. *Charlotte Elliott.*

Weston.

235

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

777.



1.
LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
 Ere it wholly pass away,
 On our knees we fall and pray.

2.
 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
 Fill us with heart-searching fears,
 Ere that awful doom appears.

3.
 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
 Kneeling lowly at thy door,
 Ere it close for evermore.

4.
 By thy night of agony,
 By thy supplicating cry,
 By thy willingness to die,

5.
 By thy tears of bitter woe
 For Jerusalem below,
 Let us not thy love forgo.

6.
 Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
 Lest we lose this day of grace,
 Lest we never see thy face.

1844. I. Williams.

Southwell.

236

S.M.

DAMON'S *Psalms*, 1579.

OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
 A burdened heart I bear ;
 Opposed by many a mighty foe,
 But I will not despair.

- 2 With this polluted heart
 I dare to come to thee,
 Holy and mighty as thou art,
 For thou wilt pardon me.
- 3 I feel that I am weak,
 And prone to every sin ;
 But thou who giv'st to those who seek
 Wilt give me strength within.
- 4 Far as this earth may be
 From yonder starry skies,
 Remoter still am I from thee,
 Yet thou wilt not despise.
- 5 I need not fear my foes,
 I need not yield to care,
 I need not sink beneath my woes,
 For thou wilt answer prayer.
- 6 In my Redeemer's name
 I give myself to thee ;
 And, all unworthy as I am,
 My God will cherish me.

1846. *Anne Brontë.*

Aus der Tiefe.

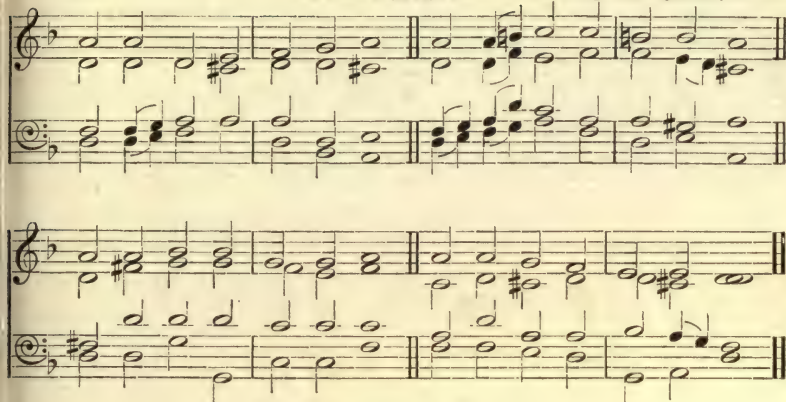
77.77.

237

Aus der Tiefe rufe ich.

M. HERBST (?).

Nürnberg Gesangbuch, 1676.



SINFUL, sighing to be blest ;
Bound, and longing to be free ;
Weary, waiting for my rest,—
God be merciful to me !

2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see ;
I can only bring my need :
God be merciful to me !

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to thee ;
Yet thou canst interpret sighs :
God be merciful to me !

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To thy bosom I would flee ;
I am not my own, but thine :
God be merciful to me !

5 There is One beside thy throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in him, and him alone :
God be merciful to me !

6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be ;
He's my all ; and for his sake
God be merciful to me !

1857. J. S. B. Monsell.

St. Werburgh.

64.64.664.

238

R. P. STEWART, 1874.



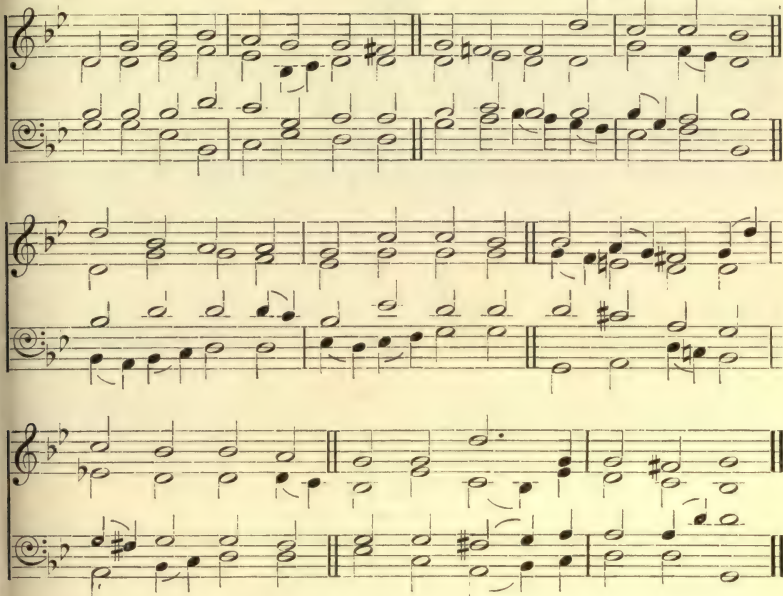
NO! not despairingly
Come I to thee;
No! not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
'Jesus hath died.'

2 Lord, I confess to thee,
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I thee,
All I have been.
Purge thou my sin away;
Wash thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art thou
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

4 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with thee,
The loved unseen,
Leaning on thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

1866. H. Bonar.



O THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
'All of self, and none of thee !'

2 Yet he found me ; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard him pray, 'Forgive them, Father !'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
'Some of self, and some of thee !'

3 Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
'Less of self, and more of thee !'

4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered ;
Grant me now my supplication,
'None of self, and all of thee !'

1874. T. Monod.

ACCEPTANCE WITH GOD.

Aylesbury.

240

S.M.

CHETHAM'S *Psalmody*, 1718.



NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

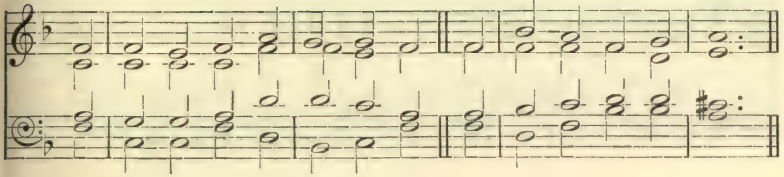
5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

1709. I. Watts.

St. Flavian.

C. M.

241

DAY'S *Psalms*, 1562.*Ein kindlich Herz und Wesen.* 1722. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

NONE God the Father's favour share,
Or heaven's kingdom win,
But those who little children are,
And as such enter in.

2 The high and mighty ones the Lord
Doth from their seats put down ;
But to the poor doth grace afford,
And them with blessings crown.

3 O may I with submissiveness,
Dear Lord, be taught by thee :
To thee obedience show through grace,
And learn humility.

4 Jesus, I humbly thee implore,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
That he may teach me evermore,
And guide my steps aright.

5 A lowly mind impart to me,
According to my prayer ;
Since those who know their poverty,
To the Most High are near.

6 Thou, who in heaven art adored,
Dost with the contrite dwell,
Revive the humble by thy word,
The broken-hearted heal.

7 Lord Jesus Christ, O may I grow
In knowledge and in grace ;
Grant that in me, while here below,
Thy likeness all may trace.

1789. F. W. Foster.

Wittenberg.

242

Neue Gesänge
(Rhaw), 1544.

L.M.

Nun laßt uns den Leib begraben.

[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 407.]

Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit. 1739. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

THE Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well arrayed, I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.
- 6 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me!

1740. J. Wesley, a.

Ringe Recht.

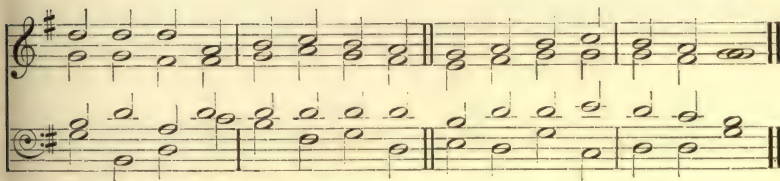
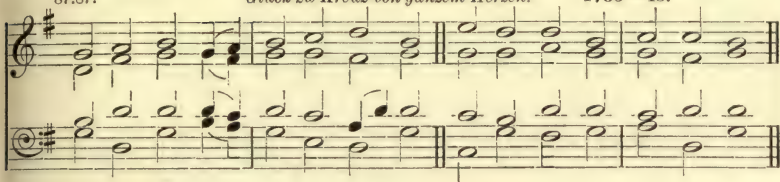
87.87.

243

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.),

Glück zu Kreuz von ganzem Herzen.

1735—45.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 748.]

Wie der Herr am Kreuz gestorben. 1740. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

CHRIST our Saviour by his dying
 Once for all has death o'erthrown,
 At so great a cost us buying
 To be evermore his own.

- 2 Day by day his will to follow,
 Till he bring us to his rest,
 Every night with prayer to hallow,
 Asking him for what is best ;—
- 3 This the Christian's aim ;—but sinning
 Still oft drives him to despair ;
 Crying as at faith's beginning,
 ' O that Christ my Saviour were ! '
- 4 In a moment stands before him
 Jesus Christ the crucified ;
 Love incarnate bending o'er him,
 Saying ' 'Twas for thee I died. '
- 5 Then into the Saviour's keeping
 Soul and spirit are resigned ;
 He will guard, with love unsleeping,
 What he suffered so to find.

1746. *M., a.*

Biberach.

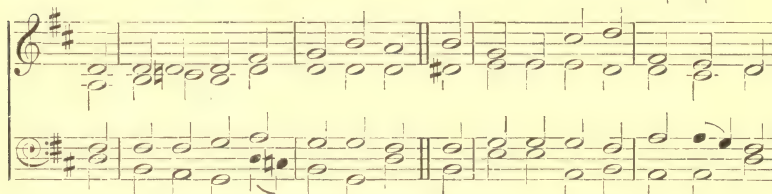
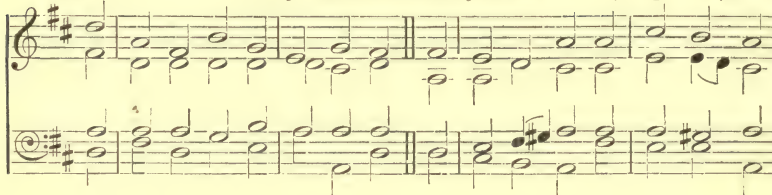
88.88.88.

244

Wie gross ist des Allmächt'gen Güte.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799

(comp. 1793).



Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden. 1725. J. A. Rothe.

1.

NOW I have found the ground, wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2.

Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far ;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3.

O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me ;
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

4.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends
Though joys be withered all and dead, [gone]
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

5.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

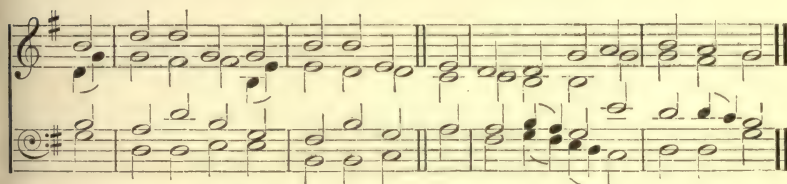
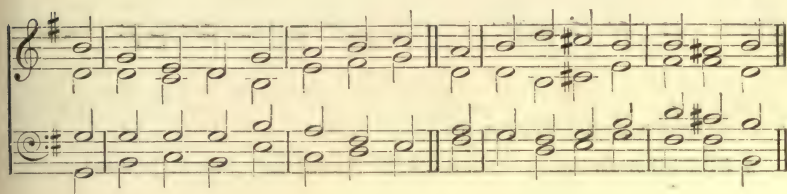
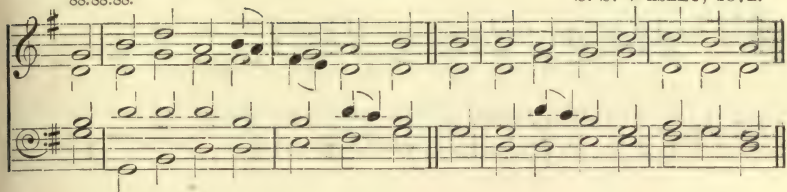
1740. J. Wesley.

Wrestling Jacob.

245

88.88.88.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



1.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee ;
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

2.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold ;
 Art thou the Man that died for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold ;
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

3.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair ;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
 Be conquered by my instant prayer ;
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me, if thy name is Love ?

4.

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! thou diedst for me ;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
 Pure universal Love thou art ;
 To me, to all, thy heart doth move ;
 Thy nature, and thy name, is Love.

5.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art ;
 Jesus, the feeble sinners' Friend ;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay, and love me to the end :
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature, and thy name, is Love.

1742. C. Wesley.

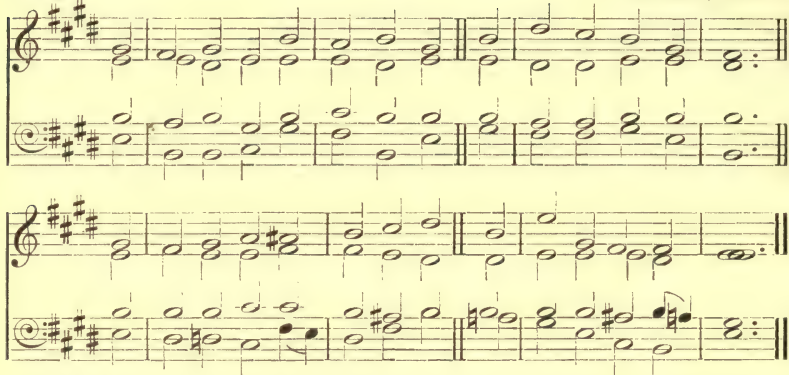
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Beulah.

246

C.M.

G. M. GARRETT, 1889.



- A**MAZING grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me ;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I am already come ;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

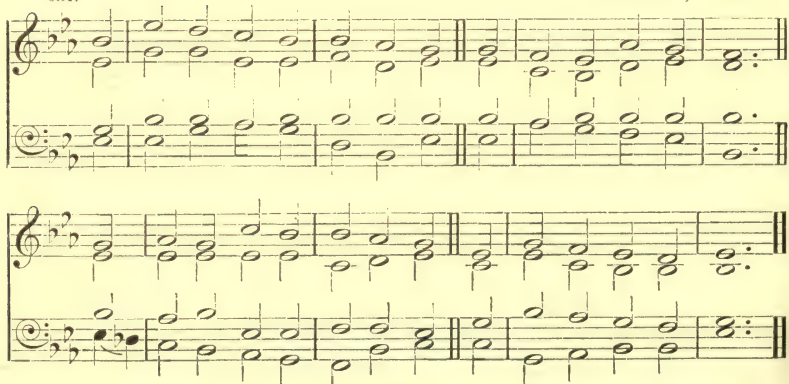
1779. *J. Newton.*

St. Peter.

247

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, c. 1830.



IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know ;
Both present things, and things to come,
And grace, and glory too.

2 If he is mine, then though he frown,
He never will forsake :
His chastisements all work for good,
And but his love bespeak.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell ;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power reel.

4 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee,
He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than all to me.

5 If he is mine, unharmed I pass
Through death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 Let Christ assure me he is mine,
I nothing want beside ;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

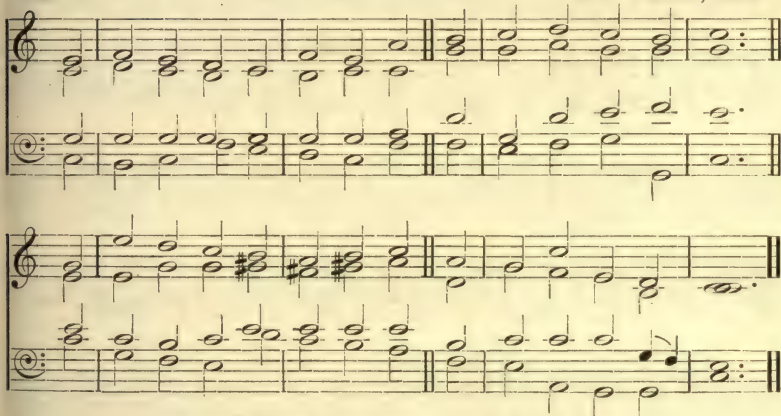
1800. *B. Beddome.*

Acbill.

C.M.

248

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



O treuer Heiland, Jesu Christ. 1843. *C. J. P. Spitta.*

WE praise and bless thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour, kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all thou hast made new.

2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys, thy grace has given :
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ties attach to heaven.

3 But yet, how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to thee !

4 Thou, only thou must carry on
The work thou hast begun ;
Of thine own strength thou must impart,
In thine own ways to run.

5 Ah ! leave us not ; from day to day
Revive, restore again ;
Our feeble steps do thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.

6 So shall we faultless stand at last,
Before thy Father's throne ;
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all thine own.

1855. *Jane Borthwick.*

Castle Rising.

c.m., and Refrain.

249

F. A. J. HERVEY, 1867.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the Fall ;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

*O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me !
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.*

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God ;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go !
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

- 5 Of vict'ry now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

1871. *Martha M. Stockton.*

CONSECRATION AND UNION WITH CHRIST.

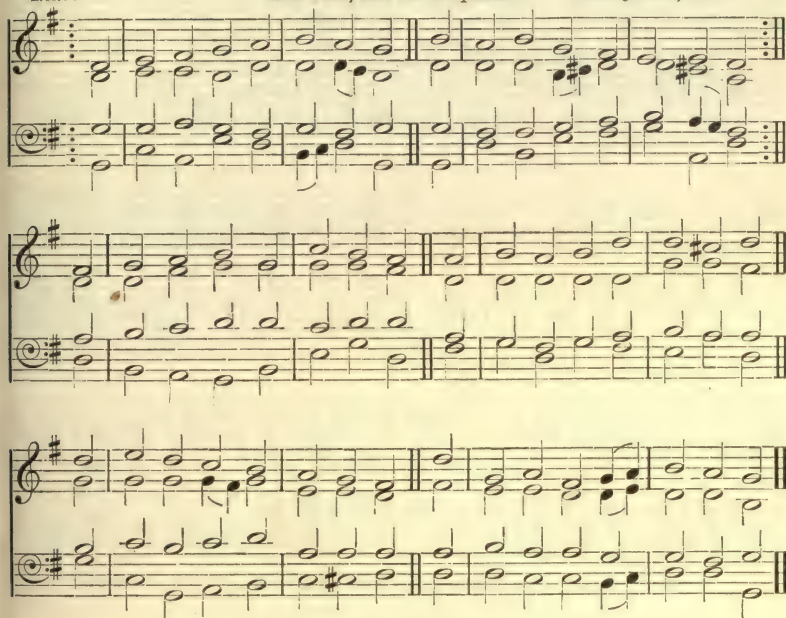
Dessler.

250

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704.

L. M. D.

Mein Jesu, dem die Seraphinen.



Mein Jesu, dem die Seraphinen. 1692. W. C. Dessler.

MY Jesus, if the seraphim,
The burning host that near thee stand,
Before thy majesty are dim,
And veil their face at thy command;
How shall these mortal eyes of mine,
Now dark with evil's hateful night,
Endure to gaze upon the light
That aye surrounds that throne of thine?

2 But let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy light from me away,
Thy grace be ever at my side,
That from the path I may not stray
Which thou dost love, but evermore
In steadfast faith my course fulfil,
And keep thy word and do thy will,
Thy love within, thy heaven before!

3 To thee I rise in faith on high,
O bend thou down in love to me!
Let nothing rob me of this joy,
That all my soul is filled with thee;
As long as I have life and breath,
Thee will I honour, fear, and love,
And when this heart hath ceased to move,
Yet love shall live and conquer death.

1858. Catherine Winkworth.

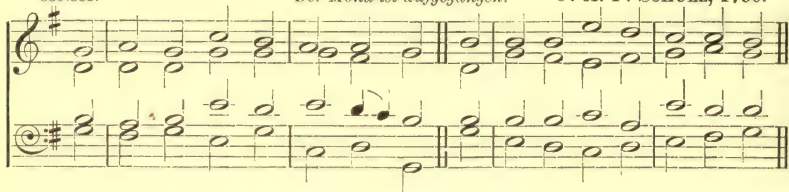
Der Mond.

886.888.

251

Der Mond ist aufgegangen.

J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1790.



German:—(1) 1742. *J. v. Watterville* ; (2) 1698. *G. Arnold* ; (3) 1697. *J. Lange*.

JESUS, thyself to us reveal,
 Grant that we may not only feel
 Some drawings of thy grace,
 But in communion with thee live,
 And daily from thy death derive
 The needful strength to run our race.

2 Thy law, O Lord, be our delight ;
 O gracious King, thy statutes write
 In each untoward heart :
 Thy power divine afford us grace
 To love thee, and to walk thy ways,
 And never from thee to depart.

3 O let us always feel thee near,
 Near unto us as is the air,
 Which constantly we breathe :
 Thus will, from all we think or do,
 To thee unfeignèd praises flow :
 For thine we are in life and death.

(1) 1746. *M.* ; (2) 1754. *M.* ; (3) 1789. *J. Swertner*.

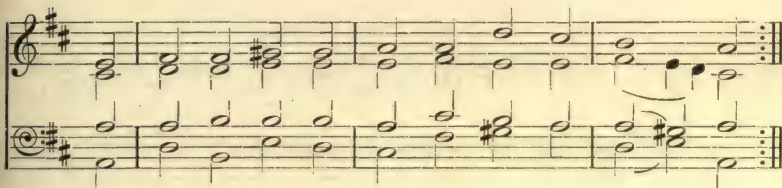
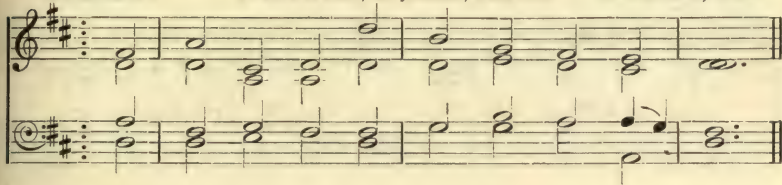
Er wird es thun.

10.11.10.11.10.4.

252

Er wird es thun, der fromme, treue Gott.

C. GREGOR'S
Choralbuch, 1784.



Es ist nicht schwer ein Christ zu sein. 1714. C. F. Richter.

GIVE me, my child, the Father saith, thy heart,
And I will fill it with my love and favour;
Why should'st thou hesitate with self to part?
'Tis self alone that keeps thee from thy Saviour;
Resign thy will and crucify thy pride,
For thee Christ died.

2 When night o'ershadows thee, and dark thy way,
O cling to him in faith, who ne'er will leave thee;
No harm his child need fear; till dawn of day
No tempest need appal, no terror grieve thee:
Though trackless be thy path, each step unseen,
On Jesus lean.

3 Arise, arise, my soul, why linger here?
Now give thyself, thy all, to Christ thy Saviour;
He gives thee rest, invites his grace to share,
His Father's love, and peace, and joy for ever;
Each care, each grief to him, thy Lord, make known,
Trust him alone.

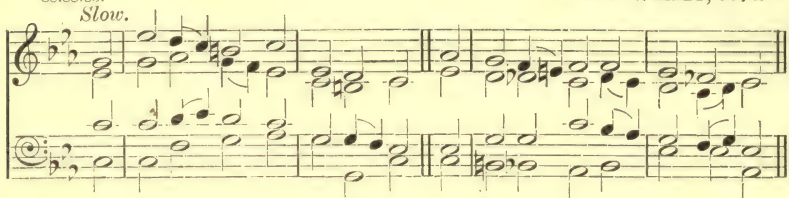
1883. B. Harvey.

Brecknock.

253

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

88.88.88.

Slow.[May also be sung to *Eisenach*, No. 182.]*Verborgne Gottesliebe.* 1729. *G. Tersteegen.*

1.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2.

Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
 And fain I would : but though my will
 Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee ;
 Yet, while I seek but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see ;
 O when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?

4.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.

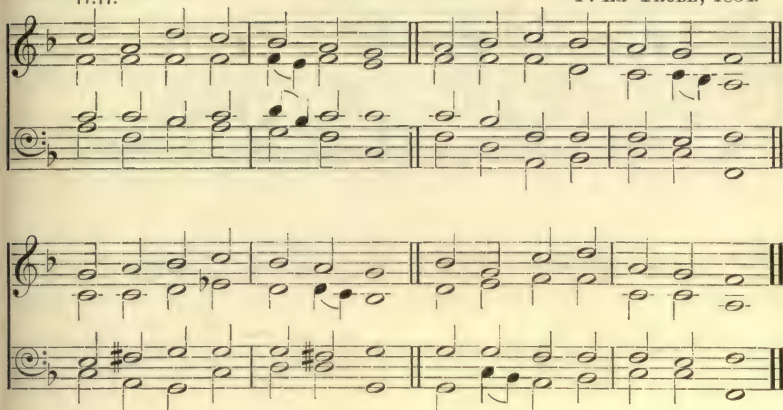
1736. *J. Wesley.*

Sweeter Sounds.

254

P. LA TROBE, 1854.

77.77.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 214.]

Du heiliges Kind. 1737. Anna Dober.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Cry by day and night to thee,
'As thou art, so let us be.'

- 2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
To thy cross us firmly bind ;
Gladly now we would be clean ;
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Sinners, who in thee believe,
Everlasting life receive ;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Life deriving from thy death,
They proceed from faith to faith,
Walk the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 6 Praise on earth to thee be given,
Never-ceasing praise in heaven ;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

1740. J. Wesley, a.

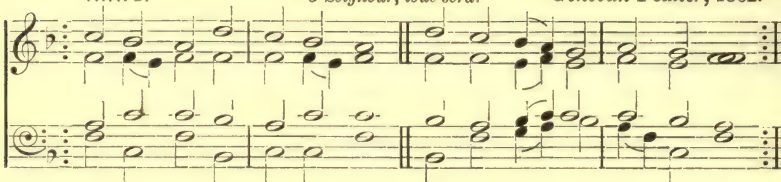
Genevan Psalm 75.

255

77.77. D.

O Seigneur, loué sera.

Genevan Psalter, 1562.



WE adore thee evermore,
 Jesus, for thy boundless grace ;
 For thy cross, whereby for us
 Thou hast gained true happiness ;
 For thy death, which sets us free
 From sin's cruel slavery ;
 For thy all-atoning blood,
 Which hath brought us nigh to God.

2 What can we now give to thee,
 For thy unexampled love ?
 We're unclean and full of sin,
 Till thou dost our guilt remove :
 Is aught good in us, we own
 'Tis not ours, but thine alone ;
 Unto us belongeth shame,
 But all glory to thy name.

3 Through thy grace, may we always
 Put our trust in thee by faith,
 And rely eternally
 On thy meritorious death :
 Fill our hearts with constant peace,
 Till in thee we end our race,
 And shall thee for evermore
 'Midst the ransomed hosts adore.

1746. A. G. Spangenberg.

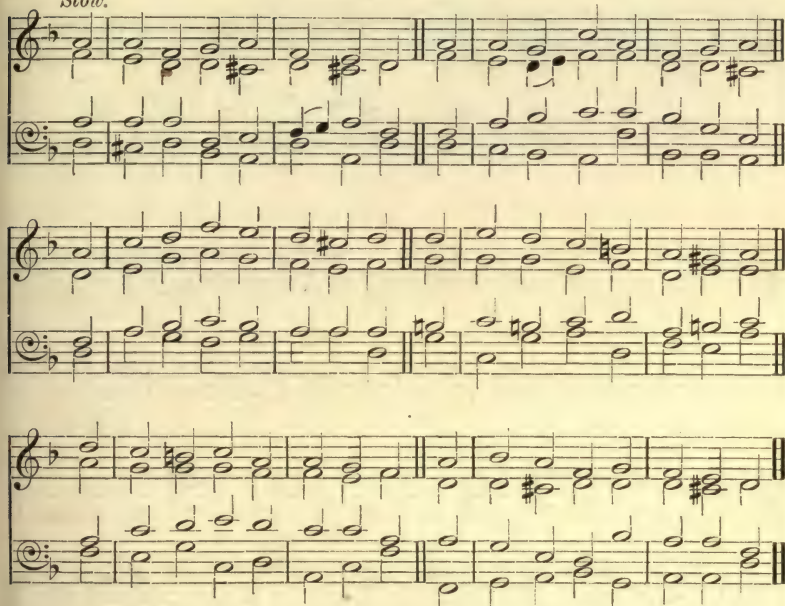
Water Unser.

88.88.88.

Slow.

Vater unser im Himmelreich.

M. LUTHER (?).
WALTHER'S MS. Part-Book,
1530.



Ich weiss von keinem andern Grund. 1750. K. H. von Bogatzky.

NO other ground than this I know,
Firm faith in Jesus Christ, my Lord ;
No other trust, while here below,
Than that which rests upon his word.
Come, sinner, come, poor, wretched, lost,
And enter heaven, Christ paid the cost.

2 I came to Jesus to be blest,
I came because he bade me come ;
I found in him my peace, my rest,
My joy, my light, my soul's true home.
He is my Saviour, none beside ;
He is my Lord, for me he died.

3 Sin still I feel, its power I know,
But sin need never do me harm ;
If I have Christ, he'll help bestow,
Deliverance, too, with outstretched arm.
O keep me watchful, near thy side,
Lest I in my own strength confide.

4 Thus humbly I will walk with him,
With him alone my steps are sure ;
My Lord, who did my soul redeem,
Will ever keep his child secure ;
This shall abide my sure defence,
My ground of hope till I go hence.

5 O Jesus, keep me safe in thee,
Thy Holy Spirit guide me still ;
O Jesus, come and dwell in me,
In me thy purpose, Lord, fulfil.
On this my ground I will remain,
And glory in the Lamb once slain.

1883. B. Harvey.

Abridge.

C.M.

257

I. SMITH, c. 1770.

*Psalm cxvi.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>I LOVE the Lord, he lent an ear,
 When I for help implored ;
 He rescued me from all my fear,
 Therefore I love the Lord.</p> <p>2 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
 From God no longer roam ;
 His hand hath bountifully blest,
 His goodness calls thee home.</p> <p>3 What shall I render unto thee,
 My Saviour in distress,
 For all thy benefits to me,
 So great and numberless ?</p> | <p>4 This will I do, for thy love's sake,
 And thus thy power proclaim,
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
 And call upon thy name !</p> <p>5 Thou God of covenanted grace,
 Hear and record my vow,
 While in thy courts I seek thy face,
 And at thine altar bow.</p> <p>6 Henceforth myself to thee I give,
 With single heart and eye,
 To walk before thee while I live,
 And bless thee when I die.</p> |
|---|---|

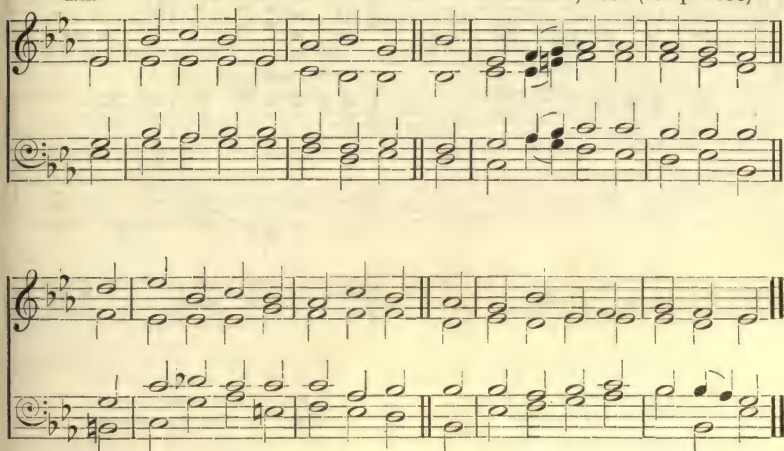
1822. *J. Montgomery.*

St. Sepulchre.

258

G. COOPER, 1862 (comp. 1836).

L. M.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 506.]

Psalm cxvi.

REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love divine,
What, to repay such gifts as thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from thy hands new blessings seek,
A heart to feel thy mercies more,
A soul to know thee, and adore?

3 O teach me at thy feet to fall,
And yield thee up myself, my all,
Before thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to thee alone.

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart;
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to thee.

1834. H. F. Lyte.

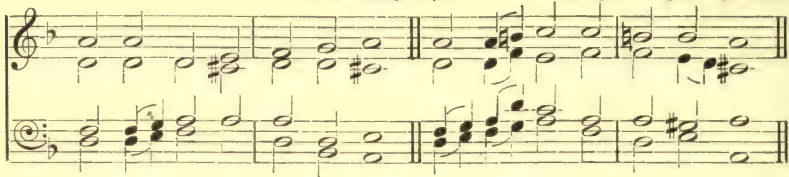
Aus der Tiefe.

77.77.

259

M. HERBST (?).

Aus der Tiefe rufe ich. Nürnberg *Gesangbuch*, 1676.



FATHER, now thy sinful child
Through thy love is reconciled,
By thy pardoning grace I live ;
Daily still I cry, Forgive.

2 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts, I cannot hope to pay ;
Duties, I have left undone ;
Evils, I have failed to shun ;

3 Trespasses in word or thought ;
Deeds from evil motive wrought ;
Cold ingratitude, distrust ;
Thoughts unhallowed, or unjust.

4 Pardon, Lord,—and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes ?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

5 May I feel, beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs ;
Nor a worse requital dare,
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

6 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return ;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

1836. *J. Conder, a.*

Metzler's Redhead, No. 66.

C.M.

260

R. REDHEAD, 1859.



LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?
 O height, O depth of love!
 Thou one with us upon the tree,
 We one with thee above!

2 Such was thy grace that for our sake
 Thou didst from heaven come down,
 With us of flesh and blood partake,
 In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine
 Confessed and borne by thee,
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
 To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
 Still one with us thou art;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Thy saints and thee can part.

5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery,
 That thou with us art truly one
 And we are one with thee.

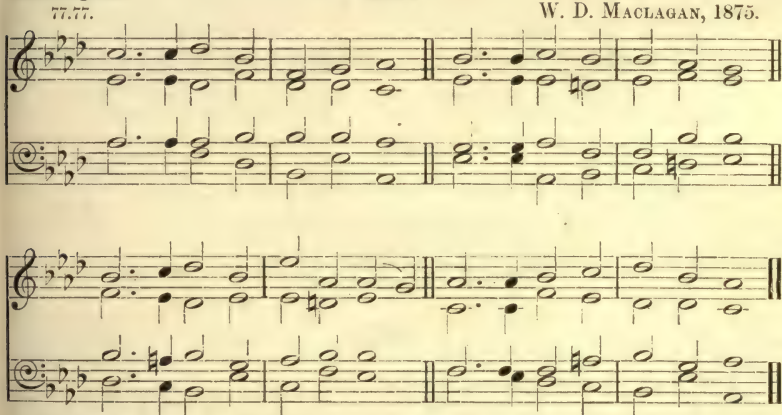
6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
 When, seated on thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
 That thou with us art one.

1838. *J. G. Deck.*

Hewington.

261

W. D. MACLAGAN, 1875.



THINE for ever:—God of love,
 Hear us from thy throne above;
 Thine for ever may we be,
 Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
 Shield us through our earthly strife;
 Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever:—O how blest
 They who find in thee their rest!
 Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
 O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever:—Shepherd, keep
 These thy frail and trembling sheep,
 Safe alone beneath thy care,
 Let us all thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
 All our wants by thee supplied,
 All our sins by thee forgiven,
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

1847. *Mary Fowler Maude.*

Kilkhampton.

262

C.M.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for thine own,
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne.

4 May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove,
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love.

5 Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

1848. *M. Bridges.*

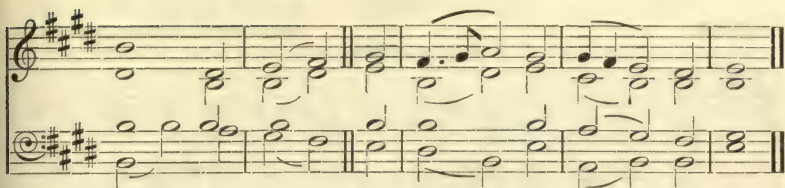
Kerry.

263

S.M.

J. JOWETT, 1823.





STILL with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:

2 With thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer;

3 With thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, where Time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart;

4 With thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find.

5 With thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With thee, in thee, by faith,
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

1857. *J. D. Burns.*

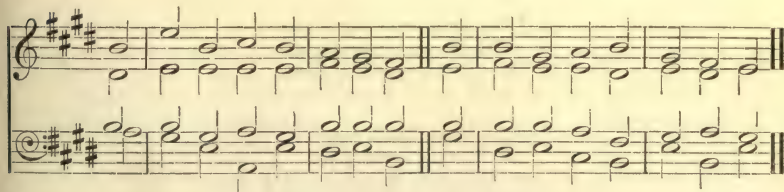
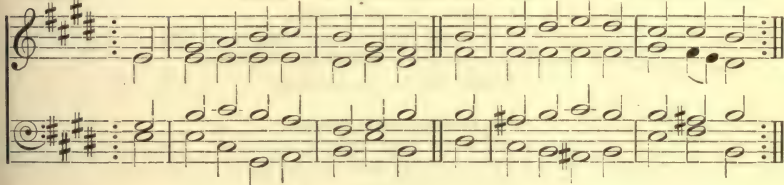
Eisenach.

264

88.88.88.

Machs mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1628.



O JESUS, make thyself to me
A living, bright reality;
More present to faith's vision keen
Than any outward object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.

1860. *Charlotte Elliott.*

Swabia.

S. M.

Ach wachet, wachet auf.

O COME, my Saviour, come,
And claim my heart as thine;
Make it the humble, happy home
Of peace and love divine.

2 Cast out the carnal mind,
The world and sin cast out;
Pluck out the eye that looks behind,
Scatter all fear and doubt.

3 My lukewarmness rebuke,
Self and its workings quell,
And chase from every secret nook
The brood of death and hell.

4 Thy Spirit and thy blood
Cleanse my polluted heart;
Yea, let the purifying flood
Reach to the inmost part.

5 Create my heart anew,
An upright spirit give;
My soul with light and love endue,
And bid me rise and live.

6 O come, my Saviour, come,
And let my spirit be
Thy blood-bought, consecrated home,
A temple fit for thee.

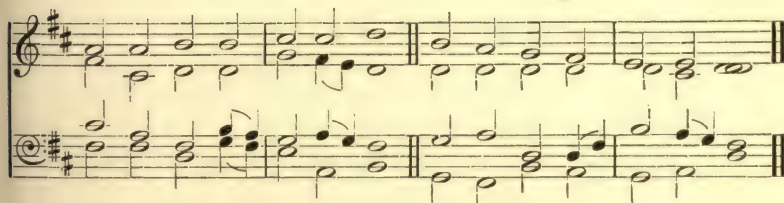
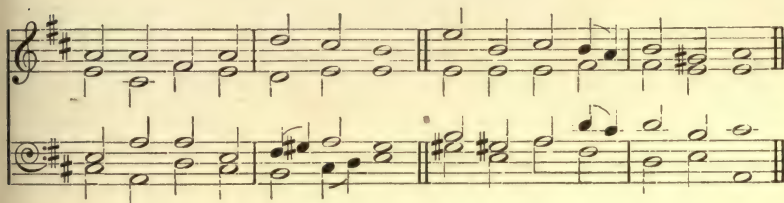
1868. W. Edwards.

Heathlands.

266

H. SMART, 1867.

77.77.77.



JESUS, Master, whose I am,
 Purchased thine alone to be,
 By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
 Shed so willingly for me,
 Let my heart be all thine own,
 Let me live to thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway ;
 Now thy name alone to bear,
 Thy dear voice alone obey,
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.
 Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
 Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am thine ;
 Keep me faithful, keep me near ;
 Let thy presence in me shine
 All my homeward way to cheer :
 Jesus, at thy feet I fall,
 O be thou my all in all !

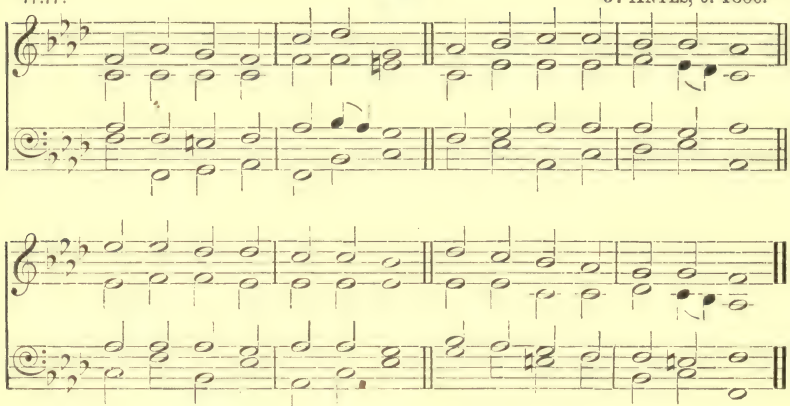
1865. *Frances R. Havergal.*

Antes.

77.77.

267

J. ANTÈS, c. 1800.



TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee ;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine ;
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is thine own ;
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasured store ;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.

1874. *Frances R. Havergal.*

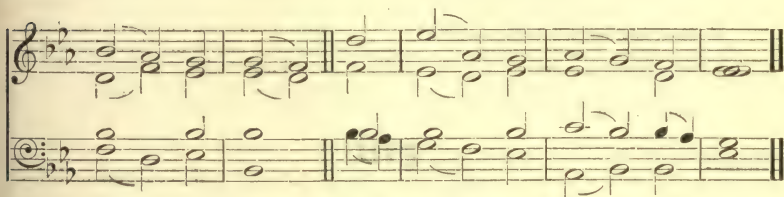
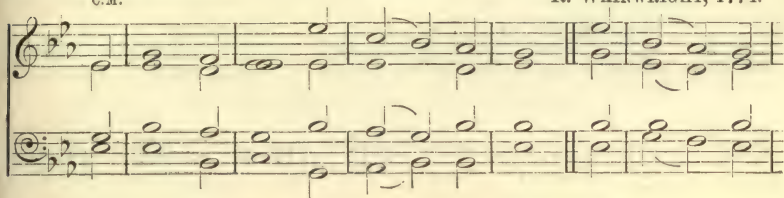
GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO JESUS.

Manchester New.

268

C.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT, 1774.



[May also be sung to *Armagh*, No. 207.]

O Deus ego amo te. Fr. Xavier. d. 1552.

MY God, I love thee—not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
And death itself—and all for me,
Who was thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord:

6 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Because thou art my loving God
And my eternal King.

1849. *E. Caswall.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Dein Heil.

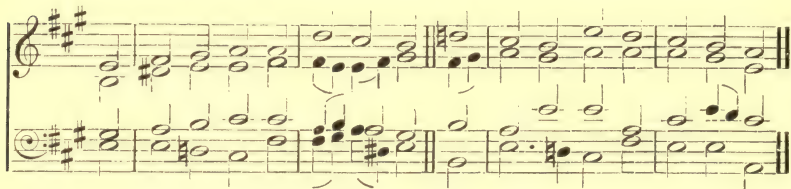
88.88.88.

269

Dein Heil, O Christ, nicht zu verscherzen.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799.

(comp. 1796.)



O Jesu, süßes Licht. 1697. J. Lange.

JESUS, thy light again I view.

Again thy mercy's beams I see,
And all within me wakes anew

To share the joy of life in thee :
Again my thoughts to thee aspire
In fervent flames of strong desire.

- 2 But O, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?
My soul and body now receive,
A holy, living sacrifice :
Small as it is, 'tis all my store,
More shouldst thou have if I had more.

- 3 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be ;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.
- 4 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name ;
In thee my wandering thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim :
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

1739. J. Wesley, a.

Tudor.

C.M.

270

J. P. JEWSON, 1876.



JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 How shall we count the matchless sum ?
 How pay the mighty debt ?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine ;
 What can our poverty bestow,
 When all the world is thine ?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered ;
 And in their accents of distress
 Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Teach us, O Lord, with reverent love,
 Thee in thy poor to see,
 And while we minister to them,
 To do it as to thee.

P. Doddridge, d. 1751, a.

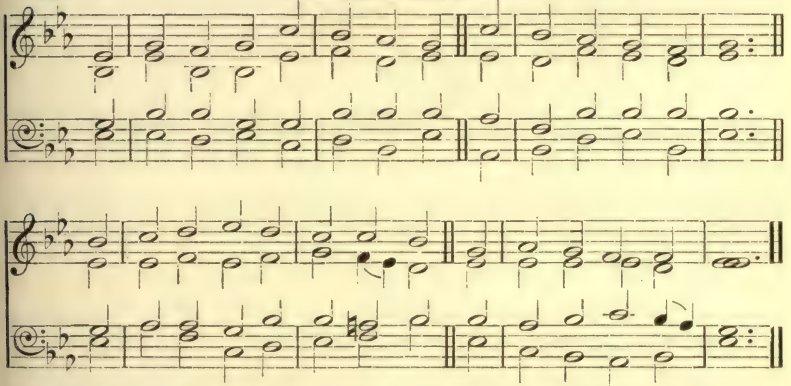
Vulpius.

C.M.

271

Christus der ist mein Leben.

M. VULPIUS, 1609.



TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
 Thou slaughtered Lamb of God ;
 And fix and root me in the grace,
 So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of each wound,
 Of every grief and pain ;
 And let my heart with joy confess,
 From hence comes all my gain.

3 For thee, O may I freely count
 Whate'er I have but loss ;
 And every name, and every thing,
 Compared with thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply on my heart,
 That thou for me wast slain ;
 Then shall I, in my small degree,
 Return thy love again.

5 But who can pay that mighty debt,
 Or equal love like thine ?
 My heart, by nature cold and dead,
 To thankfulness incline.

1741. *J. Hutton.*



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 5.]

German :—(1) 1742. *E. Dorothea v. Zinzendorf* ; (2) 1778. *Louise v. Hayn* ; (3) 1791. *C. Gregor*.

LAMB of God!
Thanks and praise to thee are due ;
O accept our adoration
For the blessings ever new
Flowing from thy life and passion :
May our hearts and lips with one accord
Hail thee Lord!

2 For thy death
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,
That our lives and whole demeanour
Praise thee, yea, each drop of blood
Be devoted to thy honour ;
Let our souls both now and ever be
Bound to thee.

3 O how great
Are the blessings we derive
From the fulness of our Saviour ;
They who him by faith receive,
And desire to taste his favour,
From this source may freely take always
Grace for grace.

(1) 1783. *G. Tranecker* ; (2) 1782. *F. W. Foster* ;
(3) 1793. *M.*

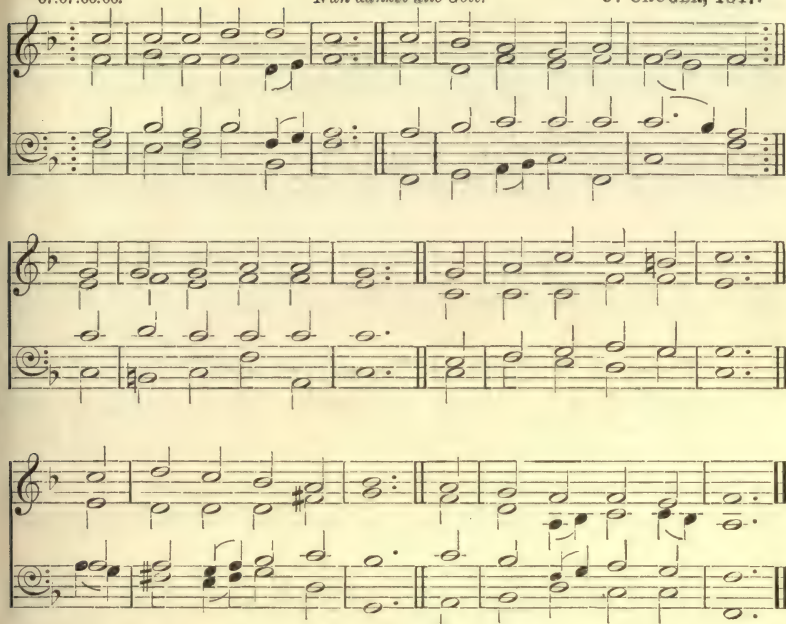
Nun Danket.

273

67.67.66.66.

Nun danket alle Gott.

J. CRÜGER, 1647.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 529.]

German:—(1) 1746. A. v. Gersdorf; (2) 1753. N. L. v. Zinzendorf;

(3) 1745. N. L. v. Zinzendorf, a.

ETERNAL thanks be thine,
 Author of our salvation,
 Thou didst our hearts incline
 To accept thy invitation;
 We are thy property,
 O may we thine abide;
 This is our only plea,
 That thou for us hast died.

2 As with an iron pen,
 This truth in us be graven;
 'For sinners Christ was slain
 To purchase life and heaven':
 So shall we still prolong,
 And joyfully repeat,
 The blessed Gospel song;
 'Tis ever new and sweet.

3 In thee we live by faith,
 Jesus, our God and Saviour;
 On thy atoning death
 Our souls shall feed for ever:
 Thy sufferings shall remain
 Deep on our hearts impressed,
 Thou Son of God and man,
 Till we with thee shall rest.

(1) 1748. M.; (2) 1784. M.; (3) 1746.

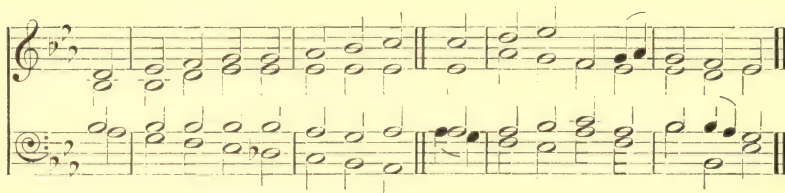
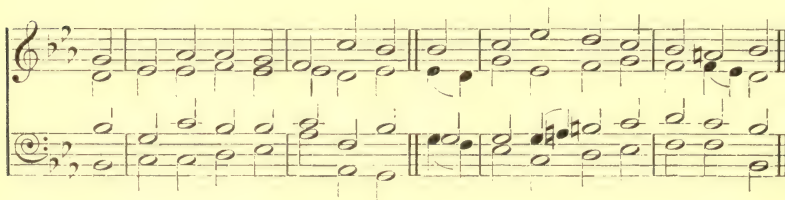
L. E. Schlicht; recast 1801. M.

Colchester.

274

88.88.88.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, for thou art mine :
 Thou art my fortress, strength and tower,
 My trust, and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
 The balm to heal my broken heart,
 In storms my peace, in loss my gain,
 My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame my glory and my crown ;

3 In want my plentiful supply,
 In weakness my almighty power,
 In bonds my perfect liberty,
 My refuge in temptation's hour,
 My comfort midst all grief and thrall,
 My life in death, my all in all.

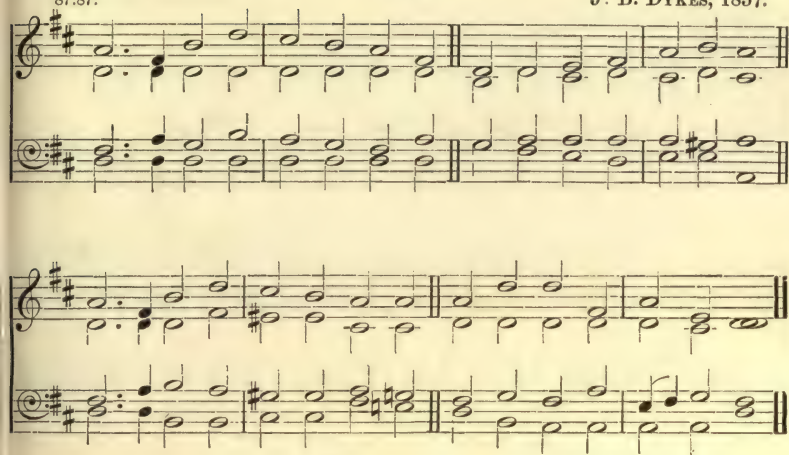
1749. C. Wesley, a.

St. Oswald.

275

87.87.

J. B. DYKES, 1857.



SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee ;
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveiled glory see.

1757. J. Allen; recast 1770. W. Shirley.

London New.

276

Scottish Psalter, 1635.



[Lower settings of this Tune will be found at Hymns 29 and 170.]

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song ;
O may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die ;
Was ever love like this ?

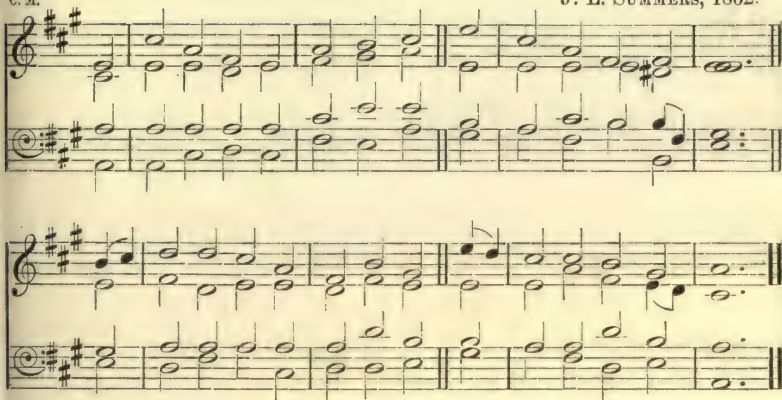
4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
'The Saviour died for me.'

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

1760. *Anne Steele.*

Lea.

C. M.



TEN thousand talents once I owed,
 And nothing had to pay ;
 But Jesus freed me from the load,
 And washed my debt away.

- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
 And blotted out my score,
 Much more indebted I have been
 Than e'er I was before.
- 3 My guilt is cancelled quite, I know
 And full atonement made ;
 But the vast debt of love I owe
 Can never be repaid.
- 4 The love I owe for sin forgiven,
 For power to believe,
 For present peace, and promised heaven,
 No angel can conceive.
- 5 That love of thine, thou sinners' Friend,
 Witness thy bleeding heart !
 My little all can ne'er extend
 To pay a thousandth part.
- 6 Nay more, the poor returns I make
 I first from thee obtain ;
 And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
 Such poor returns again.
- 7 'Tis well ; it shall my glory be—
 Let who will boast their store—
 In time and to eternity,
 To owe thee more and more.

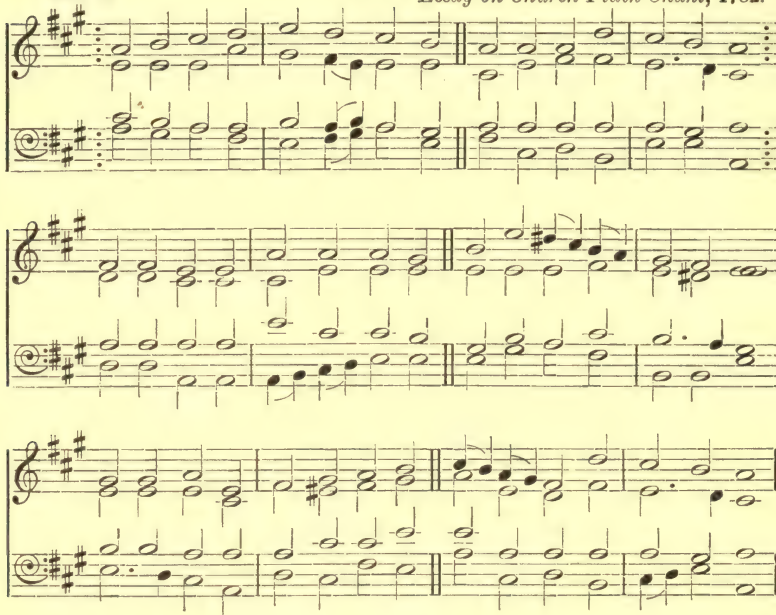
1779. J. Newton.

Tantum Ergo.

87.87. D.

278

Essay on Church Plain Chant, 1782.



SING with humble hearts your praises
 For our Saviour's boundless grace ;
 Pay due homage to Christ Jesus,
 Come with thanks before his face :
 Praise him for his death and bleeding,
 All our happiness lies there ;
 Praise him for his gracious leading ;
 Praise your faithful Shepherd's care.

2 Praise for every scene distressing ;
 Praise for all thou didst endure ;
 Praise for every gift and blessing
 Which thy griefs for us procure :
 In thy ransomed congregation
 Shall thy death our theme remain,
 Till thou com'st with full salvation,
 Lord of glory, Lamb once slain.

(1) 1782. *J. Müller* ; (2) 1805. *L. R. West.*

Sennen.

C. M. D.

279

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

[May also be sung to *St. Simon*, No. 86.]

WE love thee, Lord, yet not alone
 Because thy bounteous hand
 Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
 On ocean and on land ;
 'Tis not alone because thy names
 Of wisdom, power, and love,
 Are written on the earth beneath,
 The glorious skies above ;

2 We love thee, Lord, because, when we
 Had erred and gone astray,
 Thou didst recall our wandering souls
 Into the heavenward way ;

When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
 In sin and sorrow's night,
 Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
 From thy pure fount of light ;

3 Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us
 With everlasting love ;
 Because thy Son came down to die,
 That we might live above ;
 Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gavest hope of heaven ;
 Yes ; much we love, who much have sinned,
 And much have been forgiven.

1835. *Julia A. Elliott.*

Wrestling Jacob.

280

88.88.88.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace.
*Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore ;
O make me love thee more and more.*

2 Jesus, too late I thee have sought ;
How can I love thee as I ought ?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name ?

3 Jesus, what didst thou find in me
That thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought !

4 Jesus, of thee shall be my song ;
To thee my heart and soul belong ;
All that I have or am is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.

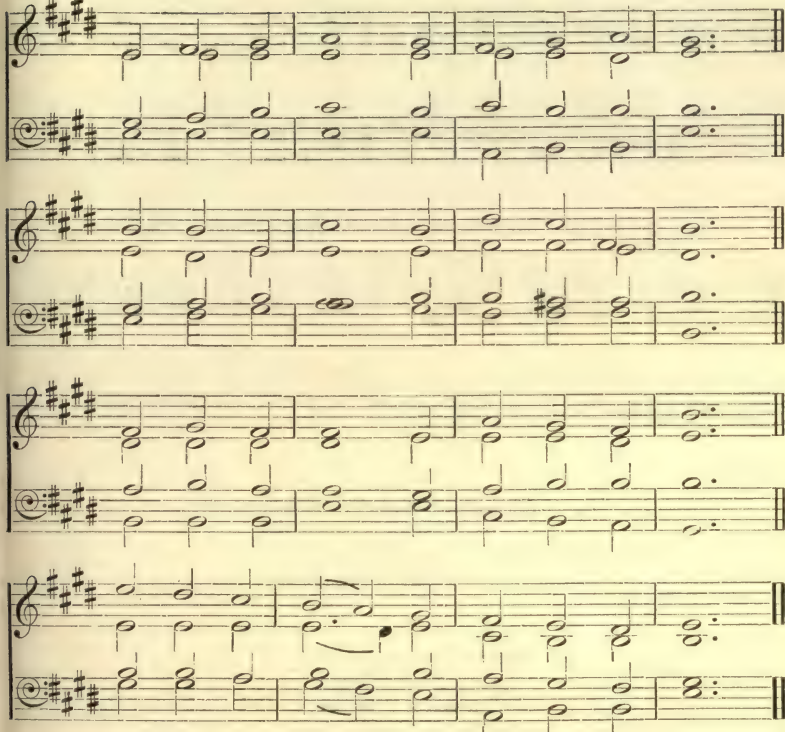
1854. *H. Collins.*

Theodora.

54. 54. D.

281

A. LEGGE, 1875.



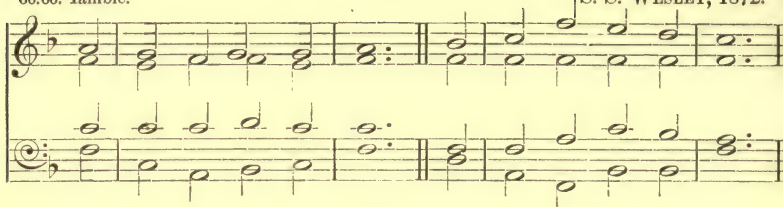
REST of the weary,
 Joy of the sad,
 Hope of the dreary,
 Light of the glad,
 Home of the stranger,
 Strength to the end,
 Refuge from danger,
 Saviour and Friend !

2 Pillow where, lying,
 Love rests its head,
 Peace of the dying,
 Life of the dead,
 Path of the lowly,
 Prize at the end,
 Breath of the holy,
 Saviour and Friend !

3 When my feet stumble,
 I to thee cry,
 Crown of the humble,
 Cross of the high ;
 When my steps wander,
 Over me bend,
 Truer and fonder,
 Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing
 Thee, I will raise
 Unto thee blessing,
 Glory, and praise,—
 All my endeavour,
 World without end,
 Thine to be ever,
 Saviour and Friend !

1863. J. S. B. Monsell.



1.

(O) LOVE that casts out fear,
 O love that casts out sin,
 Tarry no more without,
 But come and dwell within.

2.

True sunlight of the soul,
 Surround me as I go ;
 So shall my way be safe,
 My feet no straying know.

3.

Great love of God, come in ;
 Wellspring of heavenly peace,
 Thou living water, come,
 Spring up, and never cease.

4.

Love of the living God,
 Of Father, and of Son,
 Love of the Holy Ghost,
 Fill thou each needy one.

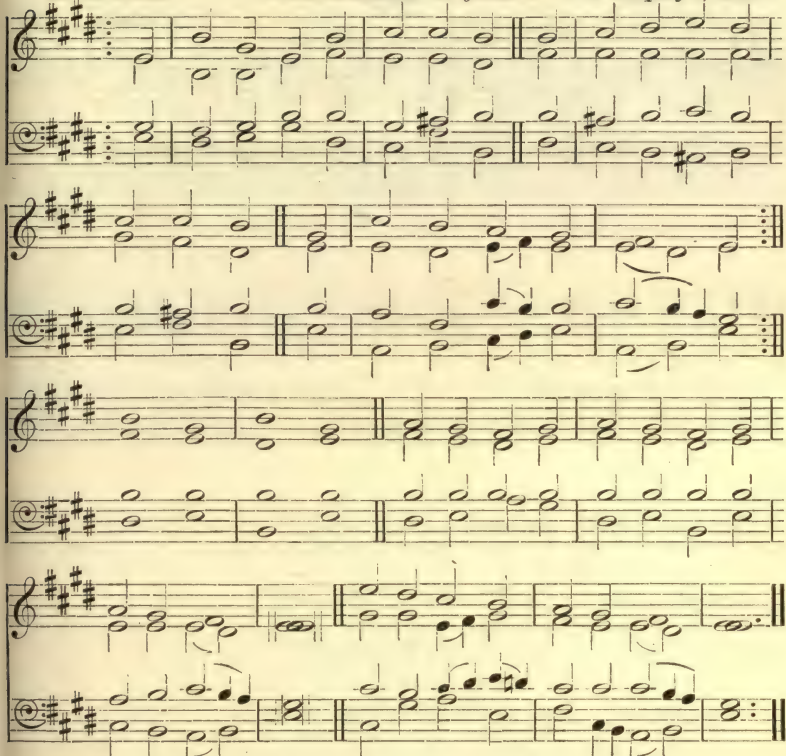
JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

Wie schön leuchtet.

283

P. NICOLAI (?).

887.887.22.4448.

Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern. Freudenspiegel, 1599.*Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern. 1599. P. Nicolai.*

HOW bright appears the Morning-star
 With mercy beaming from afar ;
 The host of heaven rejoices.
 O righteous Branch, O Jesse's Rod,
 Thou Son of man, and Son of God,
 We too will lift our voices.

Jesus, Jesus,
 Holy, holy, yet most lowly,
 Draw thou near us ;
 Great Immanuel, stoop and hear us.

2 Though circled by the hosts on high,
 He deigned to cast a pitying eye
 Upon his helpless creature ;
 The whole creation's Head and Lord,
 By highest seraphim adored,

Assumed our very nature.

Jesus, grant us,
 Through thy merit, to inherit

Thy salvation :
 Hear, O hear our supplication.

3 Rejoice, ye heavens ; thou, earth, reply ;
 With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
 For this, his incarnation.

Incarnate God, put forth thy power,
 Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
 Till all know thy salvation.

Amen, amen !
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !

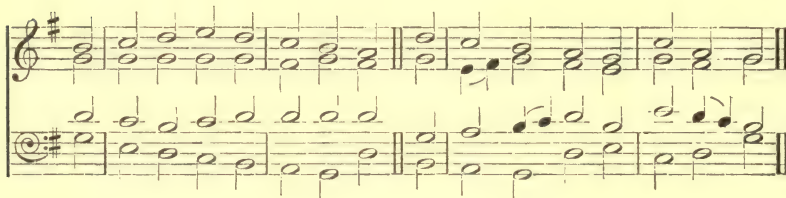
Praise be given
 Evermore by earth and heaven.

Angels' Song.

284

L. M.

O. GIBBONS, 1623.



Amour que mon âme est contente. 1684. Jeanne M. B. Guyon.

O THOU by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord! how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent.

2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot:
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

6 Then let me to his throne repair,
And never be a stranger there:
There Love divine shall be my guard,
And peace and safety my reward.

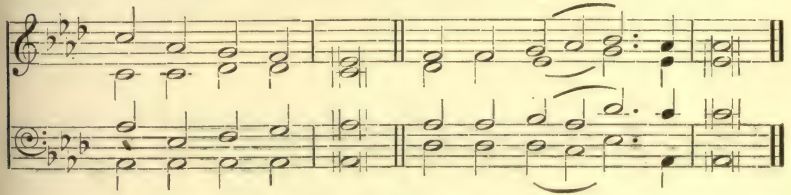
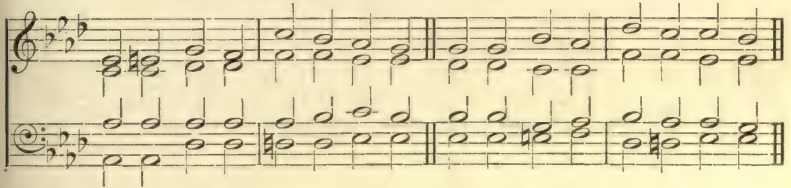
1782. W. Cowper.

Fatherland.

55.88.55.

285

S. GEE, 1874 (comp. 1868).

*O du süsse Lust.* 1698.

BLISS beyond compare,
Which in Christ I share !
He's my only joy and treasure ;
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
When in Christ I share
Bliss beyond compare.

- 2 Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I :
O his mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on him is grounded
Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I.

- 3 When the Lord appears,
This my spirit cheers ;
When, his love to me revealing,
He, the Sun of grace, with healing
In his beams appears,
This my spirit cheers.

- 4 Then all grief is drowned :
Pure delight is found,
Joy and peace in his salvation
Heavenly bliss and consolation :
Every grief is drowned
Where such bliss is found.

1754. *M.* : recast 1789. *F. W. Foster.*

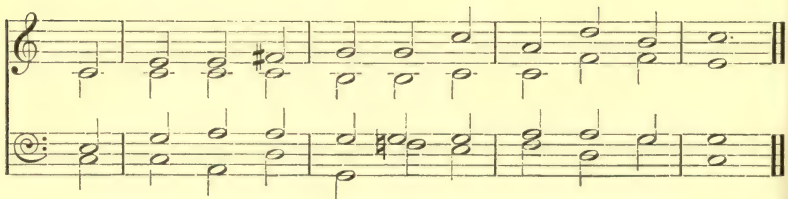
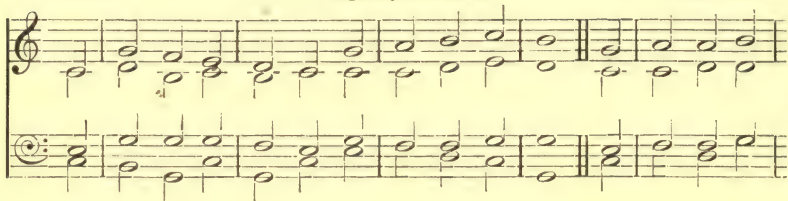
♩ Ursprung.

11.11.66.11.11.

286

O Ursprung des Lebens.

TH. SELLE, 1655.



O Ursprung des Lebens, O ewiges Licht. 1704. C. J. Koitsch.

1.

O FOUNTAIN eternal of life and of light,
Where all find refreshment who seek it aright,
Pure spring of salvation,
And true consolation,
From God's holy temple thy living stream rolls,
Whose waters flow ample for all thirsty souls.

2.

Let him that is thirsty—'tis ever thy call—
Now drink of the waters abounding for all ;
See where the glad river
Flows full from the Giver ;
All ye who are ailing and needy, draw nigh,
This well-spring ne'er failing your wants will supply.

3.

Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst after thee,
In mercy receive me, for mercy's my plea ;
The word thou hast spoken
Can never be broken ;
Thou knowest I'm needy and greatly distressed,
Thou callest the weary to come and find rest.

4.

O therefore, Lord Jesus, permit me to rest,
Where saints are no longer by suffering oppressed ;
Where joys beyond measure,
And fulness of pleasure,
In glory transcendent the conquerors share,
And where crowns resplendent the faithful shall wear.

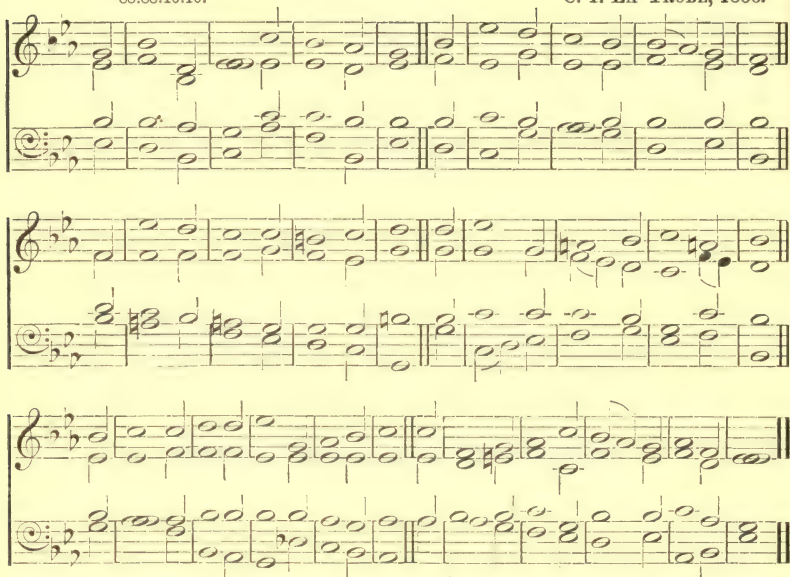
1808. *F. W. Foster.*

How sweet Thy dwellings.

287

88.88.10.10.

C. I. LA TROBE, 1806.



Rath, Kraft und Held, und Wunderbar. 1721. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

1.
MY All in all, my Lord and Friend,
My faith's beginning and its end,
Than aught in heaven and earth more dear,
My paschal Lamb from year to year ; [Guide,
My Shield, my Rock, my Pole-star, and my
My God thou art, and ever shalt abide.

2.
When I in grievous peril stand,
Beset with doubts on every hand ;
When fails my strength, and when my path
Such great and unknown terrors hath ;
Thee, my great Counsellor, I still can trace,
Unsearchable in wisdom, power, and grace.

5.
When, all my labours o'er, in faith
Upon the merits of thy death,
I humbly claim the free reward,
Purchased by thee, my gracious Lord ;
E'en then, thou know'st, my glory and my crown,
Thou, Jesus, shalt abide, and thou alone.

(1) 1789. C. G. Clemens ; (2-5) 1826. P. La Trobe, a.

3.
Since thou to me didst being give,
And bid me for thy service live,
Apportion me in all my days
The hourly task—command my ways. [race
Inspire each thought and word, and let my
Be run in righteousness before thy face.

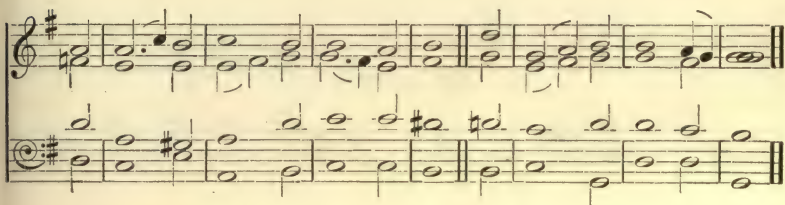
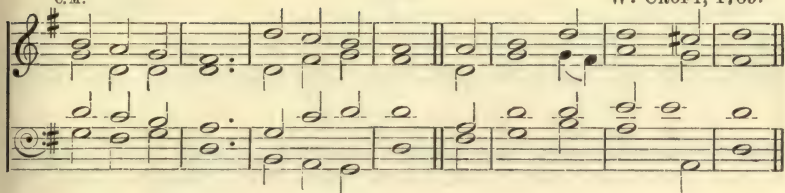
4.
So long as I'm a pilgrim here
O grant me oft, the way to cheer,
A vision of the promised land
Prepared for me by God's own hand, [Light ;
The city where thou dwell'st as Lamb and
Thus shall the journey me no more affright.

Winchester.

288

W. CROFT, 1709.

C. M.



O quam iuvat, fratres, Deus. 1736. C. Coffin.

HAPPY are they, they that love God,
 Whose hearts have Christ confest,
 Who by his cross have found their life,
 And 'neath his yoke their rest.

2 Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,
 When they together sing ;
 And strong the prayers that bow the ear
 Of heaven's eternal King.

3 Christ to their homes giveth his peace,
 And makes their loves his own :
 But ah, what tares the evil one
 Hath in his garden sown.

4 Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
 Did not its sorrows prove
 The path whereby the sheep may find
 The fold of Jesus' love.

5 Then shall they know, they that love him,
 How all their pain is good ;
 And death itself cannot unbind
 Their happy brotherhood.

1899. Yattendon Hymnal.

Maryton.

L. M.

289

H. P. SMITH, 1874.



Copyright of W. Garrett Horder.

- J**ESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I place my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The way that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief a burden long had been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
 Till, late, I heard my Saviour say,
 ' Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'
- 5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
 My sinful self to thee I give ;
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, ' Behold the way to God.'

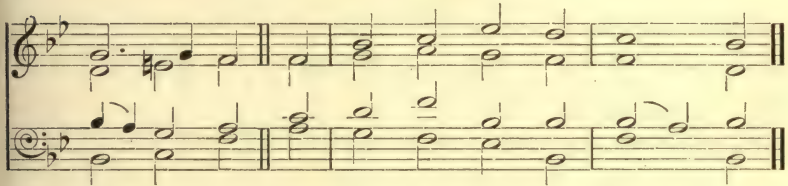
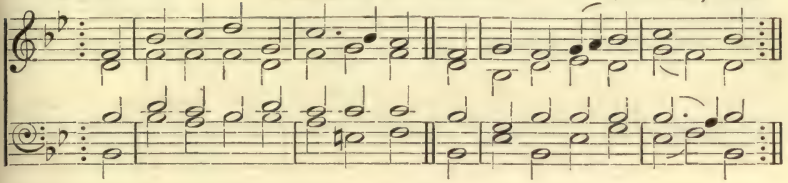
1743. *J. Cennick, a.*

Du Lebensbrot.

87.87.887.

290*Du Lebensbrot, Herr Jesu Christ.*

P. SOHREN, 1668.



- O, IF the Lamb had not been slain,
 To save us from perdition,
 And everlasting life to gain,
 What had been our condition ?
 But since in him poor sinners find
 A friend so faithful, true, and kind,
 We cannot but be happy.
- 2 With all our errors and mistakes
 He bears, and loves us dearly ;
 A contrite soul he ne'er forsakes,
 That follows him sincerely :
 When the whole heart to him is given,
 We have a foretaste here of heaven,
 In fellowship with Jesus.

- 3 When we have failed and deeply mourn,
 That we the Spirit grievèd,
 And to our Lord for comfort turn,
 We quickly are relieved :
 Whene'er we say, with humble shame,
 ' Lord Jesus, I have been to blame,'
 He saith, ' Thou art forgiven.'
- 4 As pardoned sinners we rejoice
 With Jesus' congregation ;
 Above all other things we prize
 His bitter death and passion ;
 His wounds and tears, and bloody sweat
 We bear in mind, nor can forget
 His unexampled mercy.

1748. *J. Cennick, a.*

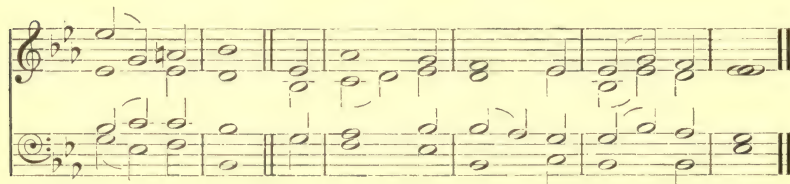
Rockingham.

L.M.

291

*Psalmody in Miniature,
Supplement II, 1783.*

Adapted by E. MILLER, 1790.



O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done ; the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blest ?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

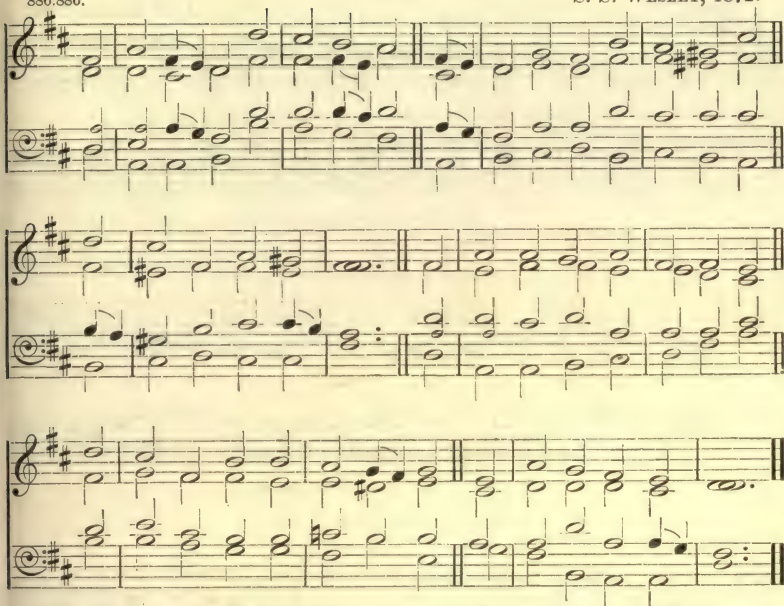
P. Doddridge, d. 1751.

Cornwall.

292

886.886.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



O LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on thee ;
 If we from self could rest,
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life !
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms !
 Oh, could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On thine almighty arms !

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load
 E'en while we pray, upon our God ;
 Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished ravens' cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust him as we should ;
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 But birds and flowerets round us preach,
 And all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease,
 Leave all things to a Father's will,
 And taste, before him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace.

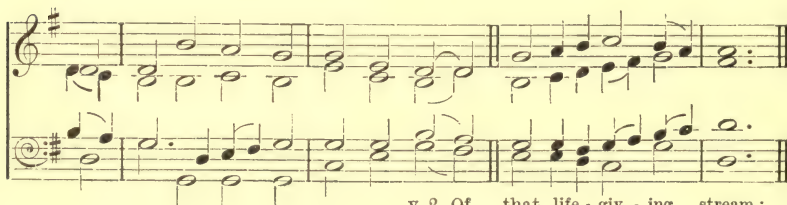
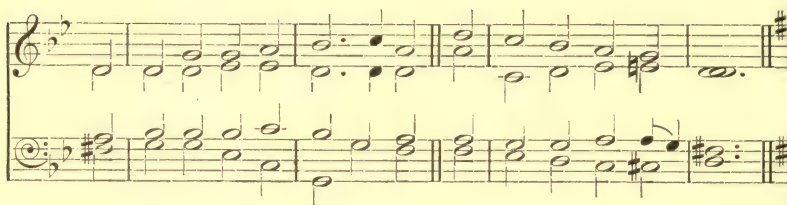
1836. J. Anstice.

Vox Dilecti.

C.M.D.

293

J. B. DYKES, 1868.



v. 2. Of that life - giv - ing stream ;
v. 3. In him my star, my sun ;



1.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
‘Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.’
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad ;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.’
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘I am this dark world’s light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.’
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I’ll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

1846. *H. Bonar.*

St. Ninian.

294

77.77.77.

E. G. MONK, 1862.



BLESSED Saviour, thee I love
 All my other joys above;
 All my hopes in thee abide,
 Thou my hope and nought beside;
 Ever let my glory be,
 Jesus, Saviour, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,
 Clouds they are that hide my day:
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, thine am I,
 Thine to live, and thine to die;
 Height, or depth, or creature power,
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
 Ever shall my glory be,
 Jesus, Saviour, only thee.

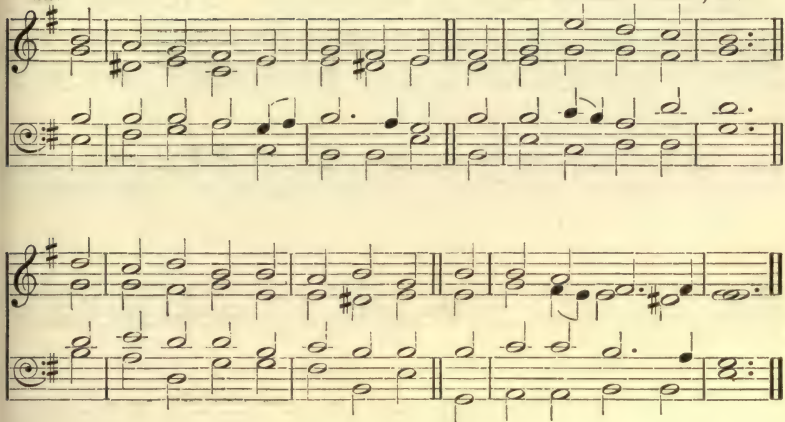
1851. G. Duffield.

Clinton.

295

Sir HUBERT PARRY, 1876.

O.M.



WE bless thee for thy peace, O God,
 Deep as the unfathomed sea,
 Which falls like sunshine on the road
 Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
 Which comes from outward rest,
 If we may have through all life's woes
 Thy peace within our breast ;

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
 Trusts where it cannot see,
 Deems not the trial way too long,
 But leaves the end with thee ;

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
 A river in the soul,
 Whose banks a living verdure keep—
 God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
 Whate'er the outward be,
 Till all life's discipline shall cease,
 And we go home to thee.

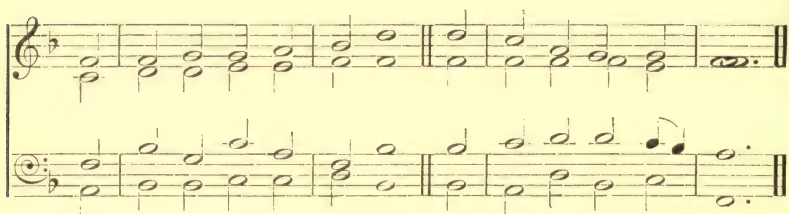
1858. Anon. in 'Christian Melodies' (American).

Knecht.

76.76. Iambic.

Der niedern Menschheit Hülle.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799.



Greek. Joseph of the Studium. d. 883.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.</p> <p>2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men ;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !</p> <p>3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due ;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.</p> <p>4 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn,—</p> | <p>5 What are they but the heralds
To lead you to his sight ?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light ?</p> <p>6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—</p> <p>7 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?</p> <p>8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.</p> |
|---|--|

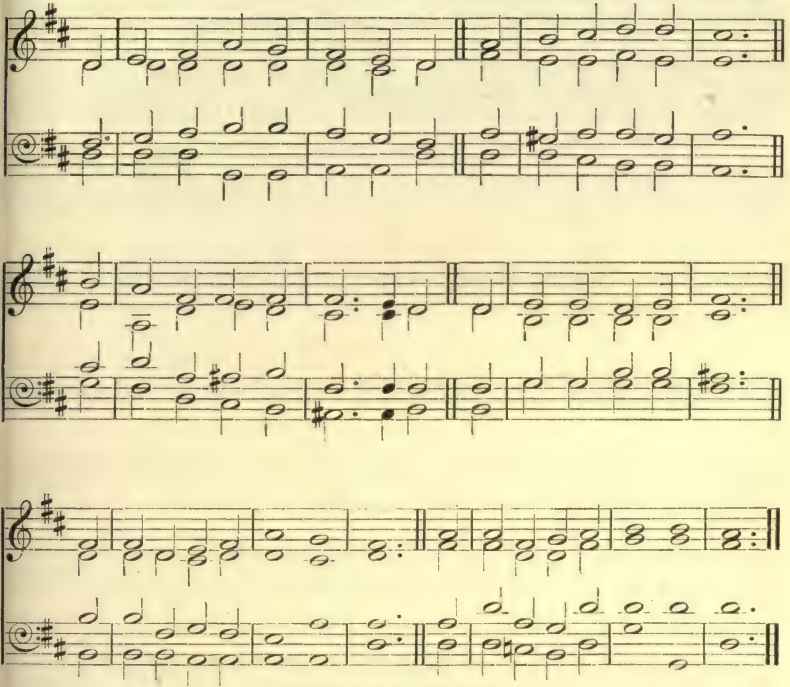
1862. J. M. Neale.

Palmyra.

86.86.88.

297

J. SUMMERS, 1863.



Copyright of W. Garrett Horder.

I LOOK to thee in every need,
 And never look in vain ;
 I feel thy strong and tender love,
 And all is well again :
 The thought of thee is mightier far
 Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears
 I sink beside the road ;
 But let me only think of thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
 My restlessness to still ;
 Around me flows thy quickening life,
 To nerve my faltering will ;
 Thy presence fills my solitude ;
 Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
 Held in thy law, I stand ;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in thy hand ,
 Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

1864. S. Longfellow.



[May also be sung to *Bentley*, No. 38.]

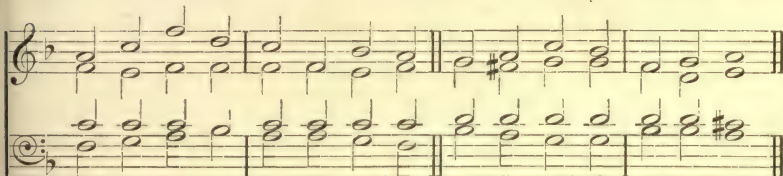
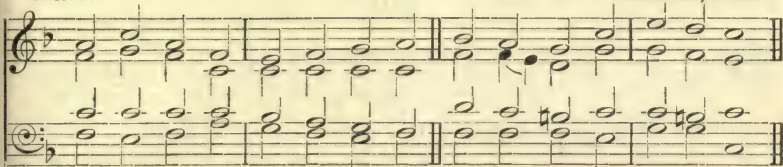
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>I COULD not do without thee,
 O Saviour of the lost,
 Whose precious blood redeemed me
 At such tremendous cost ;
 Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
 Thy precious blood must be
 My only hope and comfort,
 My glory and my plea.</p> <p>2 I could not do without thee,
 I cannot stand alone,
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own ;
 But thou, beloved Saviour,
 Art all in all to me,
 And perfect strength in weakness
 Is theirs who lean on thee.</p> | <p>3 I could not do without thee,
 No other friend can read
 The spirit's strange deep longings,
 Interpreting its need ;
 No human heart could enter
 Each dim recess of mine,
 And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
 O blessed Lord, but thine.</p> <p>4 I could not do without thee,
 For years are fleeting fast,
 And soon in solemn loneliness
 The river must be passed ;
 But thou wilt never leave me,
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper 'It is I.'</p> |
|--|--|

Deerhurst.

299

87.87. D.

J. LANGRAN, 1863.



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ALL the way my Saviour leads me ;
 What have I to ask beside ?
 Can I doubt his tender mercy,
 Who through life has been my guide ?
 Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
 Here by faith in him to dwell !
 For I know, whate'er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads me,
 Cheers each winding path I tread,
 Gives me grace for every trial,
 Feeds me with the living bread.

Though my weary steps may falter,
 And my soul athirst may be,
 Gushing from the rock before me,
 Lo, a spring of joy I see !

3 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
 O the fulness of his love !
 Perfect rest to me is promised
 In my Father's house above.
 When my spirit, clothed immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 This my song through endless ages—
 'Jesus led me all the way !'

Hammersmith (*First Tune*).

86.886.

300

W. H. GLADSTONE, 1882.

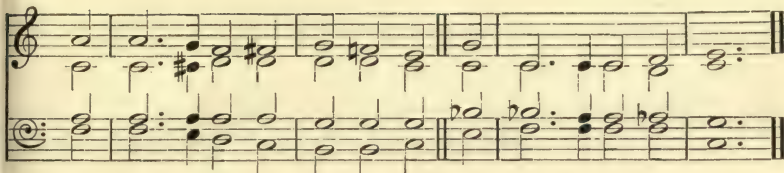


Rest (*Second Tune*).

86.886.

F. C. MAKER, 1887.





Copyright, by permission of the *Psalms and Hymns Trust*.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways ;
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
 In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love !

4 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of thy call,
 As noiseless let thy blessing fall
 As fell thy manna down.

5 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease :
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace.

6 Breathe through the heats of our desire,
 Thy coolness and thy balm ;
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm !

1872. *J. G. Whittier.*



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TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of
 Our feelings come and go; [doubt
 Our best estate is tossed about
 In ceaseless ebb and flow.
 No mood of feeling, form of thought,
 Is constant for a day;
 But thou, O Lord, thou changest not:
 The same thou art alway.

2 I grasp thy strength, make it mine own,
 My heart with peace is blest;
 I lose my hold, and then come down
 Darkness and cold unrest.
 Let me no more my comfort draw
 From my frail hold of thee,
 In this alone rejoice with awe—
 Thy mighty grasp of me.

3 Out of that weak, unquiet drift
 That comes but to depart,
 To that pure heaven my spirit lift
 Where thou unchanging art.
 Lay hold of me with thy strong grasp,
 Let thy almighty arm
 In its embrace my weakness clasp,
 And I shall fear no harm.

4 Thy purpose of eternal good
 Let me but surely know;
 On this I'll lean—let changing mood
 And feeling come or go—
 Glad when thy sunshine fills my soul,
 Not lorn when clouds o'ercast,
 Since thou within thy sure control
 Of love dost hold me fast.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE.

Five Hierarchia.

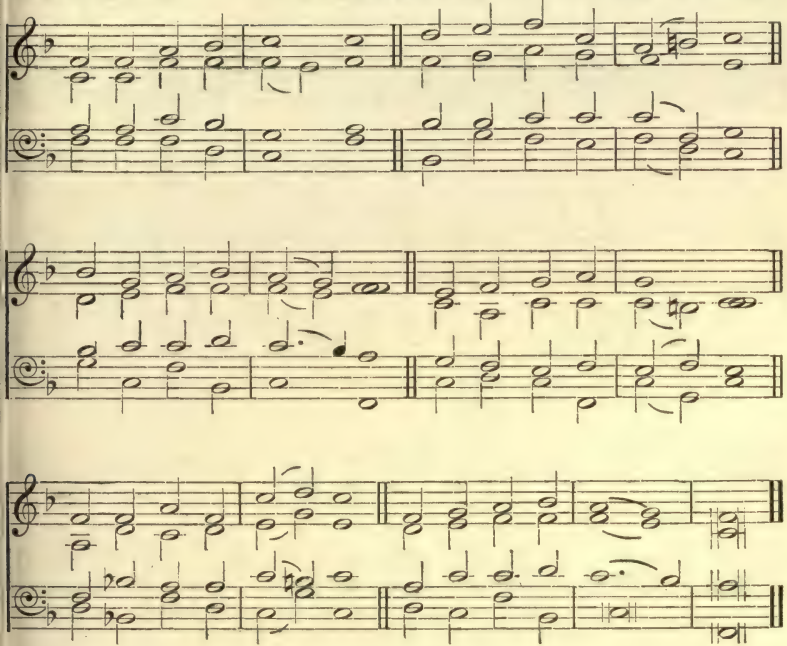
302

German Melody.

66.66.66. Trochaic.

Gottes Sohn ist kommen.

Probably 15th Century.

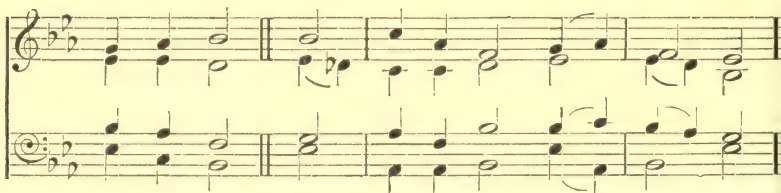
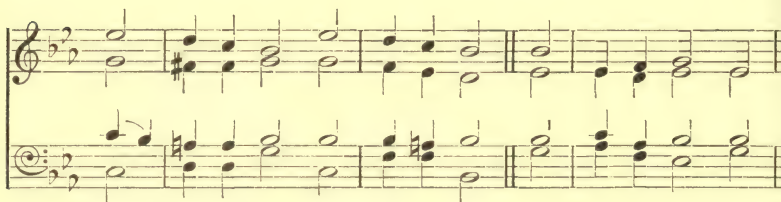


Gottes Sohn ist kommen. 1544. J. Roh (Horn).

ONCE he came in blessing,
All our ills redressing,
Came in likeness lowly,
Son of God most holy,
Bore the cross to save us,
Hope and freedom gave us.

2 Still he comes within us,
Still his voice would win us,
From the sins that hurt us ;
Would to truth convert us,
From our foolish errors,
Ere he comes in terrors.

3 He, who well endureth,
Bright reward secureth ;
Come then, O Lord Jesus,
From our sins release us ;
Let us here confess thee,
Till in heaven we bless thee.



Mein Herzensjesu, meine Lust. 1695. J. C. Lange.

THOU art the Way, thy Spirit's light
Is for my guidance given ;
In following thee I walk aright
The path to life and heaven :
Thy word be my unerring guide ;
Preserve me lest I turn aside,
Or stray from thee, my Saviour.

2 Thou art the Truth, come enter, Lord,
My heart and shine within me ;
Dispel my darkness, let thy word
From evil wholly win me :
Reveal thyself yet more to me,
O Truth, set me at liberty,
And teach me to obey thee.

3 Thou art my Life, thy power divine
Shall influence every motion ;
O may thy Spirit me incline
To true, unfeigned devotion :
Thus I eternal life shall gain,
And, till my latest breath, remain
A member of thy body.

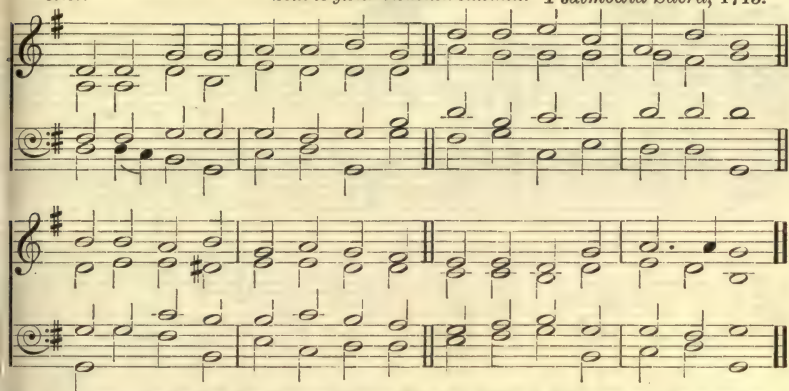
1754. M. : recast 1789. F. W. Foster.
(320)

Stuttgart.

87.87.

304

C. F. WITT (?).

Sollt es gleich bisweilen scheinen. Psalmodia Sacra, 1715.(1) *Auf, ihr Christen, Christi Glieder. 1697. J. Falekner.*(2) *König, dem wir alle dienen. 1732. N. L. v. Zinzendorf (also No. 352).*

IF our all on Christ we venture,
And, while we on him rely,
On the hardest trials enter,
Needful strength he will supply.

2 We will count our lives a treasure
While reserved for his use ;
But at his command with pleasure
Wealth and life for Jesus lose.

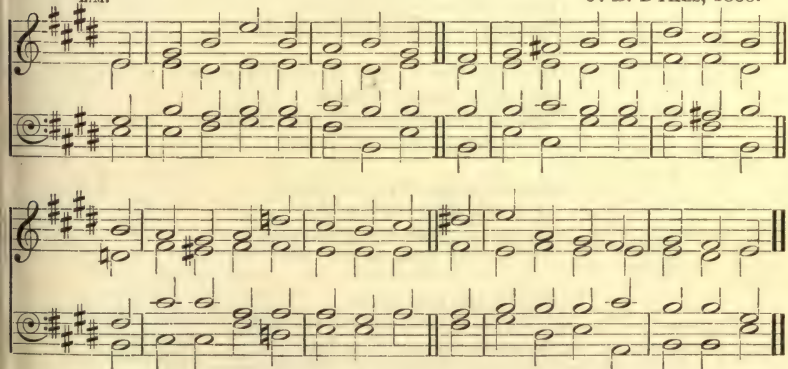
1808. C. G. Clemens, a.

Trinity College.

305

J. B. DYKES, 1866.

L.M.

*Hier legt mein Sinn sich vor dir nieder. 1704. C. F. Richter.*

LORD take possession of my heart,
To me thy lowly mind impart ;
O may the world, may self and pride
In me henceforth be crucified.

2 All my own schemes, each fond design,
I to thy better will resign ;
Impress thee deeply on my breast,
That I in thee am truly blest.

3 Still will I wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till in thy light the light I see,
Till thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear.

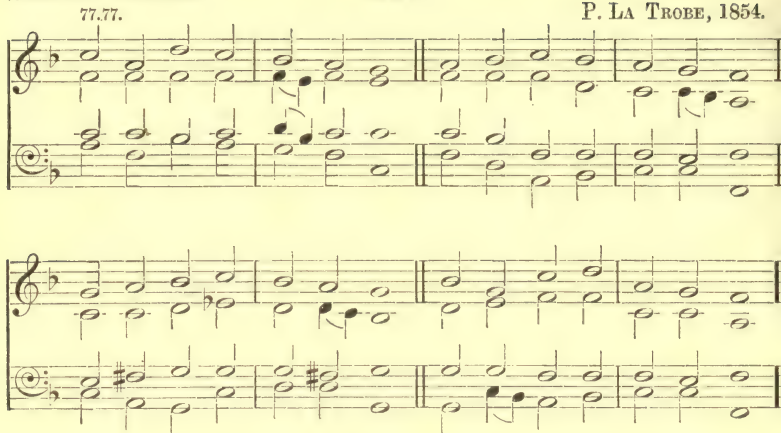
4 Then e'en in storms I thee shall know,
My sure support and refuge too ;
In every trial I shall prove,
Assuredly, that God is love.

1737. J. Wesley, a.

Sweeter Sounds.

306

P. LA TROBE, 1854.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 214.]

O wie selig ist die Seel. 1714. *J. G. Wolff.*

BLEST are they, supremely blest,
Who, of Jesus' grace possessed,
Cleave to him by living faith,
Till they shall resign their breath.

2 One with Christ, their Head, they share
Happiness beyond compare ;
Since on him their hopes they build,
He is their reward and shield.

3 Though all earthly joys be fled,
If in him they trust indeed,
He will be their constant friend,
And protect them to the end.

4 If to Jesus they appeal
When their faith and courage fail,
He assures them of his love,
Doth their strength in weakness prove.

5 They who simply to him cleave,
From his fulness grace receive ;
And in truth, with heart and voice,
Evermore in him rejoice.

1754. *M.* ; recast 1789. *J. Miller.*

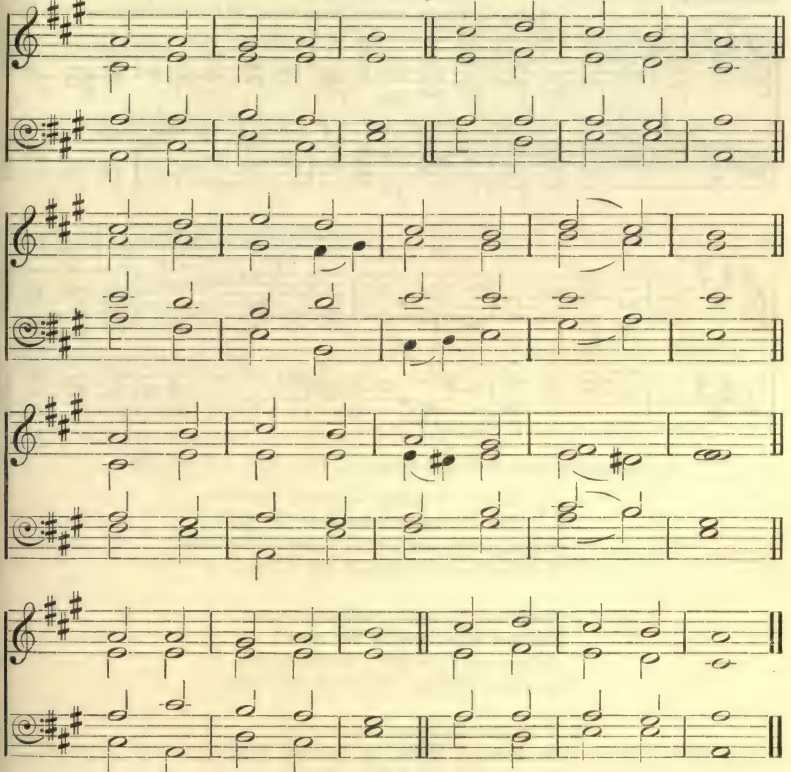
Drese. (Later form of melody.)

307

Seelenbräutigam.

A. DRESE, 1698.

55.88.55.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 745.]

Jesu ! geh voran. 1721. N. L. v. Zinzendorf ; recast 1778. C. Gregor.

JESUS, day by day
 Guide us on life's way ;
 We will follow, not delaying,
 Faithfully thy call obeying ;
 Lead us by the hand
 To our fatherland.

2 Hard though be our lot,
 Let us falter not ;
 In the midst of earthly sadness
 Let us bear our cross with gladness ;
 Trials mark the road
 Leading home to God.

3 Is it our own care,
 That we have to bear ?
 Or do others' woes distress us ?
 For each need with patience bless us ;
 Keep thou still the soul
 Set towards the goal.

4 Jesus, all our days
 Order thou our ways ;
 Should the path be rough and dreary,
 With thy strength support the weary ;
 When our race is o'er
 Open, Lord, thy door.

1878. B. Harvey, a.

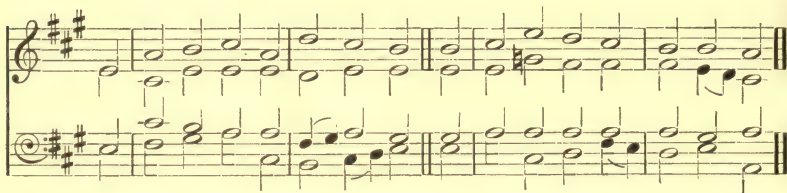
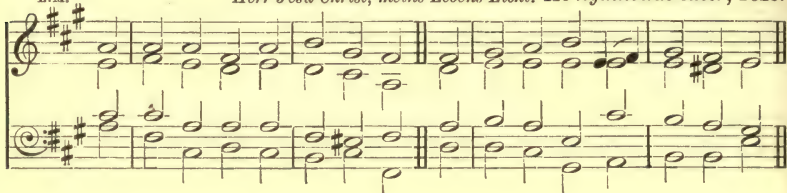
Breslau.

308

C. GALL'S

L. M.

Herr Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht. As hymnodus sacer, 1625.



Seelenbräutigam, O du Gottes Lamm. 1721. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no evil need I fear,
While thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

4 Teach me where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, to follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

5 If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

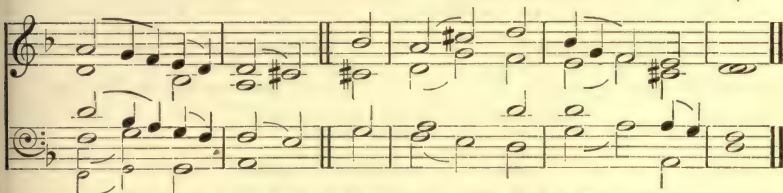
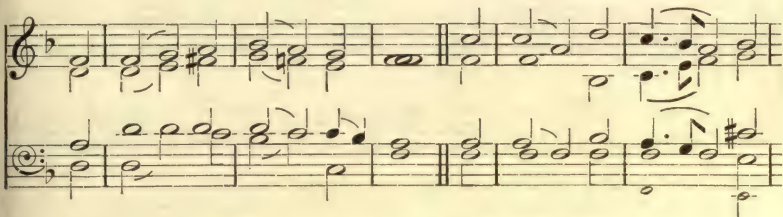
1738. J. Wesley, a.

Tara.

C.M.

309

J. M. COOMBS, 1784.



Der Glaube bricht durch Stahl und Stein. 1727. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

GLORY to God, whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph e'en in death.

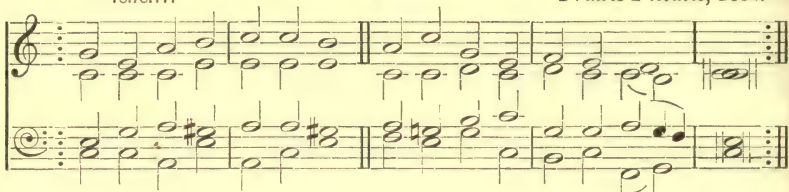
2 Scorned and reviled as was their Head,
When walking here below,
Thus in this evil world they led
A life of pain and woe.

3 With the same faith our bosom glows,
Wherein those warriors stood,
When in the cruel hands of those
Who thirsted for their blood.

4 God whom we serve, our God can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, or smooth a wave,
For such as fear his name.

5 If but his arm support us still,
Is but his joy our strength,
We shall ascend the rugged hill,
And conquerors prove at length.

1808. M.



O du Seelenbräutigam. 1728. *N. L. v. Zinzendorf.*

JESUS Christ, thou Leading-star,
Thy great name we praise and hallow ;
From believers be it far
Any other guide to follow :
Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,
Wilt direct our steps aright.

2 Christians are not here below
To enjoy earth's fleeting treasure :
After Christ they're called to go,
His reproach they count a pleasure ;
Under manifold distress,
Through the narrow gate they press.

3 Saviour, now for strength we plead,
In thy love together banded,
To advance where thou dost lead,
Doing what thou hast commanded :
Heart and hand we pledge thee here,
Give us grace to persevere.

(1) 1752. *M.* ; (2) 1789. *L. T. Nyberg* ; (3) 1911. *M.*

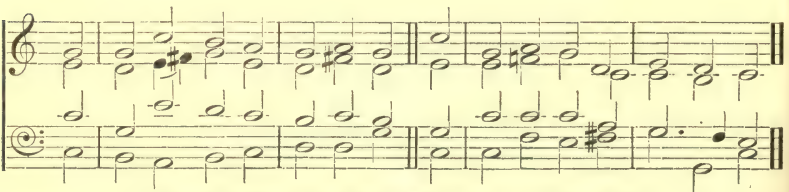
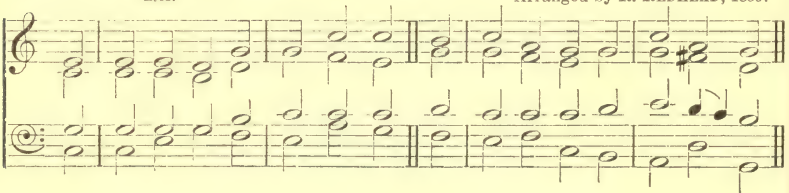
Metzler's Redhead, No. 14.

L.M.

311

Ancient Hymn Melody.

Arranged by R. REDHEAD, 1859.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 452.]

Wir sind dein Eigentum. 1734. *N. L. v. Zinzendorf.*

LORD Jesus, 'tis with us thy aim,
That soul and body should be thine ;
O take our hearts, and us incline
To be devoted to thy name.

2 What love can be compared with thine ?
Who hath to us so just a claim
As thou, who didst our souls redeem,
And for us leave thy throne divine ?

3 A subject I of Christ my King ;
And though I poor and helpless be,
Yet all around shall plainly see,
My Saviour is my everything.

4 My King, thy noble statutes write
Upon the table of my heart ;
Thy grace and truth to me impart,
And let thy law be my delight.

(1, 2, 4,) 1789. *F. W. Foster* ; (3) 1746. *M., a.*

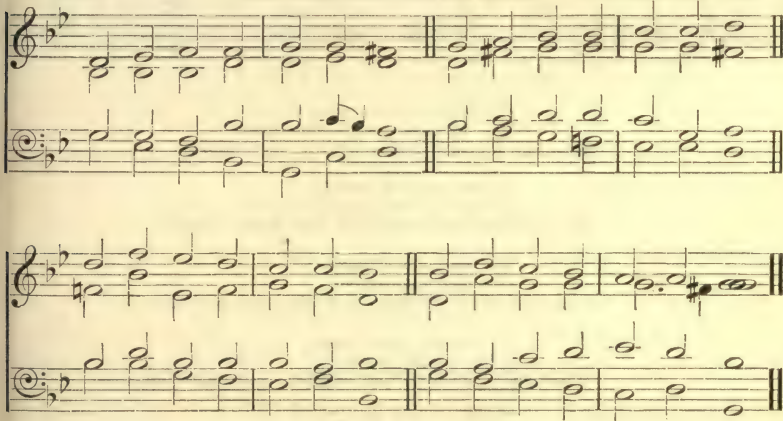
Jesu, Komm.

77.77.

312

Jesu, komm, mein Trost und Lachen.

W. FABRICIUS, 1659.



(1) *Veni Redemptor gentium st. 5.* 374. *Ambrose* (see No. 53).

(2-4) *Wenn wir uns im Heiligtum.* 1741. *N. L. v. Zinzendorf.*

MIGHTY God, we humbly pray,
Let thy power so bear the sway,
That in all things we may show
That we in thy likeness grow.

2 Grant that all of us may prove,
By obedience, faith and love,
That our hearts to thee are given,
That our treasure is in heaven.

3 May it in our walk be seen,
That we have with Jesus been,
That as King o'er us he reigns,
And unrivalled sway maintains.

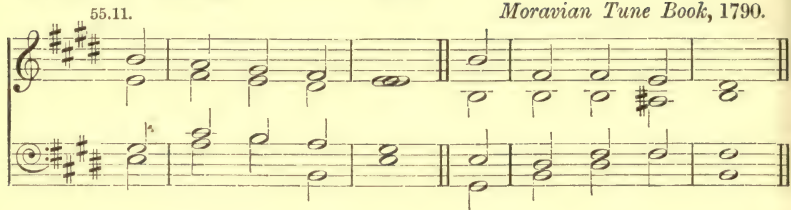
4 Then shall we in every state,
Soul and body dedicate
Unto him who for us died,
Till with him we're glorified.

(1) 1722. *J. C. Jacobi, a* ; (2-4) 1754. *W. Horne, a.*

● tell me no more.

313

Moravian Tune Book, 1790.



O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store ;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

- 2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.
- 3 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away ;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 4 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort ; go, follow him, go.
- 5 Perhaps, with the aim
To honour his name,
I may do some service, poor dust though I am.
- 6 Yet this is confessed,
I count it most blest,
As at the beginning, in him to find rest.
- 7 And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
- 8 But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

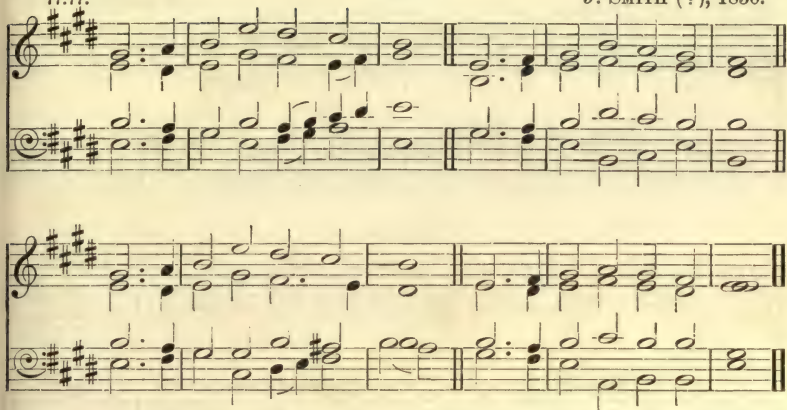
1741. *J. Gambold, a.*

Innocents.

314

J. SMITH (?), 1850.

77.77.



CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
 Christ our Advocate is made;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes;
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Zion's city is in sight;
 There our endless home shall be,
 There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 6 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.
- 7 Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

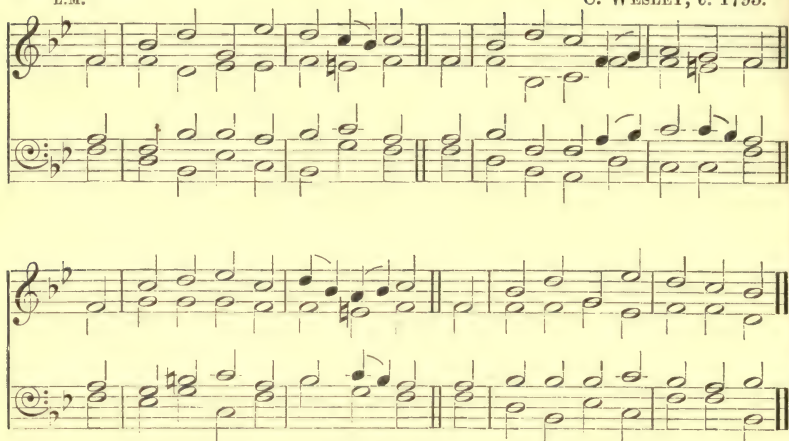
1742. J. Cennick.

Berkshire.

L.M.

315

C. WESLEY, c. 1795.



FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labour to pursue,
 Thee, only thee, resolved to know
 In all I think or speak or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
 O let me cheerfully fulfil,
 In all my works thy presence find,
 And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
 And labour on at thy command,
 And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray,
 And still to things eternal look
 And hasten to thy glorious day ;

5 For thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with thee to heaven.

1749. C. Wesley, a.

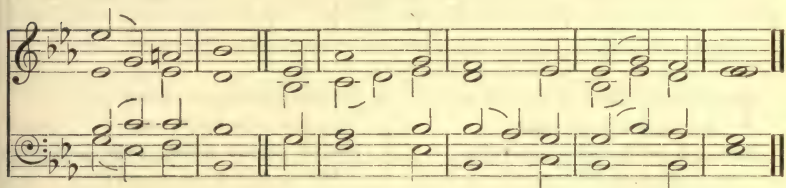
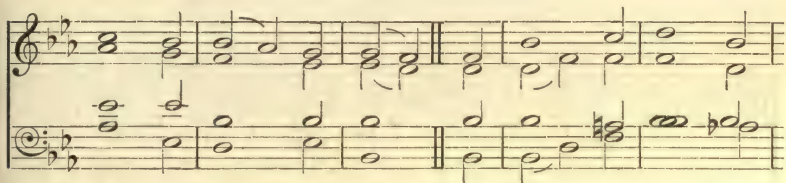
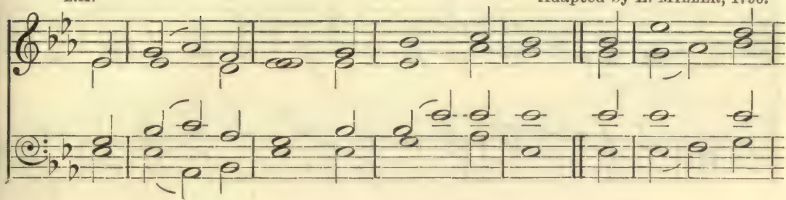
Rockingham.

L.M.

316

*Psalmody in Miniature,
Supplement II, 1783.*

Adapted by E. MILLER, 1790.



JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?
 Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
 O may I scorn it more and more!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star;
 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight blush to think of noon.

3 'Tis evening with my soul till he,
 That Morning-Star, bids darkness flee;
 He sheds the beam of noon divine
 O'er all this midnight soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend
 On whom for heaven my hopes depend!
 It must not be; be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
 And O may this my portion be,
 That Saviour not ashamed of me!

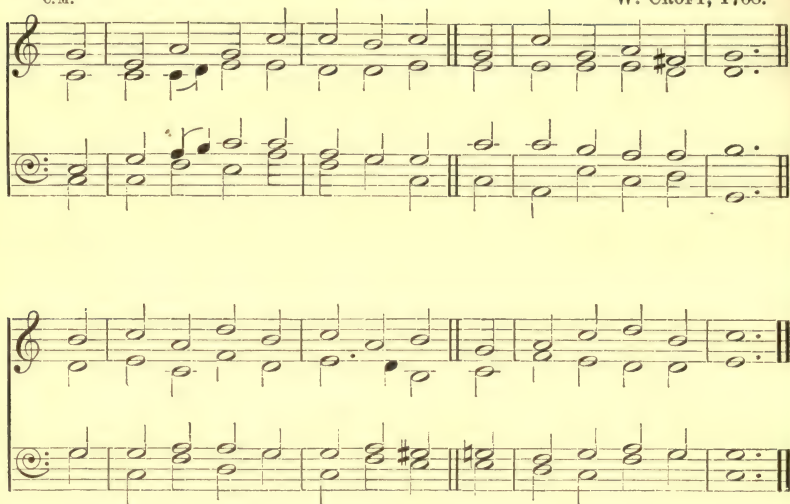
1765. J. Grigg.

St. Anne.

C. M.

317

W. CROFT, 1708.



THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in his train ?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

3 The martyr, first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky
And called on him to save ;

4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame ;

6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed ;

8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

R. Heber. d. 1826.

Benediction.

318

S. REAY, 1872.

C. M. D.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

O hochbeglückte Seele. 1833. C. J. P. Spitta.

HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servants, Lord, to be !
 The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at thy command,
 The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at thy hand :

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
 To watch before thy gate,
 Ready to run the weary race,
 To bear the heavy weight :
 No voice of thunder to expect,
 But follow calm and still,
 For love can easily divine
 The One Belovèd's will.

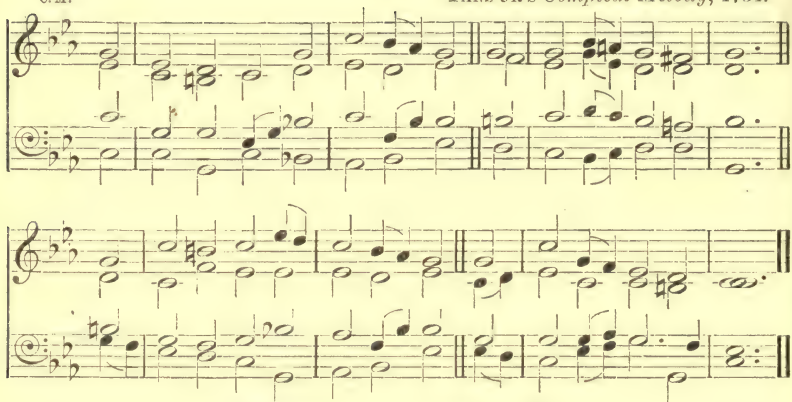
3 Thus may we serve thee, gracious Lord !
 Thus ever thine alone,
 Our souls and bodies given to thee,
 The purchase thou hast won.
 Through evil or through good report
 Still keeping by thy side,
 By life or death, in this poor flesh
 Let Christ be magnified !

4 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly !
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest, draws nigh ;
 When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company !
 And ever where the Master is
 Shall his blest servants be !

Banger.

C. M.

319

TANS'UR'S *Compleat Melody*, 1734.[May also be sung to *Irish*, No. 232.]

- O IT is hard to work for God,
 To rise and take his part
 Upon this battle-field of earth,
 And not sometimes lose heart !
- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,
 As though there were no God ;
 He is least seen when all the powers
 Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Ah ! God is other than we think ;
 His ways are far above,
 Far beyond reason's height, and reached
 Only by childlike love.
- 4 Workman of God ! O lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like,
 And in the darkest battle-field,
 Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 5 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
 The instinct that can tell,
 That God is on the field when he
 Is most invisible.
- 6 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
 And learn to lose with God ;
 For Jesus won the world through shame,
 And beckons thee his road.
- 7 For right is right, since God is God,
 And right the day must win ;
 To doubt would be disloyalty,
 To falter would be sin.

1849. *F. W. Faber.*

Ora, Labora.

4.10.10.10.4.

320

R. P. STEWART, 1874.



- COME, labour on :
 Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
 While all around him waves the golden grain,
 And to each servant does the Master say,
 'Go work to-day' ?
- 2 Come, labour on :
 Claim the high calling angels cannot share ;
 To young and old the joyful tidings bear ;
 Redeem the time : its hours too swiftly fly,
 The night draws nigh.
- 3 Come, labour on :
 Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear !
 No arm so weak but may do service here ;
 By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
 His righteous will.
- 4 Come, labour on :
 No time for rest till glows the western sky,
 While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
 And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
 'Servants, well done.'
- 5 Come, labour on :
 The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure ;
 Blessèd are those who to the end endure ;
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
 O Lord, with thee !

1859. *Jane Borthwick.*

Sinners' Redeemer.

64.64.10.10.

321

Tunes for the Hymns, etc.
(JAS. HUTTON), 1742-4.

I LIFT my heart to thee,
Saviour divine,
For thou art all to me,
And I am thine :

Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That my Belovèd's mine, and I am his ?

2 Thine am I by all ties,
But chiefly thine,
That through thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine :

By thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to thee am closely bound.

3 To thee, thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe ;
All that I have and am,
And all I know :

All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not my own ; Lord, I am thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from thee,
When thou hast given thine own dear self for me?

5 I pray thee, Saviour, keep
Me in thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and thine own are one for evermore.

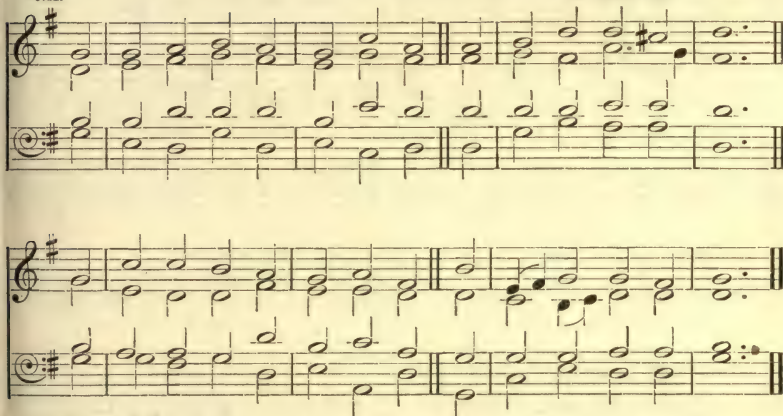
1871. C. E. Mudie.

Farrant.

C.M.

322

Adapted from R. FARRANT (?),
c. 1530—80.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 499.]

THE toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot!
He who God's call can understand,
Will work and murmur not.

2 Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin;
True souls, from it, all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.

3 O God! who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth thee.

4 Where'er thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

5 Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but thine;
We link them to the work of him
Who made all life divine!

6 Our Brother-Friend, thy holy Son,
Shared all our lot and strife;
And nobly will our work be done,
If moulded by his life.

TEMPTATION AND CONFLICT.

St. Sylvester.

323

H. S. OAKELEY, 1867.

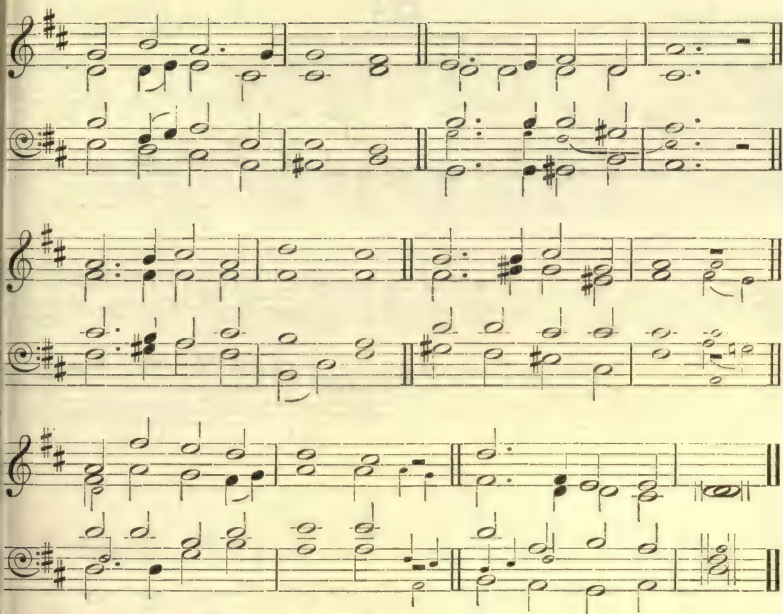
65.65. D.

Minor for verses 1, 2 & 3.



Major for verse 4.





Οὐ γὰρ βλέπεις τοὺς ταραττοντας. *Andrew of Crete. d. 732.*

CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goadng into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
'Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?'
Christian! say but boldly,
'While I breathe I pray';
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 'Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne.'

1862. *J. M. Neale, a.*

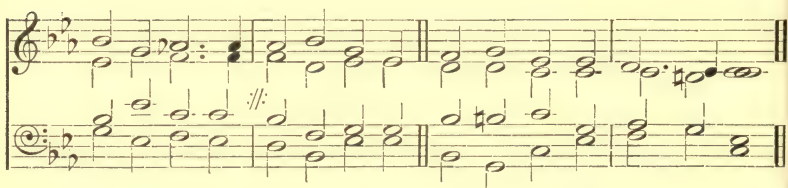
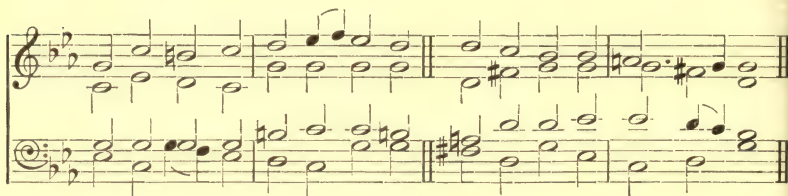
Jesu, Kraft.

87.87.447.

324

C. K. VON ROSENROTH (?),
Helikon, 1684.

Jesu, Kraft der blöden Herzen.



Arglwydd arwain trwy'r anialwch. 1745. W. Williams.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

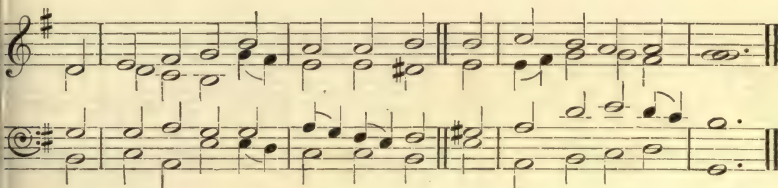
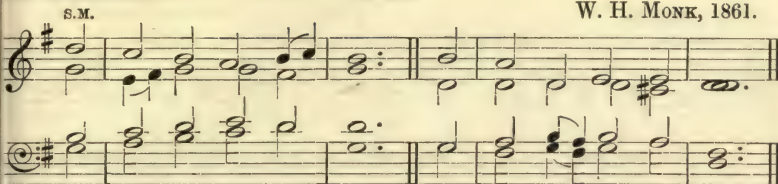
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

1771. P. Williams.

St. Ethelwald.

325

W. H. MONK, 1861.



Ephesians vi. 10-13.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
- 5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day,—
- 6 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And perfect stand at last.

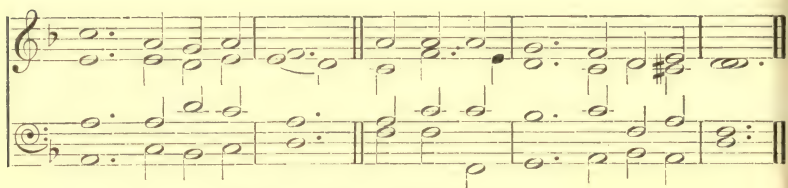
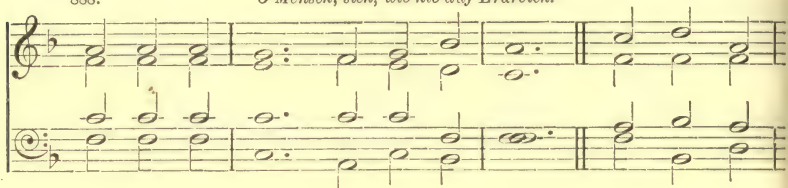
1749. C. Wesley.

Stabat Mater.

888.

Bohemian Brethren, *Kirchengesänge*, 1566.

Probably of pre-Reformation origin.

O Mensch, sieh, wie hie auf Erdreich.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?
- 3 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
- 4 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 5 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 6 Though faint my prayers and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 7 Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

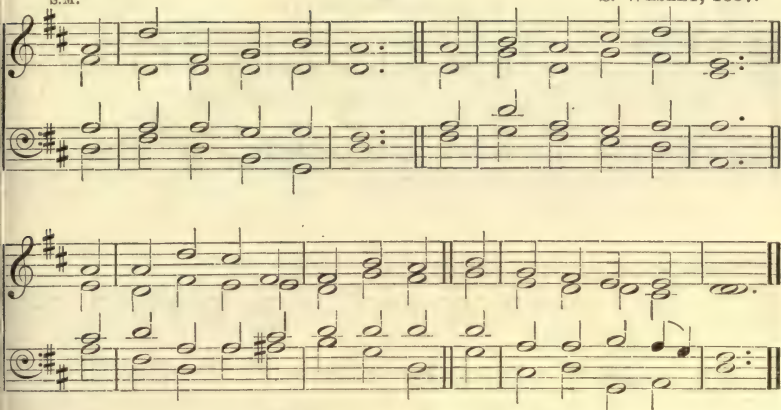
1771. J. Newton.

Bethlehem.

327

S.M.

S. WESLEY, 1837.



YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take :
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Wait till the shadows flee ;
Wait thy appointed hour ;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with power.
- 7 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee :
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

1772. A. M. Toplady.

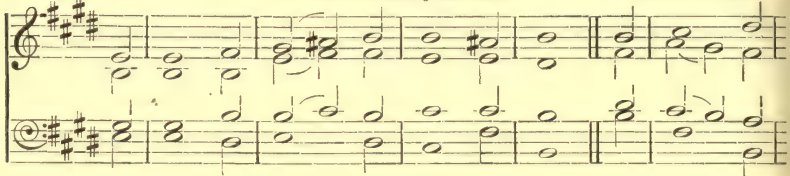
Angelus.

L. M.

328

Du meiner Seelen güldne Zier.

Derived from
G. JOSEPH, 1657.



WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat :
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But O, my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine :
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

1772. W. Cowper.

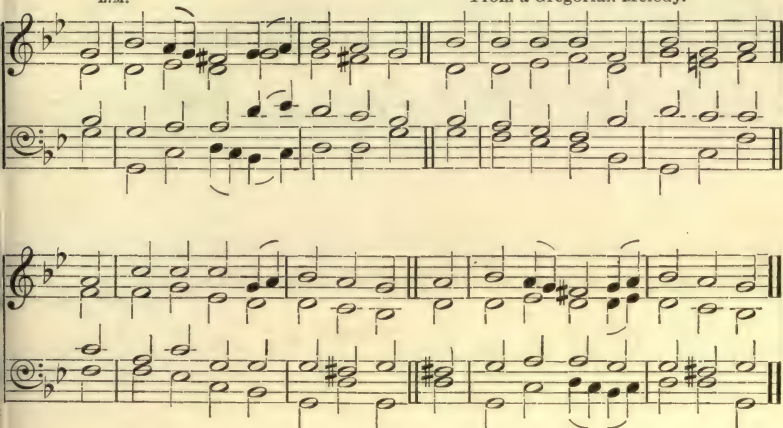
329

Christe qui lux es.

L.M.

Wittenberg *Gesangbuch* (Klug), 1535.

From a Gregorian Melody.



GOD of my life, on thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with thee, whose open door,
 Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Doth not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer,
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

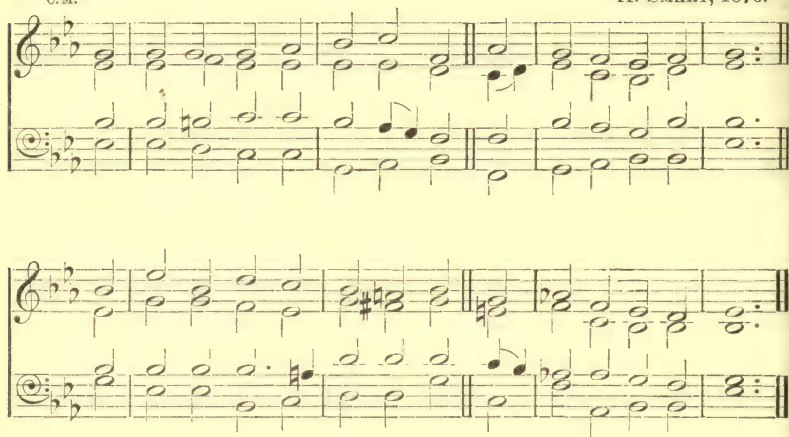
1779. W. Cowper.

Eventide.

C.M.

330

H. SMART, 1876.



APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

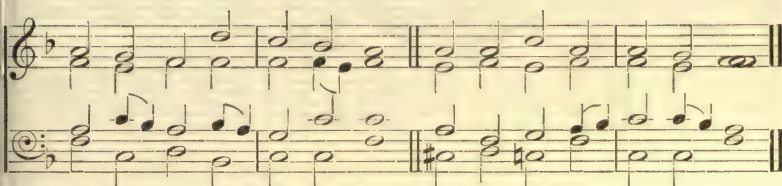
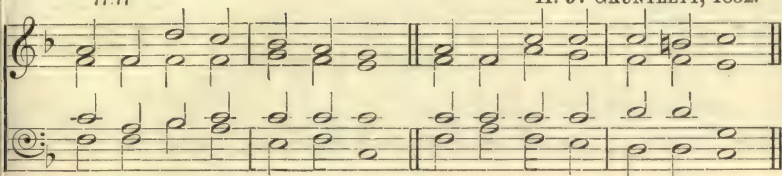
1779. *J. Newton.*

University College.

331

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.

77.77



OFt in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

(1, 2) 1806. *H. Kirke White*;

(2-5) 1827. *Frances Colquhoun*.

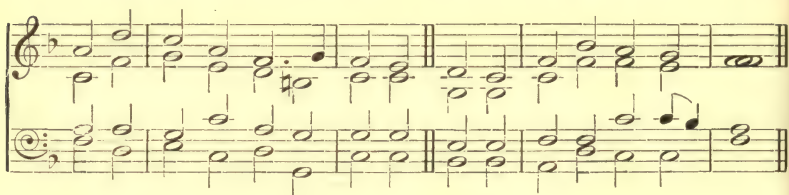
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Bethany (*First Tune*).

87.87. D.

332

H. SMART, 1867.

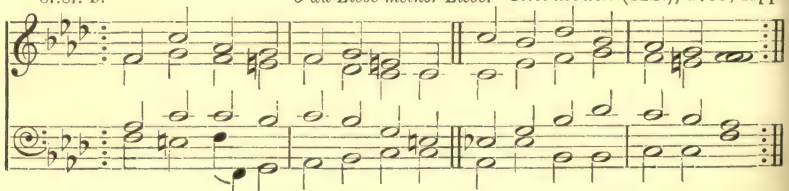


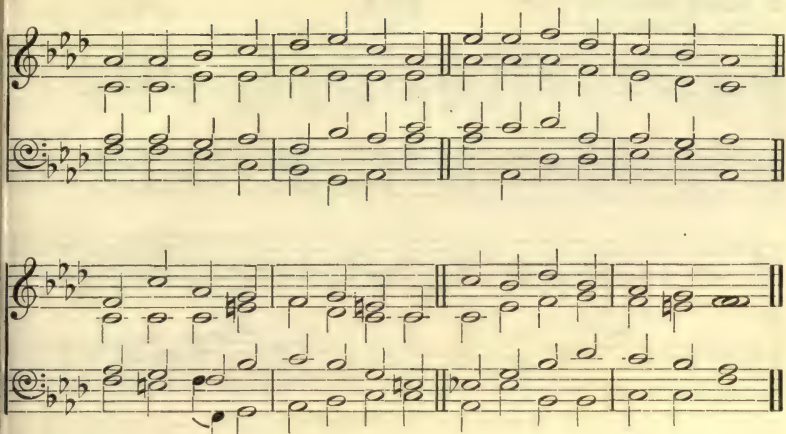
♩ **du Liebe** (*Second Tune*).

87.87. D.

D. J. GRIMM'S

O du Liebe meiner Liebe. Choralbuch (MS.), 1755, App.





JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee ;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.

- 2 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear :
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine,
 What a Saviour died to win thee :
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
 God's own hand shall guide thee there :
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

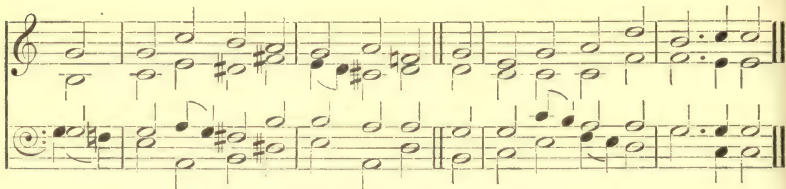
1824. *H. F. Lyte, a.*

♩ happy day (*First Tune*).

L.M.

333

B. TOURS, 1872.



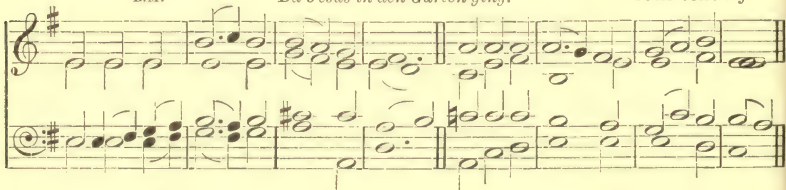
By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Das Leiden des Herrn (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

Da Jesus in den Garten ging.

German Melody,
18th century.



'TAKE up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
'If thou would'st my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.'

- 2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;

Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to glory o'er the grave.
- 5 'Take up thy cross, and follow me,'
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

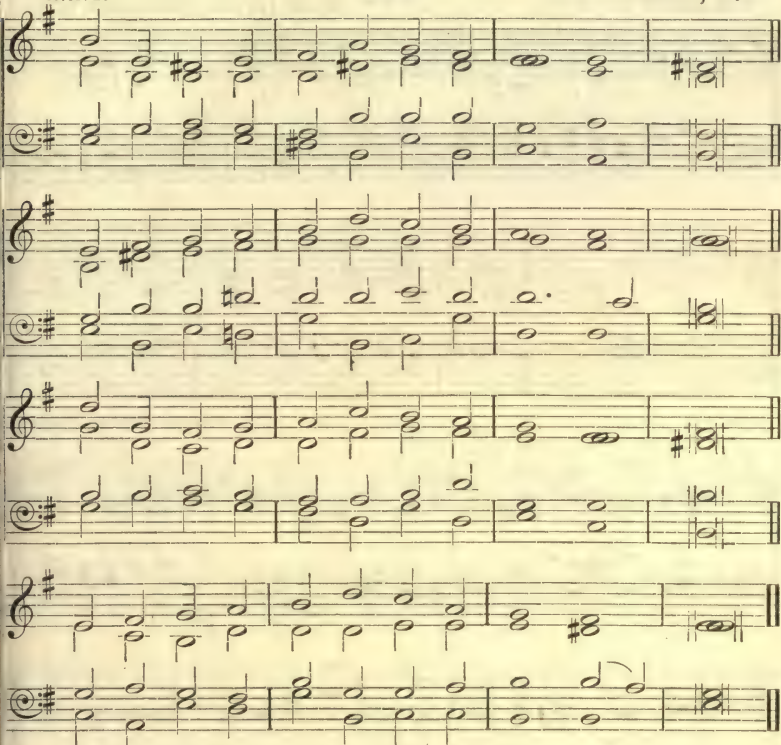
1833. C. W. Everest, a.

St. Barnabas.

334

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1872.

65.65. D.



IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from thee ;
When thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,—
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice ;
Then, upon thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

1834. *J. Montgomery.*

South Cerney.

88.88.88.

335

W. H. HADGW, 1906 (comp. 1879).



MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:

*On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.*

2 When darkness veils his glorious face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every rough and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in him be found,
Clothed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne:

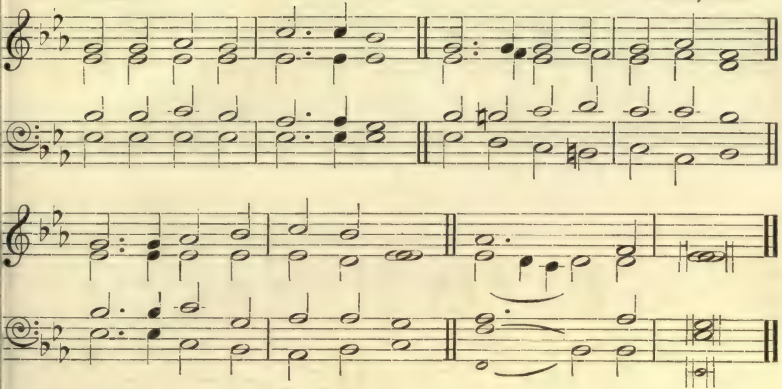
1884. E. Mote, a.

Vigilate (*First Tune*).

77.73.

336

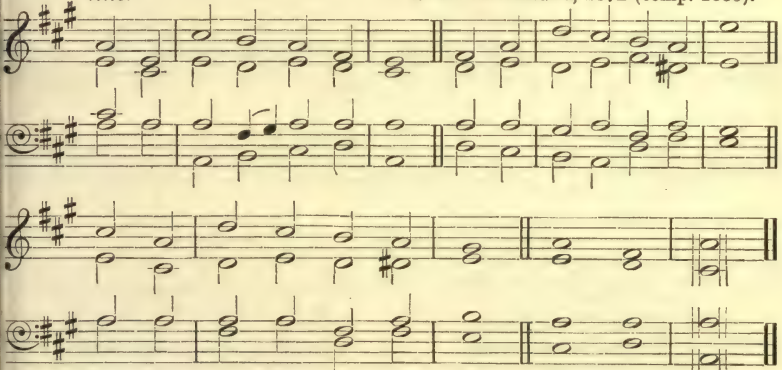
W. H. MONK, 1868.



Samos (*Second Tune*).

77.73.

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1872 (comp. 1859).



CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose ;
Hear thy guardian angel say,
'Thou art in the midst of foes :
Watch and pray.'

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on ;
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one :
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one clear voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart his word,
'Watch and pray.'

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down :
Watch and pray.

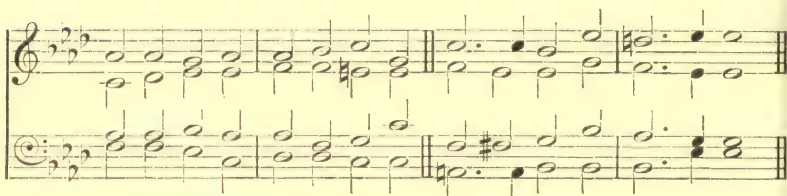
1839, *Charlotte Elliott.*

St. Raphael.

87.87.47.

337

E. J. HOPKINS, 1862.



- J**ESUS, Lord of life and glory,
 Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;
 While our waiting souls adore thee,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
 By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.
- 2 Taught by thine unerring Spirit,
 Boldly we draw nigh to God,
 Only in thy spotless merit,
 Only through thy precious blood:
 By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.
- 3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
 From the hardening power of sin,
 From all malice and unkindness,
 From the pride that lurks within,
 By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.
- 4 When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's power,
 In our times of deep distresses,

- In each dark and trying hour,
 By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.
- 5 When the world around is smiling,
 In the time of wealth and ease,
 Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
 In the day of health and peace,
 By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.
- 6 In the weary hours of sickness,
 In the times of grief and pain,
 When we feel our mortal weakness,
 When the creature's help is vain,
 By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.
- 7 In the solemn hour of dying,
 In the awful judgment day,
 May our souls, on thee relying,
 Find thee still our rock and stay:
 By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.

1839. J. J. Cummins.

Salve Caput.

338

76.76. D.

T. L. CLEMENS, 1904.



I NEED thee, precious Jesus !

For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, precious Jesus !

For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store ;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,—
To be my strength and stay.

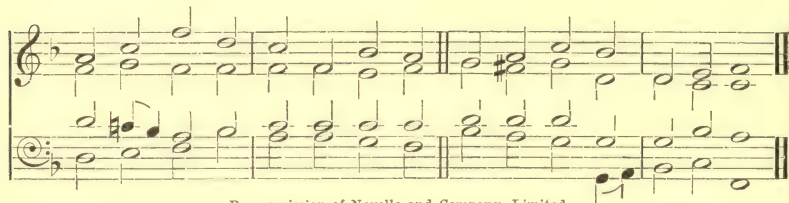
3 I need thee, precious Jesus !

I need a friend like thee ;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me ;
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.

4 I need thee, precious Jesus !

I need thee day by day,
To fill me with thy fulness,
To lead me on my way ;
I need the light of Jesus
To tread the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory
Where I shall see my God.

1855. *F. Whitfield.*



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WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials or temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

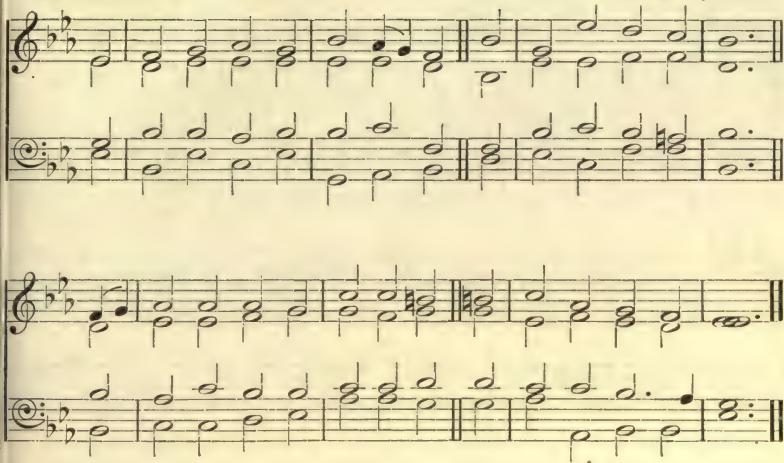
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

Horsley.

340

G.M.

W. HORSLEY, 1844.



THOUGH lowly here our lot may be
 High work have we to do ;
 In faith and trust to follow him
 Whose lot was lowly too.

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
 Strong in a Father's love,
 Leaning on his almighty arm,
 And fixed our hopes above.

3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
 And loving deeds may be,—
 A stream that still the nobler grows
 The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
 However tried and pressed,
 In God's clear sight high work we do,
 If we but do our best.

5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
 With rays of glory bright :
 Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
 Into a crown of light.

1857. W. Gaskell.

Gobaith.

341

87.87. D.

R. DAVIES, 1868.



COURAGE, brother ! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night ;
 There's a star to guide the humble :
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'
 Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely ; strong or weary,
 Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Perish policy and cunning,
 Perish all that fears the light !
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 Trust in God, and do the right.
 Trust no party, sect, or faction ;
 Trust no leaders in the fight ;
 But in every word and action
 Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
 Fiends may look like angels bright ;
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion :
 Trust in God, and do the right.
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;
 Cease from man, and look above thee :
 Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
 Inward peace, and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,—
 Trust in God, and do the right.
 Courage, brother ! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night ;
 There's a star to guide the humble :
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'

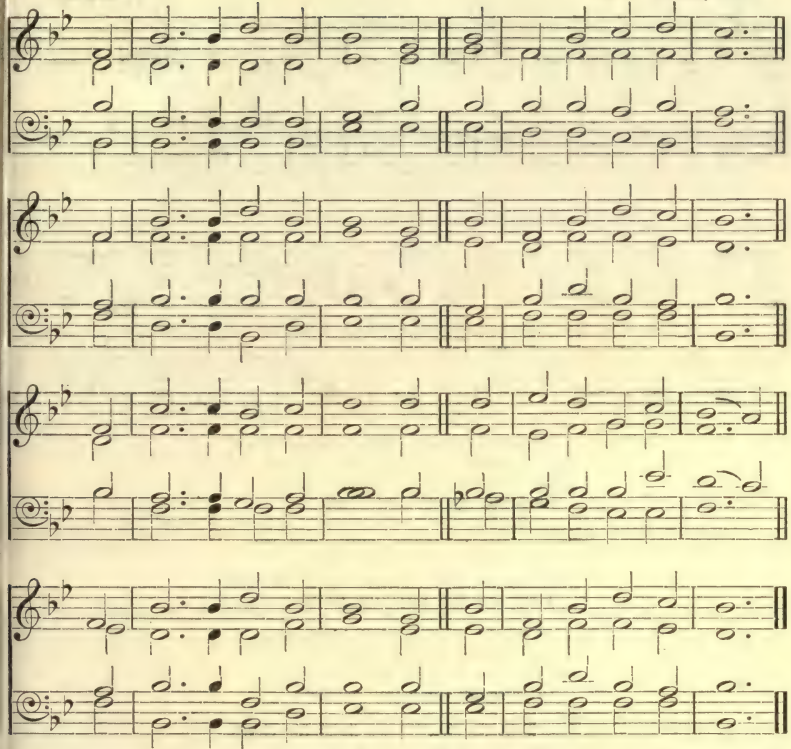
1857. *N. Macleod.*

Morning Light.

342

G. J. WEBB, 1837.

76.76. D.



STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !

Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high his royal banner ;
It must not suffer loss.

From victory to victory,
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !

The trumpet-call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day !

Ye that are men, now serve him
Against unnumbered foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !

Stand in his strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you ;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer ;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !

The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

1858. G. Duffield.

Abbey.

343

C.M.

J. TURLE, 1862.



O GOD of truth, whose living Word
 Upholds whate'er hath breath,
 Look down on thy creation, Lord,
 Enslaved by sin and death.

2 Set up thy standard, Lord, that we,
 Who claim a heavenly birth,
 May march with thee to smite the lies
 That vex thy groaning earth.

3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
 And follow in the might
 Of him the faithful and the true,
 In raiment clean and white?

4 We fight for truth? we fight for God?
 Poor slaves of lies and sin!
 He who would fight for thee on earth
 Must first be true within.

5 Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
 Thou who wilt bear our prayer,
 Do thine own battle in our hearts,
 And slay the falsehood there.

6 Still smite! still burn! till nought is left
 But God's own truth and love;
 Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
 Rest on us from above.

7 Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
 From every lie set free,
 Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us
 And we shall live in thee.

1859. T. Hughes.

Lancashire.

76.76. D.

344

H. SMART, 1867 (comp. c. 1836).



GO forward, Christian soldier !
Beneath his banner true :
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials ;
He knows thine hourly need ;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier !
Fear not the secret foe ;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know :
Trust only Christ, thy Captain ;
Cease not to watch and pray ;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier !
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed ;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier !
Fear not the gathering night :
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past :
O pray that faith and patience
May keep thee to the last !

1861. L. Tuttieltt.

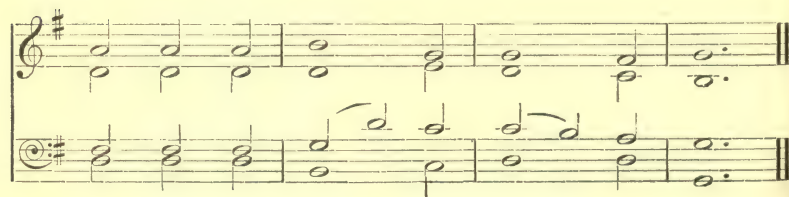
N*

Pentecost.

345

W. BOYD, 1868.

L.M.



1.

FIGHT the good fight
With all thy might ;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2.

Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face ;
Life with its path before us lies ;
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize

3.

Cast care aside ;
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide,—
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4.

Faint not, nor fear ;
His arm is near ;
He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

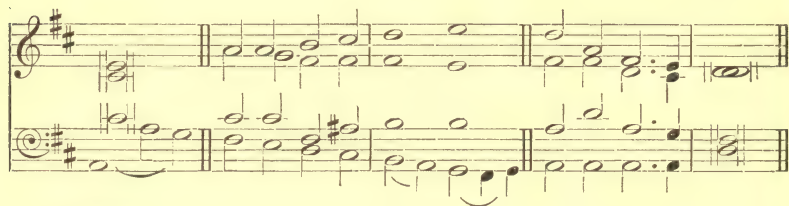
1863. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

Ercelsior.

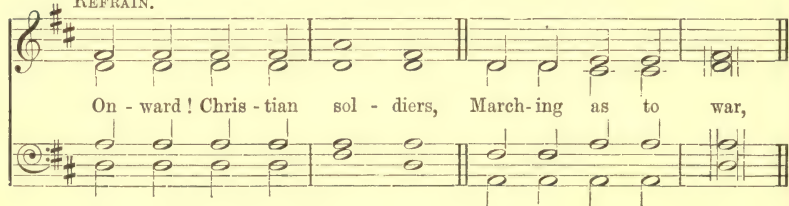
65.65. 18 lines.

346

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



REFRAIN.



On - ward ! Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - - sus Go - ing on be - fore, . . .

With the cross of Je - - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

[May also be sung to *St. Gertrude*, No. 347.]

- O**NWARD! Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the Royal Master,
 Leads against the foe ;
 Forward into battle,
 See ! His banners go.
- 2 At the sign of triumph
 Satan's legions flee ;
 On then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory !
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise ;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
- 3 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod.

- We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people !
 Join our happy throng ;
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song,
 'Glory, laud, and honour
 Unto Christ the King !'
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

1865. *S. Baring-Gould.*

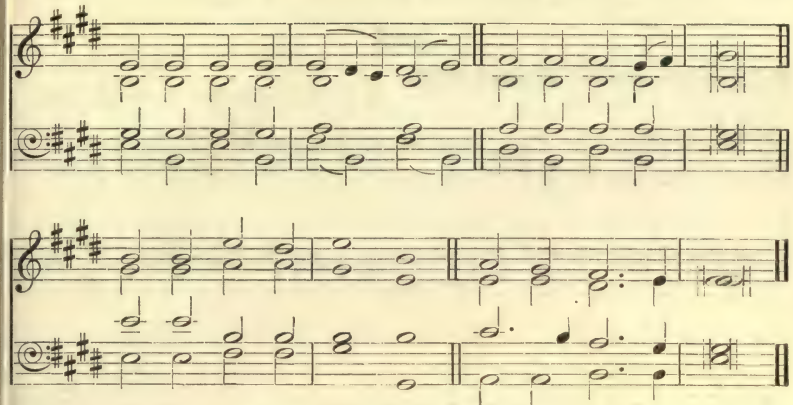
St. Gertrude.

347

65.65. 12 lines.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1871.





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FORWARD !' be our watchword
 Steps and voices joined ;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind ;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head ;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By our Captain led ?
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight ;
 Jordan flows before us,
 Zion beams with light.

2 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love him
 One day to be shared ;
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard,
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word.
 Forward, marching forward,
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth ;
 That fair home is ours :
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold,
 Flows the gladdening river,
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward, thither,
 In the Spirit's might ;
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light !

4 To the Father's glory
 Loudest anthems raise,
 To the Son and Spirit
 Echo songs of praise ;
 To the Lord Jehovah,
 Blessed Three in One,
 Be by men and angels
 Endless honour done.
 Weak are earthly praises,
 Dull the songs of night ;
 Forward into triumph,
 Forward into light !

1871. H. Alford, *ac.*

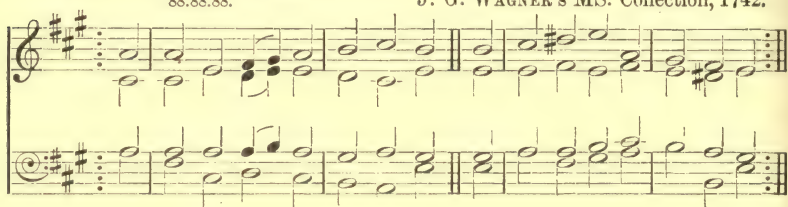
ASPIRATION AND GROWTH IN GRACE.

348

♫ *dass ich tausend Zungen hätte.*

88.88.88.

J. G. WAGNER's MS. Collection, 1742.

*Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke.* 1657. *J. Scheffler.*

1.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all thy works, and thee alone ;
 Thee will I love, my King and God ;
 Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

2.

Ah, why did I so late thee know,
 Thou fairest of the sons of men ?
 Ah, why did I no sooner go
 To thee who canst relieve my pain ?
 Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.

3.

In darkness willingly I strayed,
 I sought thee, yet from thee I roved,
 For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I loved ;
 And now, if more, at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,
 Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 The love that all heaven's host inspires,
 That all my powers with all their might
 In thy sole glory may unite.

5.

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
 Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod ;
 What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

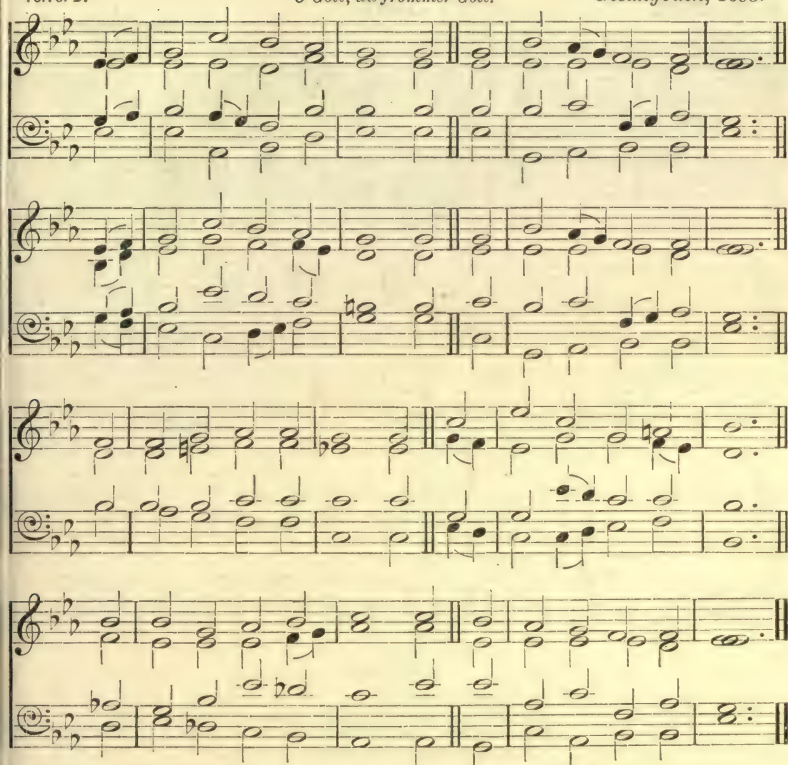
Munich.

76.76. D.

O Gott, du frommer Gott.

Meiningen

Gesangbuch, 1693.



Schatz über alle Schätze. 1672. S. Liscov.

JESUS, my highest treasure,
In thy communion blest
I find unfailing pleasure,
True happiness and rest :
Myself a willing offering
I give to thee alone,
Because by death and suffering
Thou didst for me atone.

2 O joy, all joys excelling,
The Bread of Life thou art,
Thou can'st to make thy dwelling
In my unworthy heart.
My spirit's hungry craving
Thou canst for ever still ;
From deepest anguish saving,
With bliss my cup canst fill.

3 O let my eyes be lightened
By sight of thy dear face ;
My life below be brightened
By tasting of thy grace ;
Without thee, mighty Saviour,
To live is nought but pain ;
To have thy love and favour
Is happiness and gain.

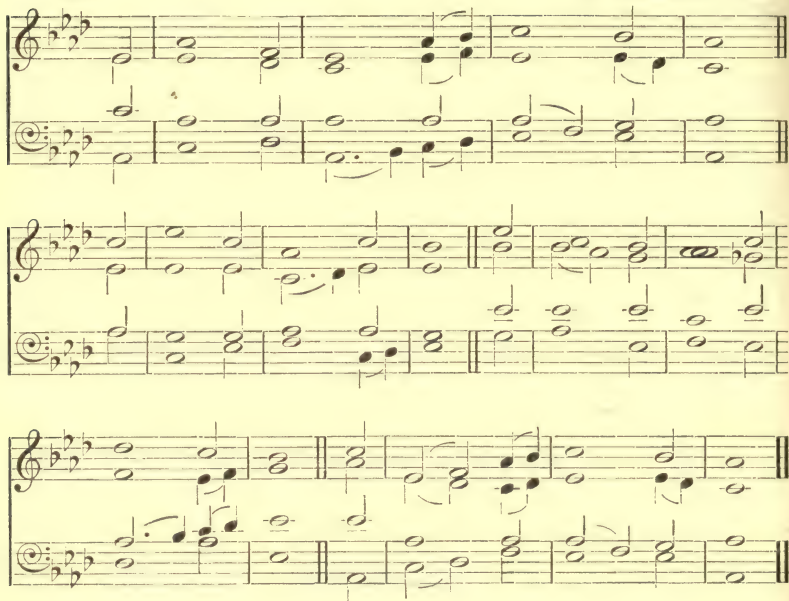
4 Earth's glory to inherit
Is not what I desire ;
To heaven aspires my spirit,
Glowing with nobler fire ;
Where Christ himself appeareth
In brightest majesty,
For me a place prepareth,
There, there I long to be.

Martyrdom.

C.M.

350

H. WILSON, c. 1810.



Psalm xlii.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O God, for thee
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wert nigh,
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

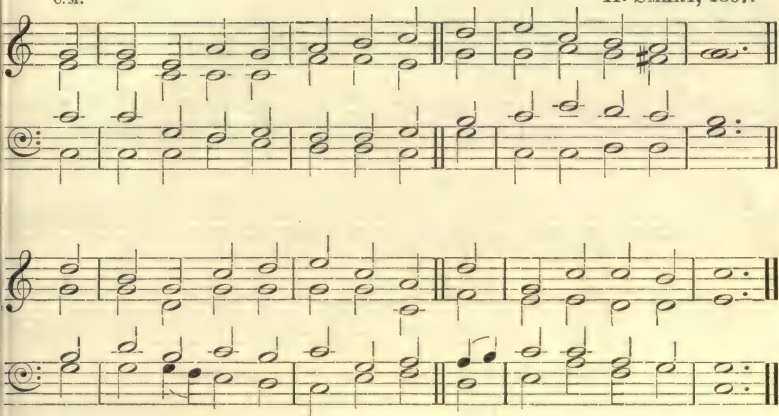
1696. *Tate and Brady, a.*

St. Leonard.

351

C. M.

H. SMART, 1867.



Psalms cxix. (selection).

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still;
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul has gone too far astray
My feet too often slip,
Yet I have not forgot thy way;
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

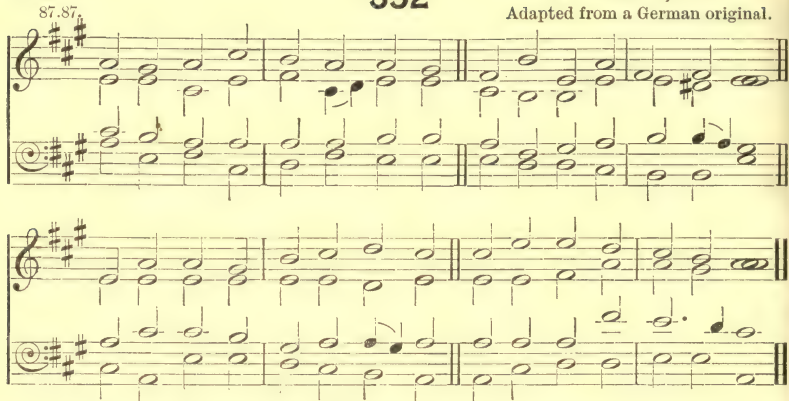
1719. I. Watts.

Dresden.

352

R. REDHEAD, 1853.

Adapted from a German original.



König, dem wir alle dienen. 1732. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

JESUS, by thy Holy Spirit
May we all instructed be;
Sanctify us by the merit
Of thy blest humanity.

2 Grant that we may love thee truly;
Lord, our thoughts and actions sway,
And to every heart more fully
Thy atoning power display.

3 As we pledge ourselves before thee
To a service all thine own,
Lead us so that we be worthy
Of thy cross and of thy crown.

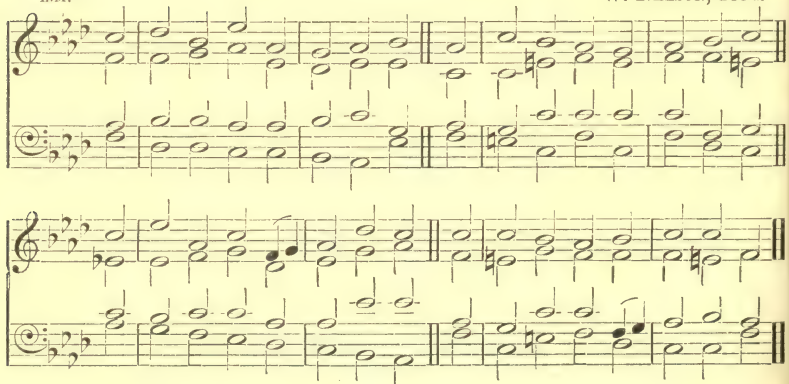
1789. J. Sværtner, a.

Nelson.

353

W. NELSON, 1854.

L.M.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 89.]

ASPIRATION AND GROWTH IN GRACE.

(1-3) *Ach mein verwundter Fürst.* 1738. *N. L. v. Zinzendorf.*

(4) *Nun, erstgeborner Bruder.* 1738. *Anna Nitschmann.*

WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

4 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

1740. *J. Wesley, a*

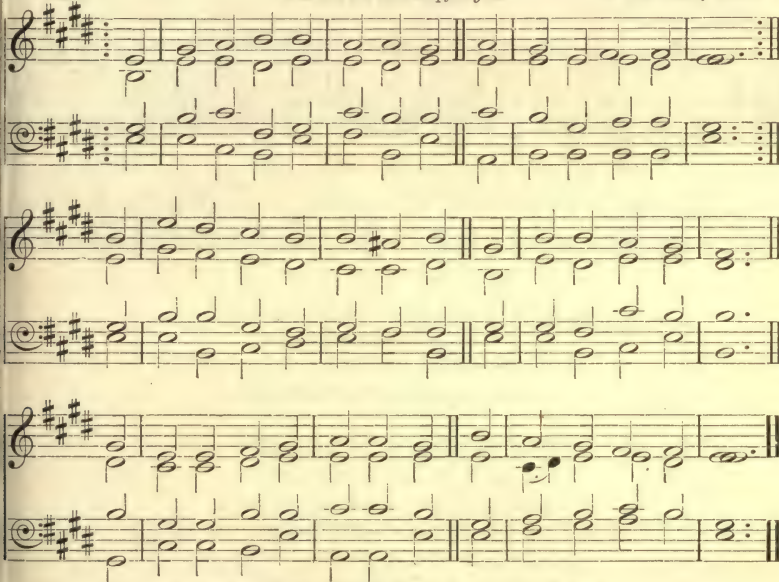
St. Simon.

354

C. M. D.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen.

J. CRÜGER, 1653.



Heilige Einfalt, Gnadenwunder. 1740. *A. G. Spangenberg.*

AHOLY blest simplicity,
God's wondrous gift of grace,
Is deepest wisdom, truest strength
In all the heavenly race;
For freedom comes to fetters still,
Wealth proves but empty air,
All that is fairest turns to ill,
If this be wanting there.

2 Who simply takes what Jesus gives
His purpose to fulfil;
Who in communion with him lives.
And only does his will;

Who Christ so single-hearted loves,
He doth the world forget,
Hath found the rock that never moves,
And there his house hath set.

3 The single eye, like noonday clear,
And all the soul is light;
The double glance of hate and fear
And all within is night.
The single heart once saved by grace
Shall be for all things wise;
Lord grant us thus to see thy face
At last in Paradise.

1746. *J. Gambold; recast 1911.*

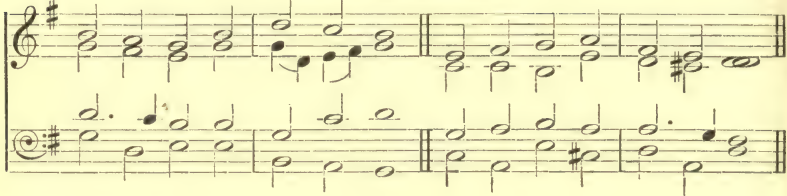
Vienna.

355

77.77.

Ohne Rast und unverweilt.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799.



THEY who know our Lord indeed
Find in him a friend in need,
And behold in Jesus' face
Nought but mercy, truth and grace.

2 They can cast by faith their care
On that Lord who heareth prayer ;
And when they to him draw nigh,
He doth all their wants supply.

3 They who him their Saviour know,
Lowly at his footstool bow ;
They to whom his name is dear,
To offend him greatly fear.

4 O how wondrous is his love
To all who his goodness prove ;
Lord, accept our thanks and praise
For thy mercy, truth and grace.

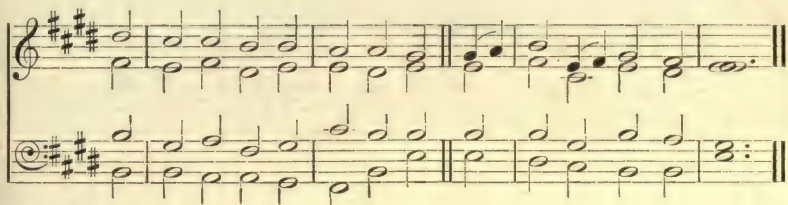
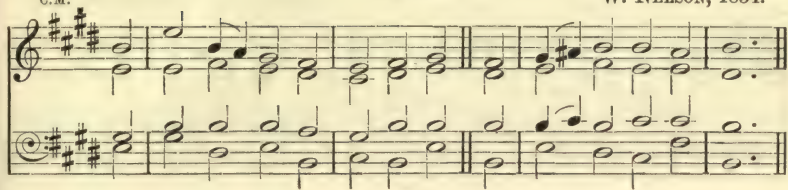
1741. J. Gambold, a.

Cowper.

356

W. NELSON, 1854.

C.M.



O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:—

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

1742. C. Wesley a.

Ich halte treulich still (*First Tune*).

S. M. D.

J. S. BACH (?).

SCHEMELLI'S *Gesangbuch*, 1736.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps, F# and C#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music consists of 12 measures. The first measure has a treble staff with a whole note D4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The second measure has a treble staff with a whole note E4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The third measure has a treble staff with a whole note F#4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The fourth measure has a treble staff with a whole note G4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The fifth measure has a treble staff with a whole note A4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The sixth measure has a treble staff with a whole note B4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The seventh measure has a treble staff with a whole note C#5 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The eighth measure has a treble staff with a whole note B4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The ninth measure has a treble staff with a whole note A4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The tenth measure has a treble staff with a whole note G4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The eleventh measure has a treble staff with a whole note F#4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The twelfth measure has a treble staff with a whole note E4 and a bass staff with a whole note D3. The score ends with a double bar line.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), and a bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music consists of 16 measures, with a repeat sign after the 8th measure. The notes are primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The piece ends with a double bar line.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The score begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody starts on a half note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4. The accompaniment starts with a half note D3, followed by a half note E3, a half note F#3, and a half note G3. The music continues with various intervals and rests, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Thaddo (Second Tune).

S. M. D.

J. TURLE, 1885 (comp. 1876).



JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to maintain
The consecrated cross.

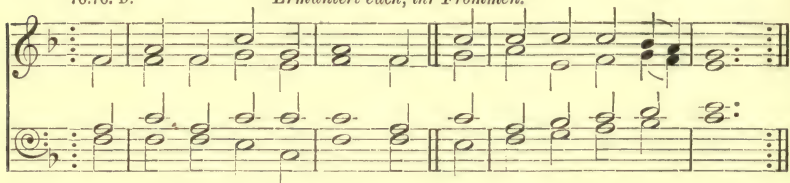
3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

1742. C. Wesley.

Ermuntert euch.

76.76. D.

*Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.**Einige Melodeyen, c. 1710.*

[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 169.]

COME, faithful Shepherd, bind me
 With cords of love to thee,
 And evermore remind me
 That thou hast died for me :
 O may thy Holy Spirit
 Set this before mine eyes,
 That I thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize.

2 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
 Though I am oft to blame ;
 As thy reward, O take me
 Anew, just as I am :
 Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
 While in this vale of tears,
 To look to thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears.

3 Am I of my salvation
 Assured through thy love ;
 May I on each occasion
 To thee more faithful prove :
 Hast thou my sins forgiven,
 Then, leaving things behind,
 May I press on to heaven,
 And bear the prize in mind.

1746. J. Hutton, a.

Hier liegt.

86.86.88.86.

359

Hier liegt vor deiner Majestät.

J. G. SCHICHT, 1819.



German:—(1) 1747. C. R. v. Zinzendorf; (2, 3) 1778. C. Gregor.

THIS the most blest and needful part

To have in Christ a share,
And to commit our way and heart

Unto his faithful care :

This done, our steps are safe and sure,
Our hearts' desires are rendered pure,
And nought can pluck us from his hand,
Which leads us to the end.

2 Nought in this world affords true rest

But Christ's atoning blood ;
This purifies the guilty breast,
And reconciles to God :

Hence flows unfeigned love to him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
And Christ our Saviour doth appear
Daily to us more dear.

3 My lasting joy and comfort here
Is Jesus' death and blood ;

I with this passport can appear
Before the throne of God :

Admitted to the realms of bliss,
I then shall see him as he is,
Where countless pardoned sinners meet,
Adoring at his feet.

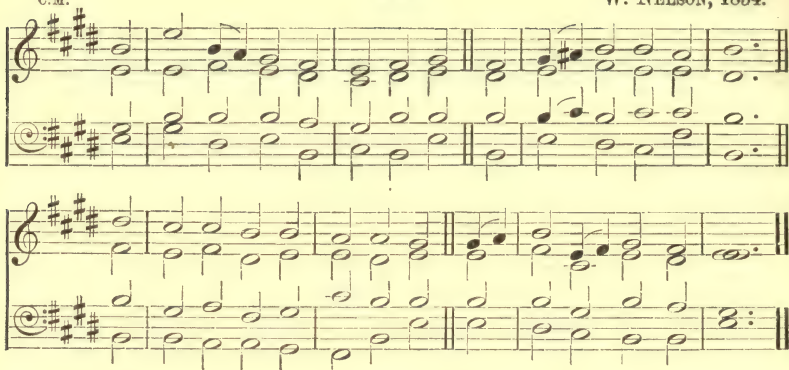
1789. P. H. Molther, a.

Cowper.

C.M.

362

W. NELSON, 1854.



FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still ;
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1772. W. Cowper.

Southwell.

C.M.

363

H. S. IRONS, 1861.



O Jesus Christus, wach in mir. 1780. *J. C. Lavater.*

- O** JESUS Christ, grow thou in me,
And all things else recede ;
My heart be daily nearer thee,
From sin be daily freed.
- 2 Each day let thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace ;
My darkness vanish in thy light,
Thy life my death efface.
- 3 In thy bright beams which on me fall
Fade every evil thought ;
That I am nothing, thou art all,
I would be daily taught.
- 4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be thou my life and aim ;
O make me daily, through thy grace,
More worthy of thy name.
- 5 Daily more filled with thee my heart,
Daily from self more free ;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
Of my prayer hearer be.
- 6 Let faith in thee and in thy might
My every motive move,
Be thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

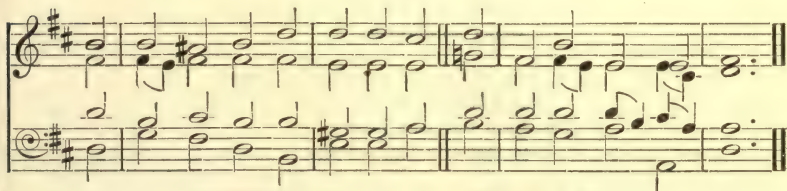
1860. *Elizabeth L. Smith.*

Hamilton.

S.M.

364

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.



BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God :
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

- 2 The Lord, who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,—

- 3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

- 4 Lord, we thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

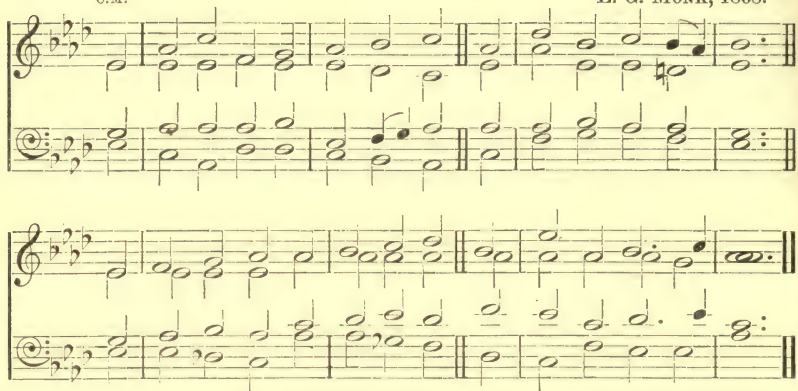
1819. *J. Keble, a.*

When fairest Eve.

C.M.

367

E. G. MONK, 1868.



O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till thou art formed within ;
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

2 O may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light ;

3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see.

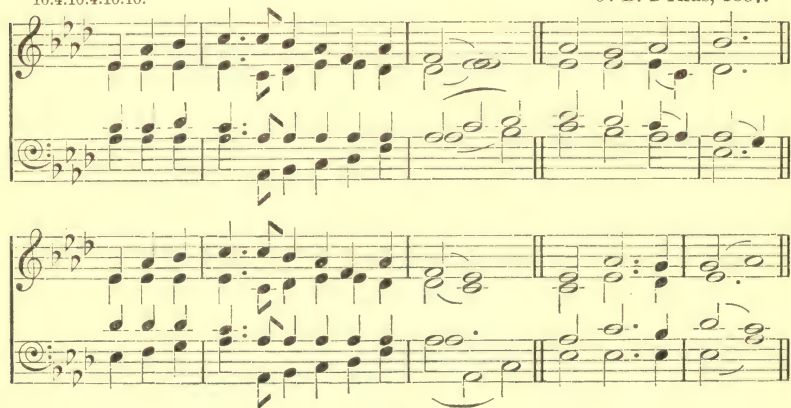
1831. W. H. Bathurst.

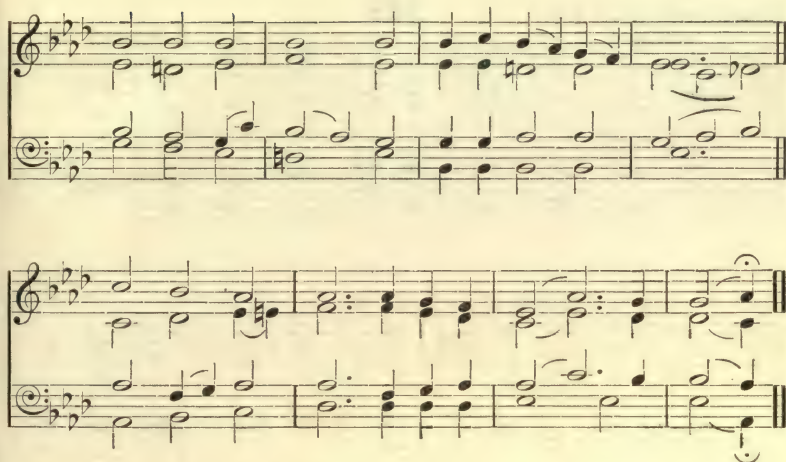
Lux Benigna.

10.4.10.4.10.10.

368

J. B. DYKES, 1867.





LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
 Lead thou me on ;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
 Lead thou me on.
 Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead thou me on ;
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

1833. *J. H. Newman.*

Communion (*First Tune*).

64.64.664.

369

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.

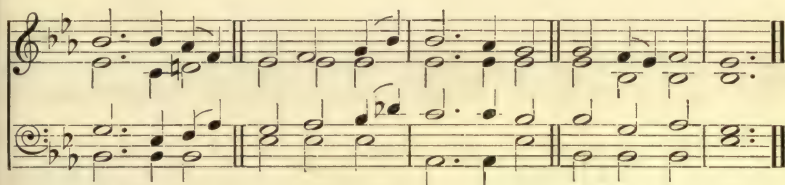
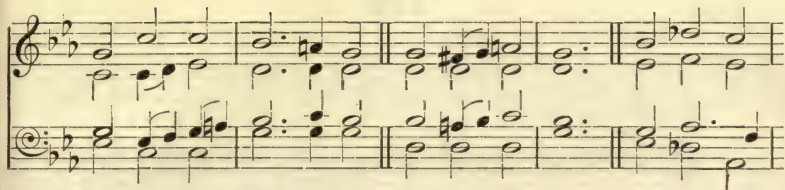


Thorbury (*Second Tune*).

64.64.664.

J. B. DYKES, 1861.





NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !'

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou send'st to me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,—
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !'

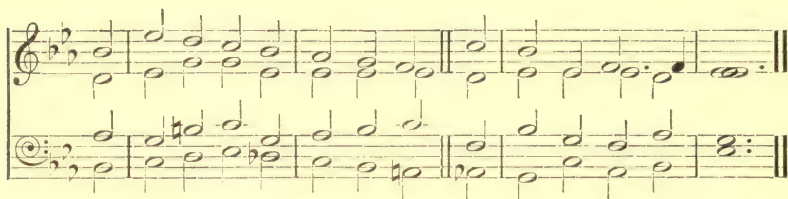
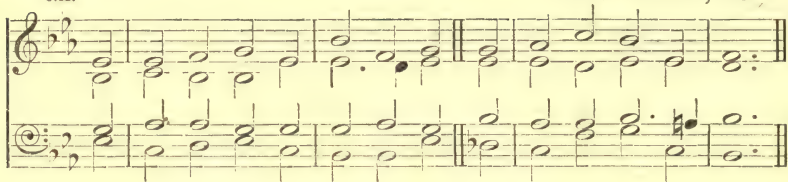
1841. Sarah F. Adams.

St. Hugh.

C.M.

370

E. J. HOPKINS, 1862.



SPIRIT of Faith ! be thou my guide !
 O clasp my hand in thine !
 And never let me quit thy side :—
 Thy comforts are divine.

- 2 Pride scorns thee for thy lowly mien :
 But who like thee can rise
 Above this toilsome, sordid scene,
 Beyond the holy skies ?
- 3 Meek is thine eye, and soft thy voice,
 But wondrous is thy might,
 To make the wretched soul rejoice,
 To give the simple light.
- 4 And still to all who seek thy way
 This mystic power is given,
 E'en while their footsteps press the clay,
 Their souls ascend to heaven.
- 5 Through pain and death I can rejoice,
 If but thy strength be mine ;
 Earth hath no music like thy voice,
 Life owns no joy like thine.
- 6 Spirit of Faith ! I'll go with thee ;
 Thou, if I hold thee fast,
 Wilt guide, defend, and strengthen me,
 And bear me home at last.

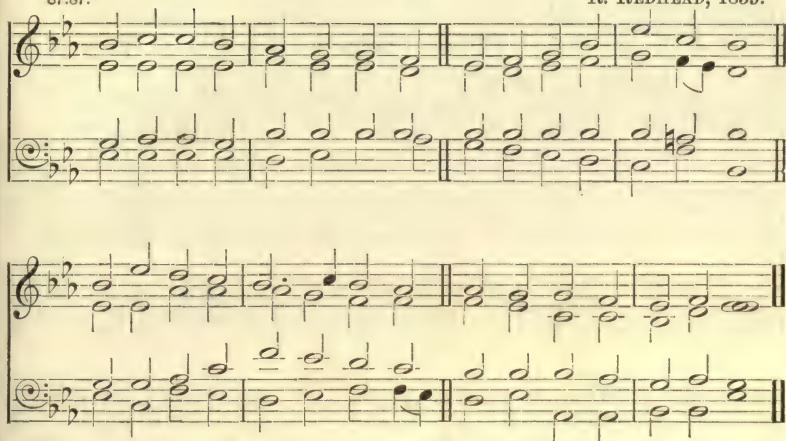
1846. *Anne Brontë.*

St. Nicolas.

371

87.87.

R. REDHEAD, 1859.



FATHER, hear the prayer we offer :
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,
 But for strength, that we may ever
 Live our lives courageously.

- 2 Not for ever in green pastures
 Do we ask our way to be ;
 But by steep and rugged pathways
 Would we strive to climb to thee.
- 3 Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly quiet stay ;
 But would smite the living fountains
 From the rocks along our way.
- 4 Be our Strength in hours of weakness,
 In our wanderings be our Guide ;
 Through endeavour, failure, danger,
 Father, be thou at our side.
- 5 Let our path be bright or dreary,
 Storm or sunshine be our share ;
 May our souls, in hope unwearied,
 Make thy work our ceaseless prayer.

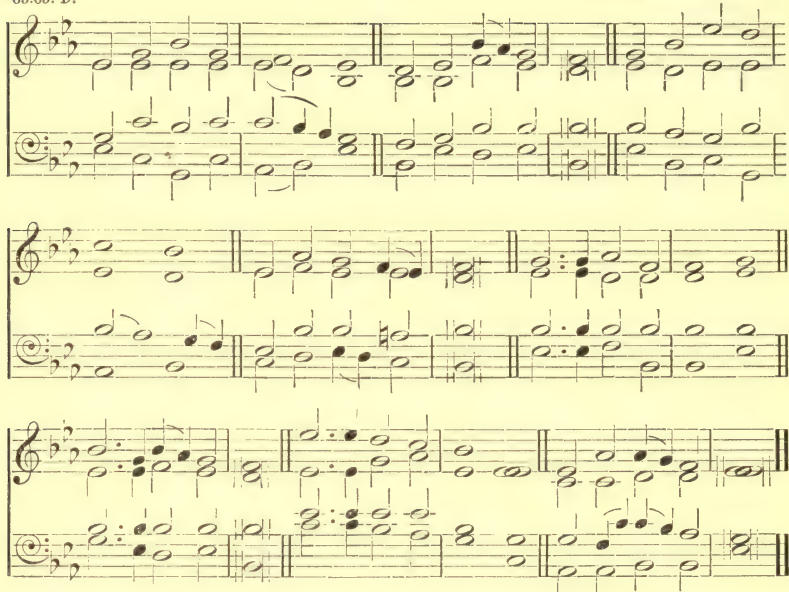
1857. *Love M. Willis. a., S. Longfellow.*

Gilboa.

65.65. D.

372

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



- SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
 Listen while we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King ;
 All we have we offer,
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul, and spirit,
 All we yield to thee.
- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to thee,
 Deep in adoration
 Bending low the knee.
 Thou for our redemption
 Cam'st on earth to die ;
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater
 Are thy mercies here ;
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there,
 Where no pain nor sorrow,
 Toil nor care, is known,
 Where the angel legions
 Circle round thy throne.

- 4 Clearer still and clearer
 Dawns the light from heaven,
 In our sadness bringing
 News of sins forgiven ;
 Life has lost its shadows,
 Pure the light within ;
 Thou hast shed thy radiance
 On a world of sin.
- 5 Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God,
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.
- 6 Higher then and higher
 Bear the ransomed soul,
 Earthly toils forgotten,
 Saviour, to its goal,
 Where, in joys unthought of,
 Saints with angels sing,
 Never weary, raising
 Praises to their King.

1862. G. Thring.

TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

373

M. LUTHER.

WALTHER'S MS. Part Book, 1530.

Ein' feste Burg.

87.87.66.66.7.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

The musical score for 'The Yoke' is presented in two systems. The first system features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The second system features a bass clef and the same key signature. The melody continues in the bass staff, and the accompaniment is in the treble staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The piece begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody starts on D4, moves to E4, then F#4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

[v. 4. The city of God]

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott. 1529. M. Luther.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour ;
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-riden—
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son ;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore ;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit ;
For why ?—his doom is writ ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

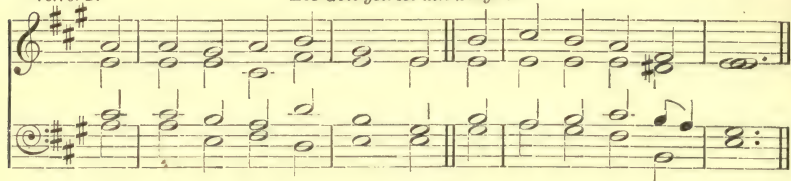
4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course ;
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small ;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

1831. *T. Carlyle.*

Lob Gott.

76. 76. D.

374

Popular Melody, 15th cent. (?)
GERLE'S *Musica Teutsch*, 1532.*Lob Gott getrost mit Singen.**Lob Gott getrost mit Singen.* 1544. J. Roh (Horn).

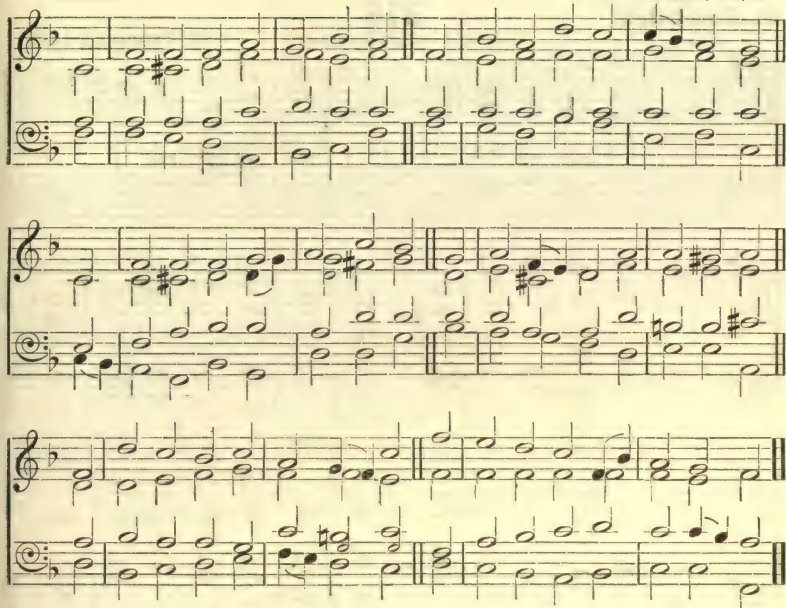
PRAISE God! Praise God with singing,
 Rejoice thou Christian flock!
 Fear not though foes are bringing
 Their hosts against thy rock;
 For though they here assail thee,
 And seek thy very life,
 Let not thy courage fail thee;
 Thy God shall turn the strife.

- 2 O be not thou dismayed,
 Believing little band;
 God, in his might arrayed,
 To help thee is at hand.
 Upon his palms engraven
 Thy name is ever found;
 He knows, who dwells in heaven,
 The ills that thee surround.

- 3 His purpose stands unshaken—
 What he hath said he'll do;
 And, when by all forsaken,
 His Church he will renew.
 With pity he beholds her,
 E'en in her time of woe;
 Still by his word upholds her,
 And makes her thrive and grow.

- 4 To him belong our praises,
 Who still abides our Lord,
 Bestowing gifts and graces,
 According to his word;
 Nor will he e'er forsake us,
 But will our guardian be,
 And ever stable make us,
 In love and unity.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
 Whose mercies never fail or fade,
 Fill me with life that hath no death,
 Fill me with light that hath no shade;
 Appoint the remnant of my days
 To see thy power and sing thy praise.

- 2 Lord God of gods, before whose throne
 Stand storms and fires! O, what shall we
 Return to heaven that is our own,
 When all the world belongs to thee?
 We have no offering to impart
 But praises and a wounded heart.
- 3 What I possess, or what I crave,
 Brings no content, great God, to me,
 If what I would, or what I have,
 Be not possessed and blessed in thee.
 What I enjoy, O make it mine,
 In making me, that have it, thine.
- 4 When winter fortunes cloud the brows
 Of summer friends, when eyes grow strange,
 When plighted faith forgets its vows,
 When earth and all things in it change,
 Thy mercies, Lord, are ever sure,
 Thy love shall evermore endure.

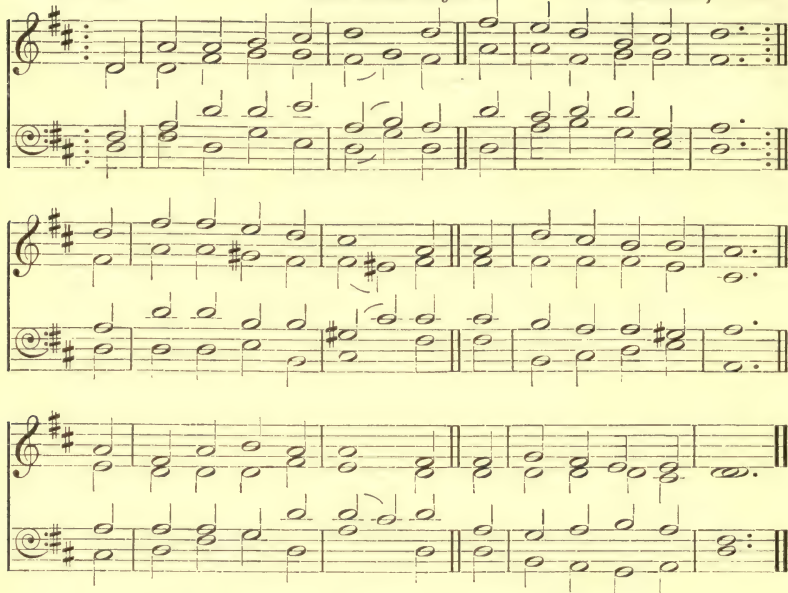
St. Theodulph.

76.76. D.

376

Valet will ich dir geben.

M. TESCHNER, 1615.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 24.]

Ist Gott für mich, so trete. 1656. P. Gerhardt.

- I**S God my strong salvation,
 No enemy I fear ;
 He hears my supplication,
 Dispelling all my care :
 If he, my Head and Master,
 Defend me from above,
 What pain, or what disaster,
 Can part me from his love ?
- 2 I fully am persuaded
 And joyfully declare,
 I'm never left unaided,
 My Father hears my prayer ;
 His comforts never fail me,
 He stands at my right hand ;
 When tempests fierce assail me,
 They're calm at his command.
- 3 The ground of my profession
 Is Jesus and his blood ;
 He giveth me possession
 Of everlasting good.

- To me his Spirit speaketh
 Full many a precious word—
 Of rest to him who seeketh
 A refuge in the Lord.
- 4 Should earth lose its foundation,
 He stands my lasting rock ;
 No temporal desolation
 Shall give my love a shock :
 I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,
 No object, small or great,
 Nor height, nor depth, shall ever
 Me from him separate.
- 5 My merry heart is springing,
 It can no more be sad ;
 With laughter and with singing,
 In God's own sunshine glad ;
 For Christ is now preparing
 His city new and bright,
 Where saints his throne are sharing
 And faith is turned to sight.

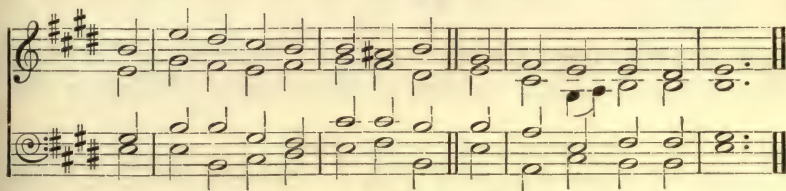
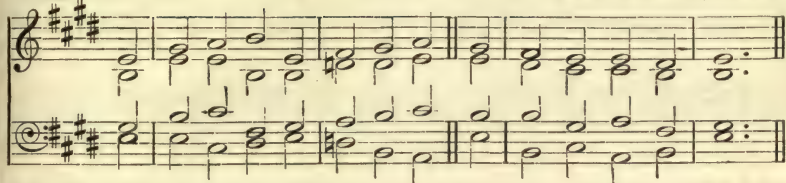
1725. J. C. Jacobi, a.

Dundee.

377

Scottish Psalter, 1615.

C.M.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 191.]

LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live ;
 To love and serve thee is my share,
 And this thy grace must give.

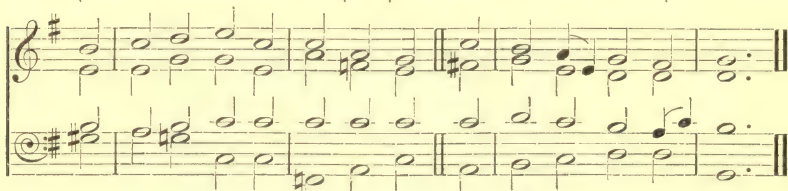
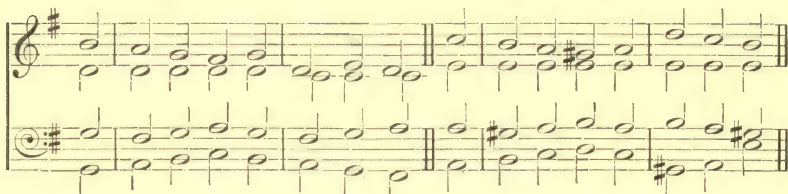
2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than he went through before ;
 And he that to God's kingdom comes
 Must enter by this door.

3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see ;
 For if thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will thy glory be !

4 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
 And weary sinful days,
 And join with the triumphant saints
 That sing Jehovah's praise.

5 My knowledge of that life is small ;
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with him.

1681. *R. Baxter.*



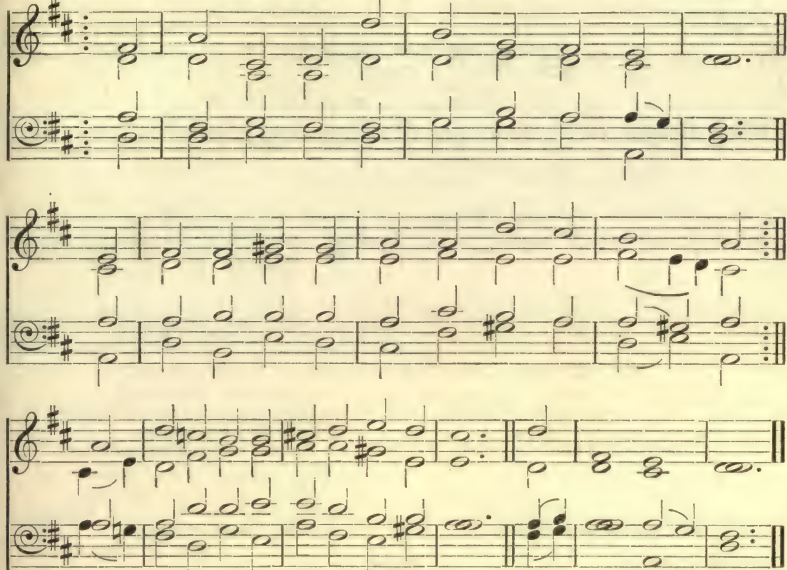
Auf, hinauf zu deiner Freude. 1697. J. K. Schade.

LOOK up, my soul, to Christ thy joy,
With a believing mind ;
With all the ills which thee annoy,
The way to Jesus find :
Here in this world thou hast no home,
Nor lasting joy ; to Jesus come,
He is the pearl of greatest price,
Who all thy wants supplies.

2 Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave,
His faithfulness review,
And every burden with him leave,
Whose love is daily new :
His ways with thee are just and right,
He puts thy enemies to flight ;
However threatening they appear,
Take courage, he is near.

3 Lift up thy heart to him on high
And leave this sordid earth ;
Behold, with a believing eye,
God's excellence and worth :
Devote thy life, thy all, to him,
Who did thy soul from death redeem,
In love to thee the cross endured,
And life for thee procured.

4 Arise, and seek the things above ;
Let heaven be all thy aim,
Where Jesus dwells in bliss and love,
And earth, and sin, disclaim :
The world, and all its empty joy,
His potent breath will once destroy ;
Abiding rest, and peace of mind,
In Christ alone we find.



Er wird es thun, der fromme, treue Gott. 1704. J. D. Herrnschmidt.

OUR God is truth, most faithful is his word,
 Beyond thy strength he'll suffer no temptation;
 In all thy need he'll aid to thee afford,
 A Father's love may be thy consolation:
 O hear his voice in such kind accents cheer!
 Why shouldst thou fear?

2 Hope thou in God, on him cast all thy care,
 Thy Father ne'er will leave his child in danger;
 He knows thy case, then why shouldst thou despair?
 To all thy grief thy Saviour is no stranger:
 He hears thy sigh, to him tell thy complaint,
 Why shouldst thou faint?

3 'Tis thus we follow Christ; who him receive
 Through tribulation must God's kingdom enter;
 Art thou his child, and dost thou now believe—
 Thou, too, must bear thy cross, on trials venture:
 Christ's suffering shares the true-born child of God
 On life's rough road.

4 Thy Saviour's feet have trod the thorny way,
 The cross lay o'er his path to heavenly gladness;
 'Twas sorrow first, then joy; 'twas night, then day;
 Remember him, thy Lord, amid thy sadness;
 Endure thy cross, with patience run thy race—
 Thy strength, his grace.

1869. B. Harvey.



Gott will's machen, dass die Sachen. 1704. J. D. Herrschmidt.

STORMS of trouble may assail us,
Yea life's vessel overwhelm;
Yet no danger need appal us,
If our Saviour hold the helm.

2 If with willing resignation,
Undismayed we onward press,
Come what may, his consolation
Will uphold us in distress.

3 God is mighty to deliver;
None his power can withstand;
In all trials whatsoever
He will be our gracious friend.
4 When his hour strikes for relieving,
Help breaks forth amazingly,
And, to shame our anxious grieving,
Often unexpectedly.

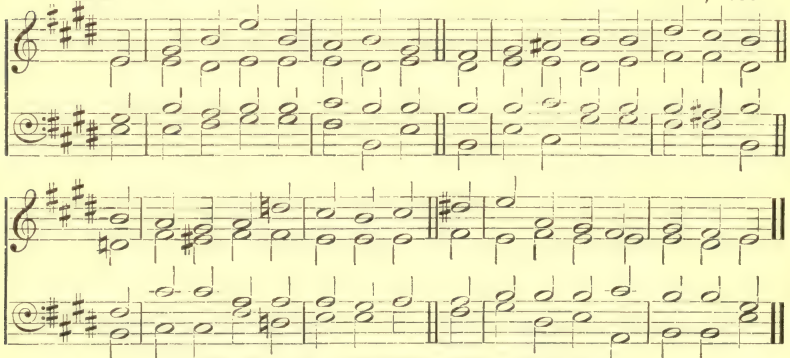
1789. J. Sværtner, a.

Trinity College.

381

L.M.

J. B. DYKES, 1866.



Liebwirter, süsser Gottes Wille. 1729. G. Tersteegen.

THOU sweet beloved Will of God,
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode
In thee I hide me and am still.

2 O Will, that willest good alone,
Lead thou the way, thou guidest best;
A little child, I follow on,
And trusting, lean upon thy breast.

3 Thy beautiful sweet Will, my God,
Holds fast in its sublime embrace
My captive will, a glad some bird,
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

4 Within this place of certain good
Love evermore expands her wings,
Or nestling in thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.

5 O lightest burden, sweetest yoke !
It lifts, it bears my happy soul,
It giveth wings to this poor heart ;
My freedom is thy grand control.

7 Thy wonderful grand Will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine ;
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes !
To every dear command of thine.

6 Upon God's Will I lay me down,
As child upon its mother's breast ;
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such deep rest.

1858. *Emma F. Bevan.*

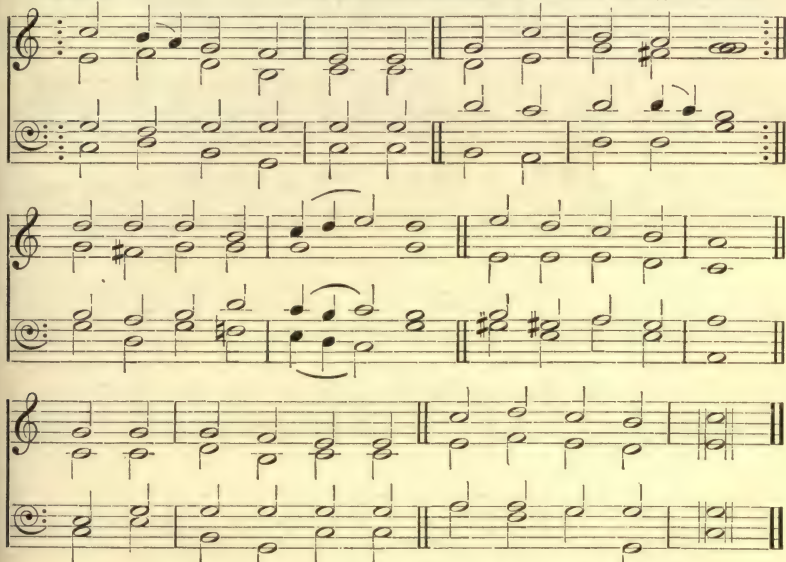
Berthelsdorf.

382 AND 383

Herrnhut

65.65. D.

Das ist unbeschreiblich. Choralbuch (MS.), 1735 - 45.



Ihr sel'gen Schaaren, die zu dem. 1737. *N. L. v. Zinzendorf.*

WHILE the pilgrim travels
On this earthly ground,
Watchful guardian angels
Compass him around :

Like Elisha's servant,
He in faith espies
Hos with fiery horses,
Flaming chariots rise.

1748. *M.* ; recast 1808. *M.*

383

Das ist unbeschreiblich. 1738. *N. L. v. Zinzendorf.*

JESUS' love unbounded
None can e'er explain,
Yet we his disciples
Often cause him pain ;
Even they forget him
Who have seen his face,
Even they still grieve him
Who enjoy his grace.
2 While we thy past dealings
Gratefully review,
We're assured, thy mercies
Are each morning new ;

Pardon our transgressions,
Hear our earnest cry ;
Us in soul and body
Heal and sanctify.
3 All our days, O Jesus,
Hallow unto thee ;
May our conversation
To thy honour be ;
Let us all experience,
To the end of days,
Thy abiding presence
'Midst thy chosen race.

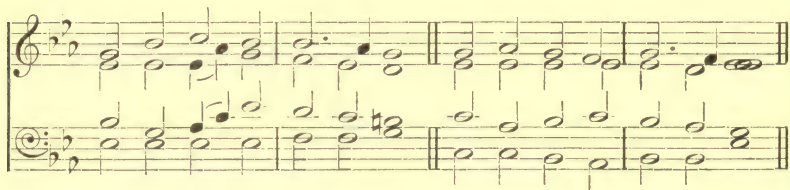
1746. *M.* ; recast 1789. *M.*

Hollingside (*First Tune*).

384

77.77. D.

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

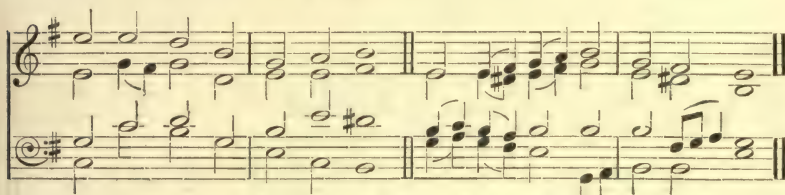
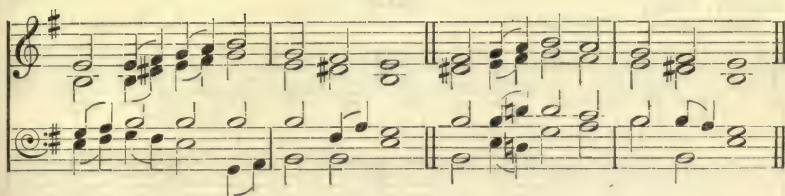


Aberystwyth (*Second Tune*).

77.77. D.

J. PARRY, 1879.





By permission of Messrs. Hughes and Son, Wrexham.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

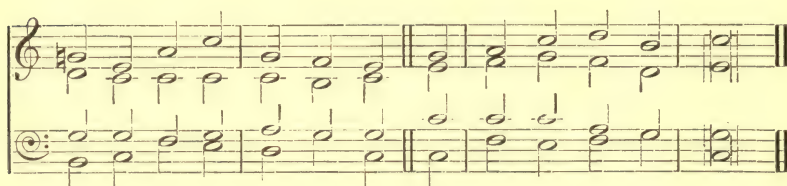
1740. C. Wesley.

Sinner, bear.

76.76.77.76.

385

C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.



Psalm cxxi.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills ;
Thence I draw divine supplies,
My soul new vigour fills :
Faithful is his promised word,
Help, while yet I ask, is given ;
Given by him, the sovereign Lord,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Not the powers of earth or hell
Thy Guardian can surprise ;
Careless slumber cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes :
He is Israel's sure defence ;
Israel all his care shall prove ;
Kept by watchful Providence
And ever-waking love.

3 Faithful soul, ne'er cease to pray,
And still in God confide,
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide ;
Safe from known or secret foes,
Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
Though flesh, earth and hell oppose,
He'll keep thee safe from all.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near !
Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear ;
Shadows with his wings thy head ;
Guards from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

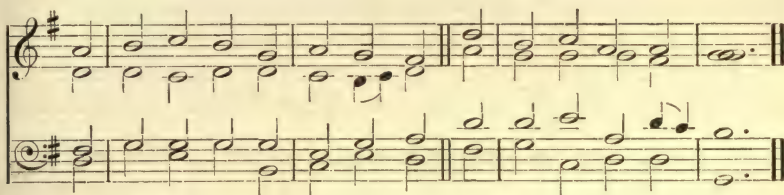
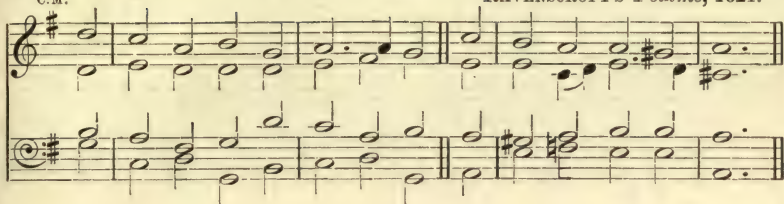
1743. C. Wesley, a.

Bristol.

386

RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalms*, 1621.

C. M.



HOW happy we, when guilt is gone ;
 This alters our whole frame ;
 The same occasions still come on,
 But we are not the same.

2 The load which caused us anxious care,
 No more can weigh us down ;
 For Christ the burden helps to bear,
 We bear it not alone.

3 If called to meet fatigue and toil,
 Our hearts may be at ease ;
 For if our Saviour on us smile,
 In trouble we have peace.

4 Have we through dangerous paths to rove,
 The shades of death to pass ;
 Our shield eternal is his love,
 Our light his glorious face.

1741. *J. Gambold, a.*



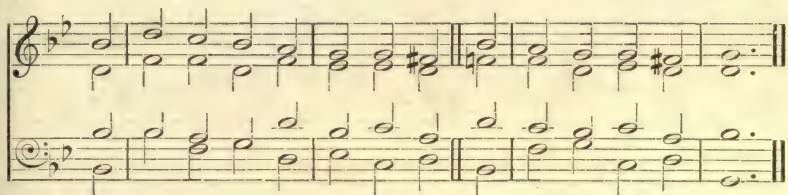
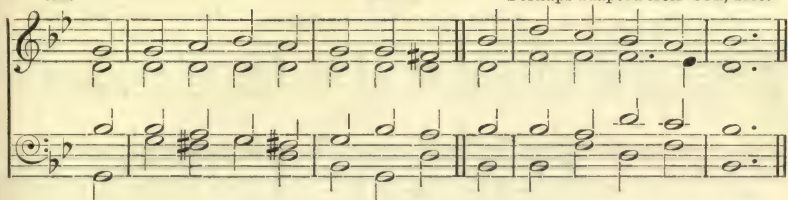
THAT I am thine, my Lord and God,
Ransomed and sprinkled with thy
Repeat that word once more, [blood,
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery nor spite
To shake me ever may have power.

- 2 Dear Lord, in daily following thee,
Not in the dark, uncertainly,
This foot obedient moves :
'Tis with a Brother and a King,
Who many to his yoke will bring,
Who ever lives and ever loves.

- 3 O thou my Way, my Truth, my Life,
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and strife
Drop off like autumn leaves ;
Henceforth, as privileged by thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul, which to thy sceptre cleaves.

- 4 Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of thine,
And human thoughts forget :
Child-like attend what thou wilt say,
Go forth and do it, while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my safe retreat.

- 5 At all times to my spirit bear
An inward witness, strong and clear,
Of thy redeeming power ;
This will instruct thy child aright,
And be to me a guiding light
To meet the need of every hour.



[May also be sung to *Farrant*, No. 322.]

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend ;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

3 I know the power in which I trust,
The arm on which I lean,
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

4 My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet ;

5 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

6 Therefore, in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore,
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

Wachet auf.

898.898.66.4.448.

389

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

P. NICOLAI (?).

Freudenspiegel, 1599.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 684.]

Sei du mir nur immer freundlich. 1767. C. Gregor.

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,
 When any trial us assaileth,
 Or when we're needlessly distressed;
 Jesus show, on each occasion,
 That thou our strength art and salvation,
 Our shield, our hiding-place, and rest:
 O may we constantly
 Look up by faith to thee,
 Gracious Saviour;
 And daily prove
 That thou art love,
 Till we shall be with thee above.

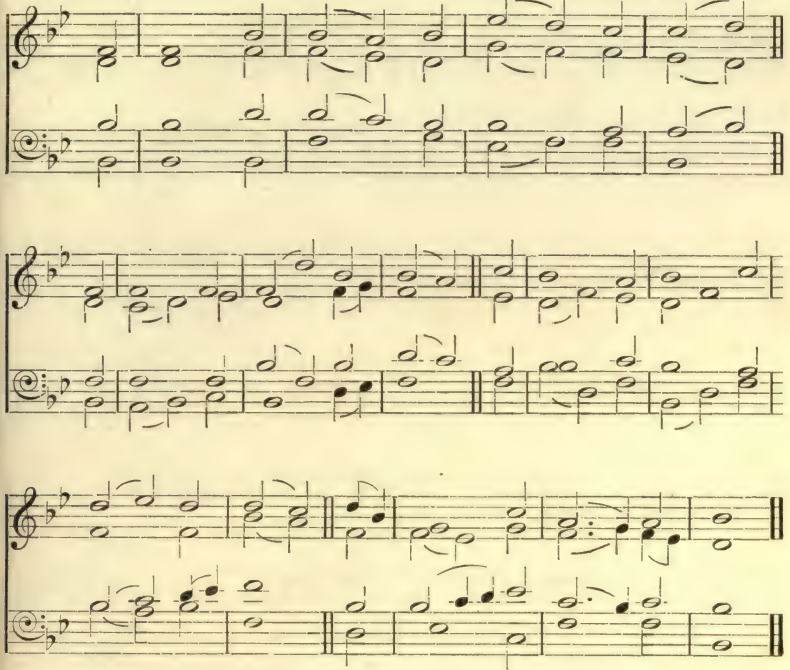
1789. *M.*

Wiltshire.

C.M.

390

G. T. SMART, c. 1795.



GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

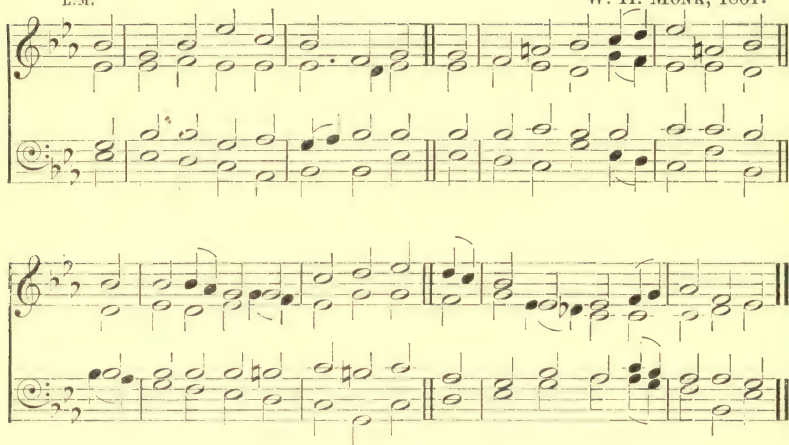
1774. W. Cowper.

St. Bernard.

391

L.M.

W. H. MONK, 1861.



BE still, my heart, these anxious care
 To thee are burdens, thorns and snares;
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
 And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
 Why wilt thou now give place to care?
 How canst thou want, if he provide,
 Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat
 Thou didst thy all to him commit,
 He gave thee warrant from that hour
 To trust his wisdom, love and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise passed,
 That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He who has helped me hitherto,
 Will help me all my journey through,
 And give me daily cause to raise
 New Ebenezers to his praise.

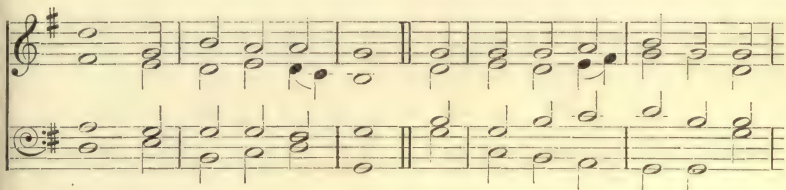
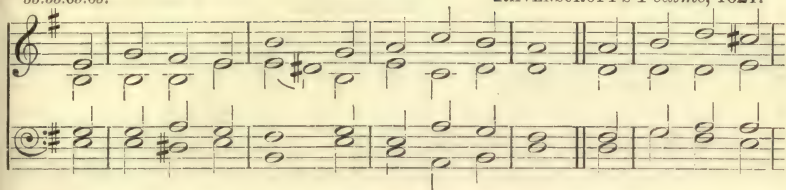
6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
 It leads me home apace to God;
 I count my present trials small,
 For heaven will make amends for all.

1779. J. Newton, a.

OLD 104th.

55.55.65.65.

392

RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalms*, 1621.

BE GONE, unbelief ;
 My Saviour is near,
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear :
 By prayer let me wrestle,
 And he will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my Guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide ;
 Though cisterns be broken
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he hath spoken
 Shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink ;

Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ?
 He told me no less :
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation
 Must follow their Lord.

5 Since all that I meet
 Shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The med'cine is food ;
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long ;
 And then, O how pleasant,
 The conqueror's song !

1779. *J. Newton.*

Wessnitzer.

76.76.77.76.

393

Jesu, meines Lebens Leben.

W. WESSNITZER, 1661.

[May also be sung to *Sinner, hear*, No. 385.]

- I**F to Jesus for relief
 My soul hath fled by prayer,
 Why should I give way to grief,
 Or heart-consuming care?
 Are not all things in his hand?
 Has he not his promise passed?
 Will he then regardless stand,
 And let me sink at last?
- 2 While I know his providence
 Disposes each event,
 Shall I judge by feeble sense,
 And yield to discontent?
 If he worms and sparrows feed,
 Clothe the grass in rich array,
 Can he see a child in need,
 And turn his eye away?

- 3 If he all my wants supplied,
 When I disdained to pray;
 Now his Spirit is my guide,
 How can he say me nay?
 If he would not give me up,
 When my soul against him fought,
 Will he disappoint the hope,
 Which he himself has wrought?
- 4 If he shed his precious blood,
 To bring me to his fold;
 Can I think that meaner good
 He ever will withhold?
 Vain is Satan's each device,
 Here my hope rests well assured,
 In that great redemption-price
 I see the whole secured.

1779. *J. Newton.*

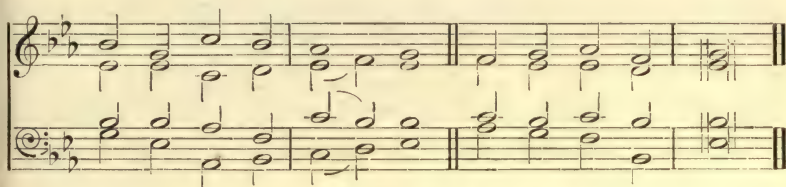
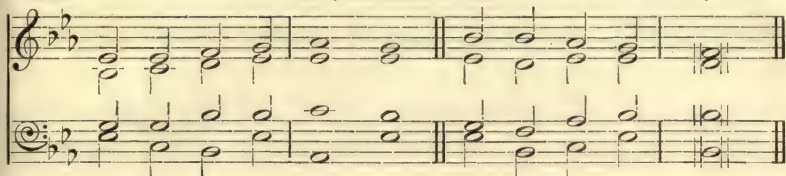
Clewer.

394

Derived from
F. FILITZ, 1847.

65.65.

Herr, nun lass in Friede.



Wem in Leidenstagen. 1826. H. S. Oswald.

O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee ;
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 If in grief thou languish,
He will dry the tear
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

5 All thy woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know,

6 When thy gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with his favour,
Fills thee with his love.

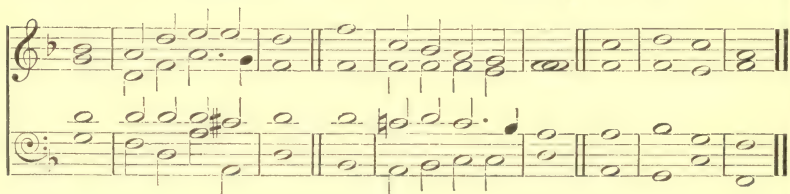
1841. *Frances E. Cox.*

St. Austin (*First Tune*).

664.6664.

395

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1860.

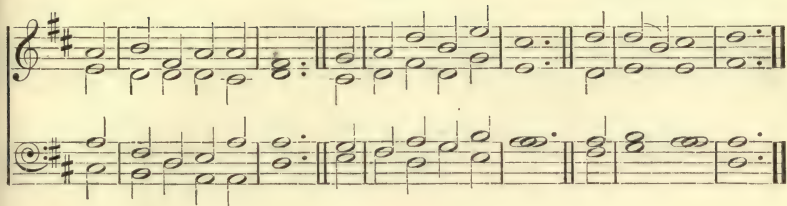


Palmer (*Second Tune*).

664.6664.

C. STEGGALL, 1868.





MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away;
 O may I from this day
 Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee
 Pure, warm and changeless be,
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul!

1830. *Ray Palmer.*

Chichester New.

C.M.

396

Anon.

Harmonized by S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe ;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe ;—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod ;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God ;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;—

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

1831. W. H. Bathurst.

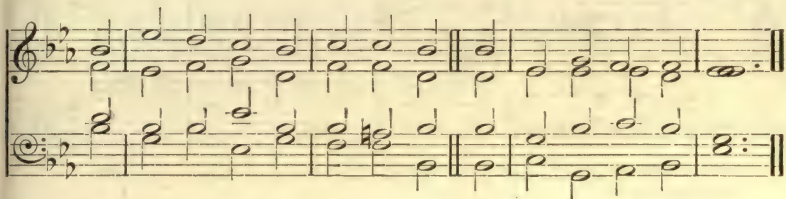
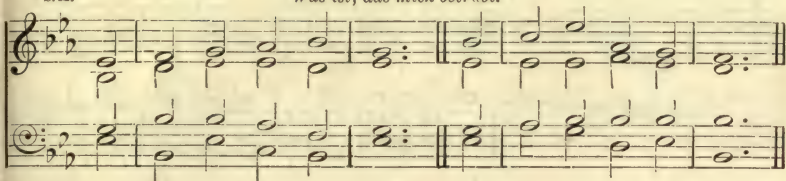
397 J. B. KÖNIG'S *Liederschatz*, 1738.

Adapted by W. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.

Franconia.

S. M.

Was ist, das mich betrübt.



Psalm xxi.

MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest ;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

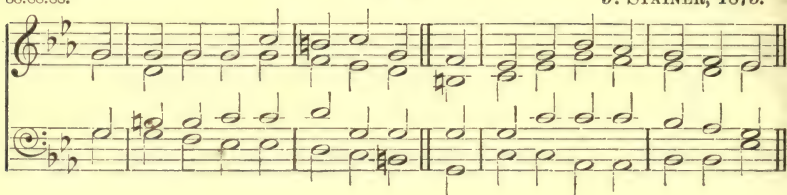
1834. H. F. Lyte.

Credo.

88.88.88.

398

J. STAINER, 1875.

*A little slower.*

WE saw thee not when thou did'st come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

2 We did not see thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive, they know not what they do!'
Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met thee on the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

4 We did not mark the chosen few, [ascend,
When thou didst through the clouds
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that thou dost reign on high,
And thence thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

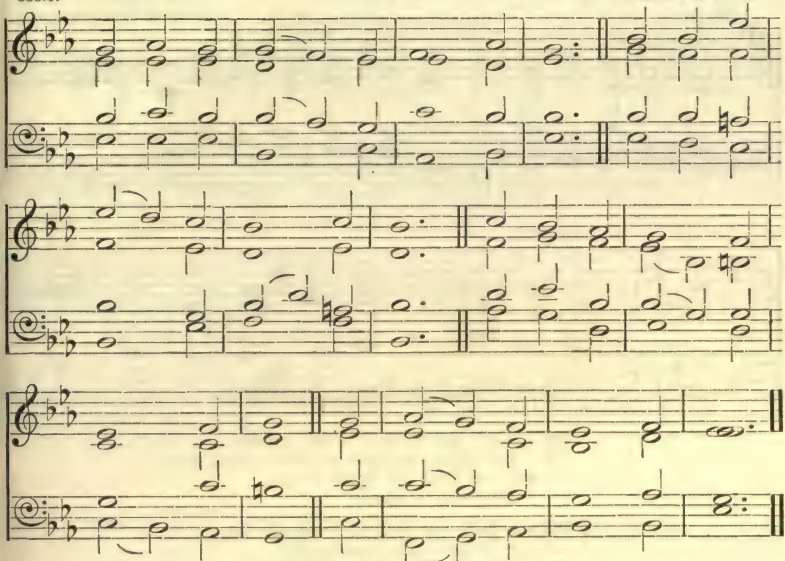
1834. *Anne Richter*; recast 1851. *J. H. Gurney*.

Trust.

888.6.

399

G. W. TORRANCE, 1864.



Copyright of W. Garrett Horder.

- O** HOLY Saviour, friend unseen!
 Since on thine arm thou bidst us lean,
 Help us, throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to thee.
- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what thou wilt, we'll not repine;
 E'en as the branches to the vine,
 Our souls would cling to thee.
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove?
 With patient uncomplaining love
 Still would we cling to thee!
- 4 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
 We ask not, need not, aught beside:
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to thee!
- 5 We fear not life's rough storms to brave,
 Since thou art near, and strong to save;
 Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
 Because we cling to thee!
- 6 Blest be our lot, whate'er befall;
 Who can disturb, or who appal,
 While as our Strength, our Rock, our All,
 Saviour, we cling to thee?

1834. *Charlotte Elliott, a.*

Wimbledon.

888.4.

400

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.
(Original in triple time.)

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.

4 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
Thy will be done.

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

1834. *Charlotte Elliott.*

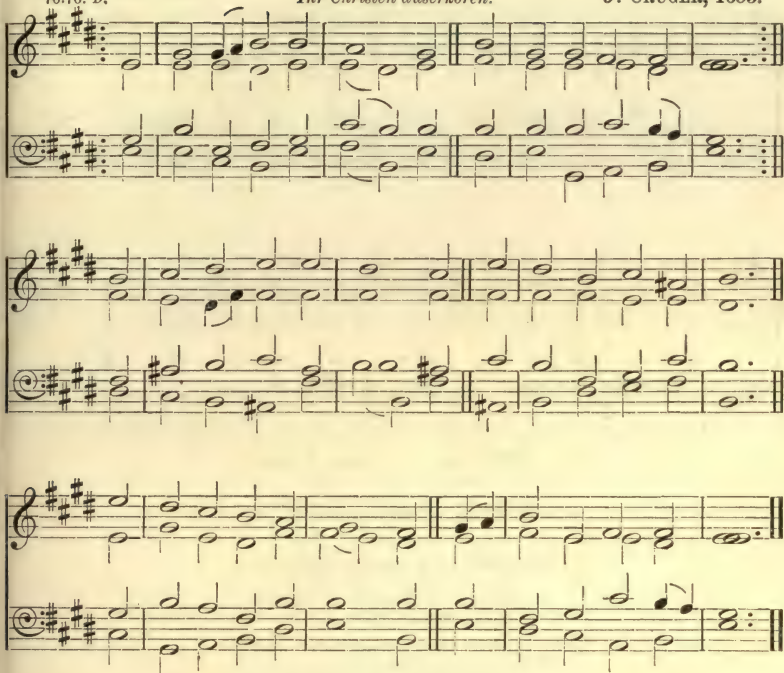
Ihr Christen.

401

76.76. D.

Ihr Christen auserkoren.

J. CRÜGER, 1653.

[May also be sung to *Aurelia*, No. 464.]

O LAMB of God, still keep me
Close to thy pierced side ;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What lusts and fears within !
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding
I feel myself secure ;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe ;
Thy love my heart sustaineth,
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee
With rapture face to face ;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace ;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

1842. J. G. Deck.

Quam dilecta.

66.66. Iambic.

402

H. L. JENNER, 1861.



THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be ;
 Lead me by thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best ;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot,
 I would not, if I might ;
 Choose thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
 Is thine ; so let the way
 That leads to it be thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

5 Take thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to thee may seem ;
 Choose thou my good and ill.

6 Not mine—not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom and my All.

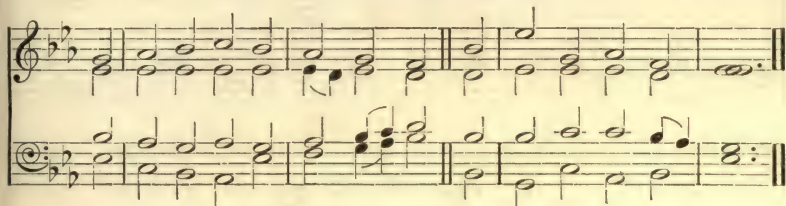
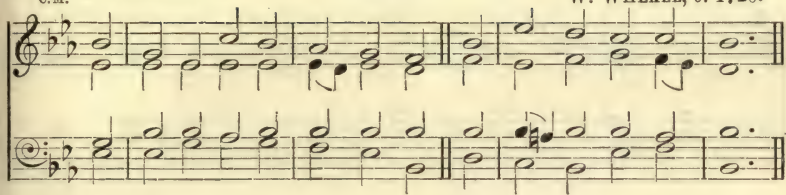
1857. II. Bonar.

Bedford.

403

C. M.

W. WHEALL, c. 1720.



THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
 To bring in prayer to thee;
 There is no anxious care too slight
 To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
 Wilt share each small distress;
 The love which bore the greater load
 Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
 But meets thine ear divine;
 And every cross grows light beneath
 The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
 The heart would overflow,
 But for that Love which died for sin,
 That Love which wept for woe.

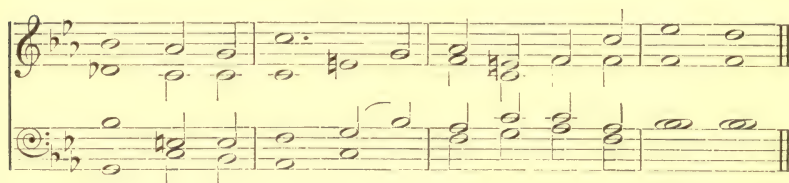
1860. *Jane Crewdson.*

Bill Top.

11.10.11.10. Iambic.

404

E. D. RENDALL, 1903.



Copyright, 1905, by W. Garrett Horder.

THOU knowest, Lord, thou knowest all about me,
 And all the winding way my feet have trod;
 And now thou know'st I cannot go without thee,
 To guide me onward through the swelling flood.

2 Thou know'st my way—how long, how dark, how cheerless,
 If thy dear hand I fail in all to see:
 Bright with thy smile of love, my heart is fearless,
 When in my weakness I can lean on thee.

3 Give me thy presence! Go, thou, Lord, before me,
 Make a plain path where all is rough and drear;
 So let me trust the love that watches o'er me,
 And in the shadows still believe thee near.

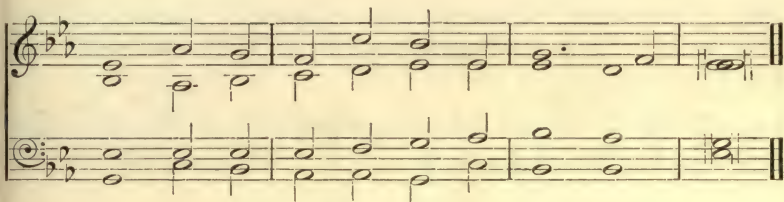
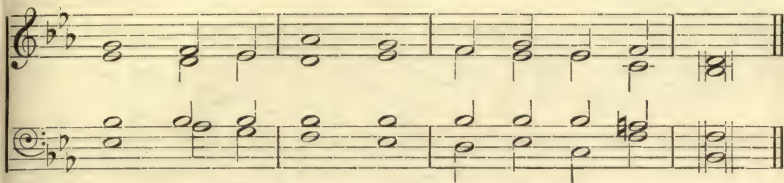
1860. *Anna Shipton.*

Coena Domini.

10.10.

405

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

1875. E. H. Bickersteth.

Irish.
C.M.

406

Hymns and Sacred Poems,
Dublin, 1749.

INCREASE our faith, beloved Lord,
For thou alone canst give
The faith that takes thee at thy word,
The faith by which we live.

2 Increase our faith ; so weak are we
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to thee,
Entrust to thee our trust.

3 Increase our faith ; on this broad shield
All fiery darts be caught ;
We must be victors in the field,
When thou for us hast fought.

4 Increase our faith ; for thou hast prayed
That it should never fail ;
Our steadfast anchorage is made
With thee, within the veil.

5 Increase our faith ; that unto thee
More fruit may still abound ;
That it may grow exceedingly,
And to thy praise be found.

6 Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see thee face to face.

1878. *Frances R. Havergal.*

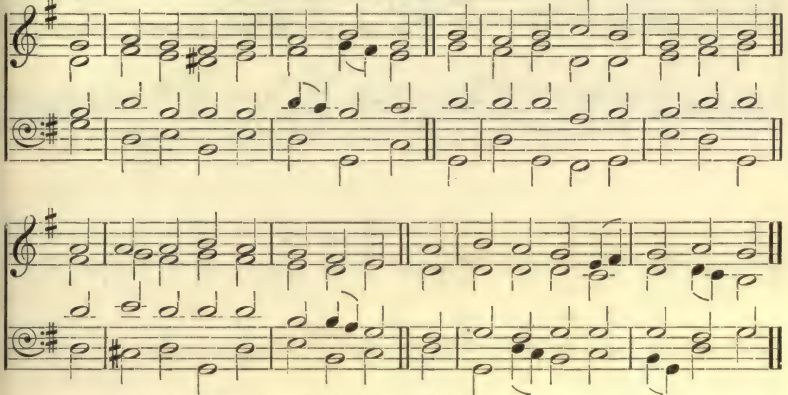
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Wittenberg.

407

Neue Gesänge
(Rhaw), 1544.

L. M.

Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben.

[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 242.]

Rozžehnejmež se stim t'lem. 1519. *Luke of Prague.*
Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben. 1531. *M. Weisse.*

NOW lay we calmly in the grave
 This form, whereof no doubt we have
 That it shall rise again that day
 In glorious triumph o'er decay.

- 2 And so to earth again we trust
 What came from dust, and turns to dust,
 And from the dust shall surely rise
 When the last trumpet fills the skies.
- 3 His soul is living now in God,
 Whose grace his pardon hath bestowed,
 Who through his Son redeemed him here
 From bondage unto sin and fear.
- 4 His trials and his griefs are past;
 A blessèd end is his at last;
 He bore Christ's yoke, and did his will,
 And though he died he liveth still.
- 5 Then let us leave him to his rest,
 And homeward turn, for he is blest,
 And we must well our souls prepare,
 When death shall come, to meet him there.
- 6 So help us, Christ, our Hope in loss;
 Thou hast redeemed us by thy cross
 From endless death and misery;
 We praise, we bless, we worship thee.

1858. *Catherine Winkworth.*

Jesus meine Zuversicht.

78.78.77.

408

J. CRÜGER'S
Praxis Pietatis, 1653.



Jesus meine Zuversicht. 1653. *L. Henriette of Brandenburg.*

JESUS Christ, my sure defence
And my Saviour, ever liveth ;
Knowing this, my confidence
Rests upon the hope it giveth,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.

2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives !
I too unto life must waken ;
He will have me where he is,
Shall my courage then be shaken ?
Shall I fear ? or could the Head
Rise and leave his members dead ?

3 Nay, too closely am I bound
Unto him by hope for ever ;
Faith's strong hand the rock hath found,
Grasped it, and will leave it never ;
Not the ban of death can part
From its Lord the trusting heart.

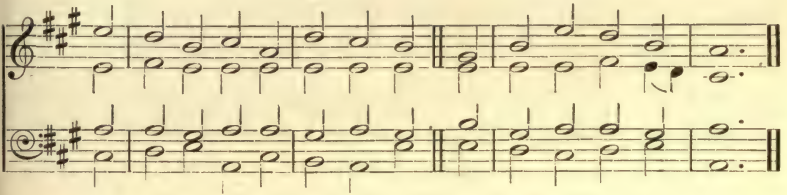
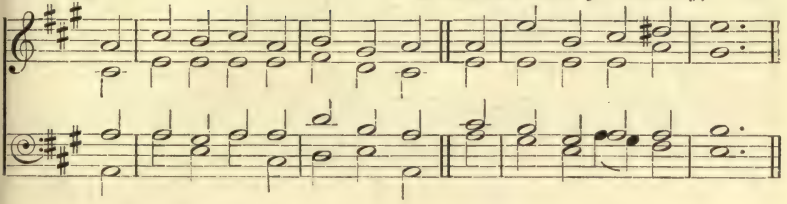
1855-1863. *Catherine Winkworth.*

Southampton.

C.M.

409

W. CROFT (?).

CHETHAM'S *Book of Psalmody*, 1718.*Des Lebens abgestecktes Ziel.* 1722. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

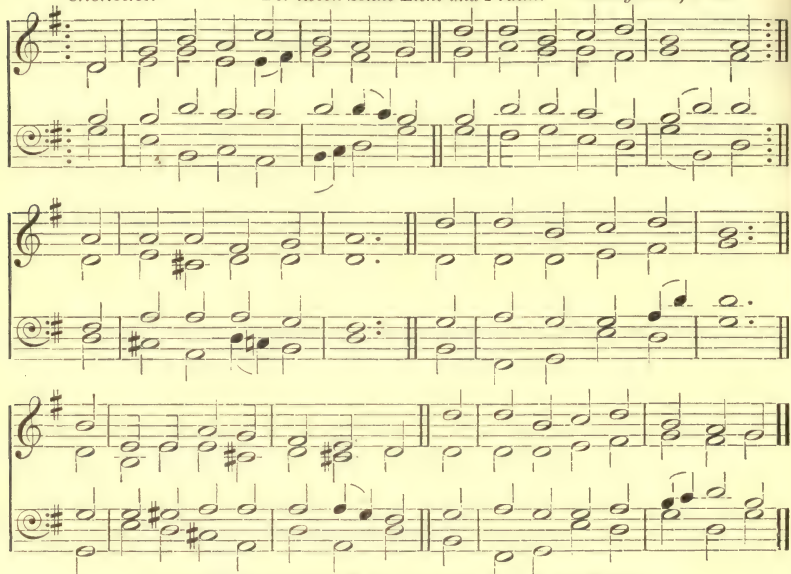
WHETHER the end of earthly life
 Be still far off or near,
 It matters not to him who knows
 His treasure is not here.

2 Thrice happy he who in this time
 In Christ the Lord believes,
 And as a living sacrifice
 Himself to Jesus gives.

3 The glory which he has in Christ,
 Which all his life has blest,
 Goes with him from this toiling world
 To his eternal rest.

4 There is the well-loved Son of God,
 Of all creation Lord,
 Himself his servants' crown of joy,
 And endless great reward.

1769 M., a.



Die Christen gehn von Ort zu Ort. 1726. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

- F**ROM land to land the Christian goes,
Through pain and self-denial;
And finds a haven of repose
From all his earthly trial.
God's fatherly embrace
Shall close the pilgrim's race;
The precious seed, in weakness sown,
Shall rise in glory not its own.
- 2 Thy race is run, thy struggle o'er,
As conqueror we hail thee;
Blest spirit, free for evermore,
No sorrows now assail thee,
Ascend on wings of love
To join the ranks above;
While e'en thy tenement of clay
Has promise of a brighter day.
- 3 God shall descend with glory crowned,
His majesty disclosing;
Rest, pilgrim, in thy hallowed ground,
In joyful hope reposing;
Rest, spirit ever blest,
Safe on thy Saviour's breast!
O guide us all, thou God of light,
From depths of woe to Salem's height.

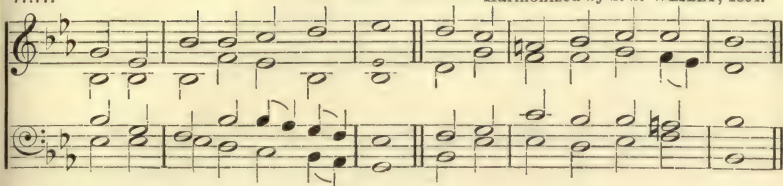
1886. J. Connor, a.

Alm.
77.77.

411

Anon.

Harmonized by S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



Aller Gläub'gen Sammelplatz. 1746. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

CHRIST will gather in his own
To the place where he is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

2 Day by day the voice saith 'Come,
Enter thine eternal home';
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

3 Had he asked us, well we know
We should cry, 'O spare this blow!'
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
'Lord, we love him, let him stay.'

4 But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And, since he hath ordered this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on his will.

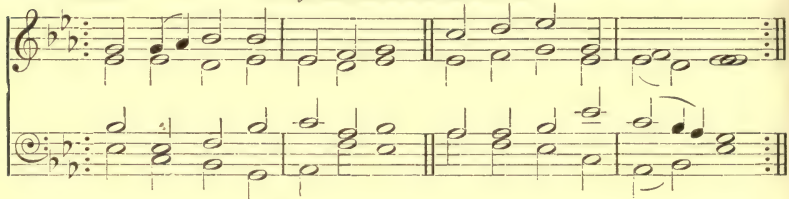
5 Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 'tis thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

1858. *Catherine Winkworth.*

Württemberg.

76.76.33.66.

Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn.



Schickt das Herze da hinein. 1778. H. Louise von Hayn.

YE who Christ's disciples are,
Let your hearts be tending
Thither where you wish to share
Bliss that's never ending :
O may we
Constantly,
Weaned from things terrestrial,
Look for joys celestial.

2 There the Lamb is glorified
Who for us was given ;
There the souls for whom he died
Praise him now in heaven.
Here, by faith
In his death,
We find consolation
And complete salvation.

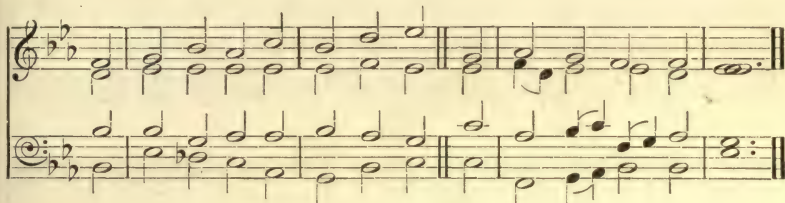
1789. J. Miller, a.

Eggham.

413

S.M.

W. TURNER (?), 1651—1740.



SERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The pains of death are past ;
 Labour and sorrow cease ;
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,
 Thy soul is found in peace.

3 Rest from thy labour, rest,
 Soul of the just, set free ;
 Blest be thy memory, and blest
 Thy bright example be.

4 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
 Go, take with saints thy place ;
 But go, as each has gone before,
 A sinner saved by grace.

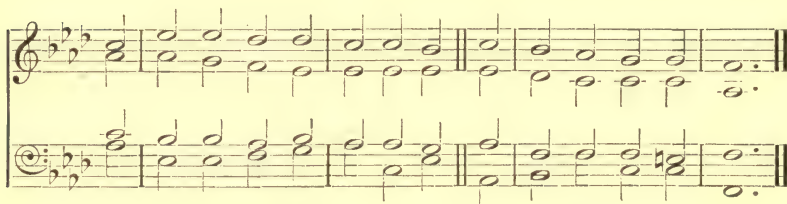
5 Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

1816. *J. Montgomery.*

Southwell.

S.M.

414

DAMON'S *Psalms*, 1579.

Non, ce n'est pas mourir. 1832. C. Malan.

IT is not death, to die,
 To leave this weary road,
 And 'midst the brotherhood on high
 To be at home with God.

2 It is not death, to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake, in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death, to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise on strong, exulting wing
 To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
 Thy chosen cannot die;
 Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with thee on high.

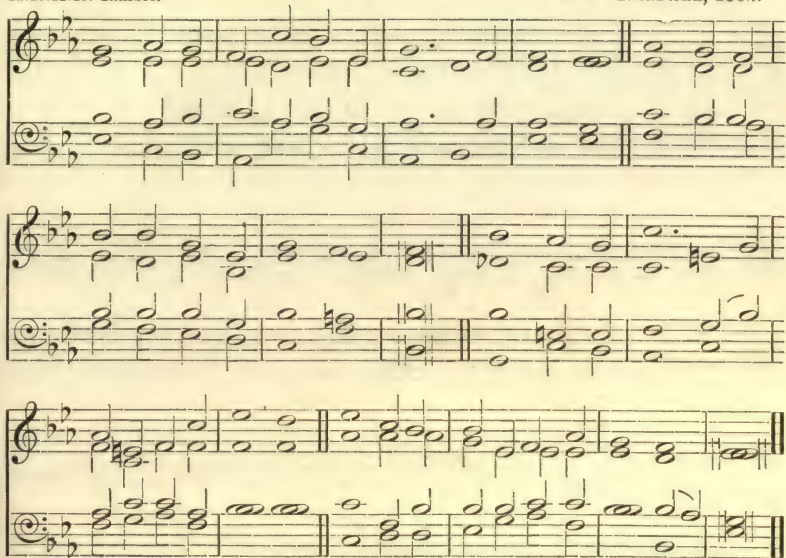
1847. G. W. Bethune.

Bill Top.

415

11.10.11.10. Iambic.

E. D. RENDALL, 1903.



Copyright, 1905, by W. Garrett Horder.

- WE would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
 Across the little landscape of our life;
 We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
 For the last weariness, the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus—for life's hand hath rested,
 With its dark touch, upon both heart and brow;
 And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
 Others are rising in the distance now.
- 3 We would see Jesus—the great rock foundation,
 Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
 Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation,
 Can thence remove us if we see his face.
- 4 We would see Jesus—yet the spirit lingers
 Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
 And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers,
 Our love to thee makes not this love less strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
 Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
 We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading—
 Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

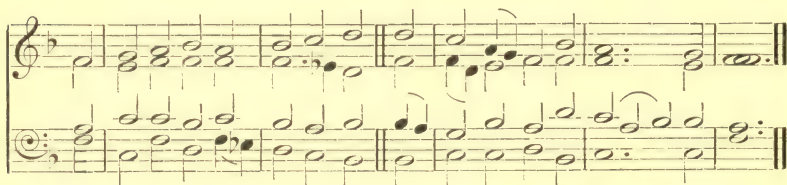
1852. Anna B. Warner.

St. Matthias.

88.88.88.

416

W. H. MONK, 1861.



1.

GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies ;
All souls are thine ; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

2.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life ; [powers,
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
All thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

3.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
Not dead, but living unto thee.

4.

Thy word is true, thy will is just ;
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust :
And bless thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto thee.

5.

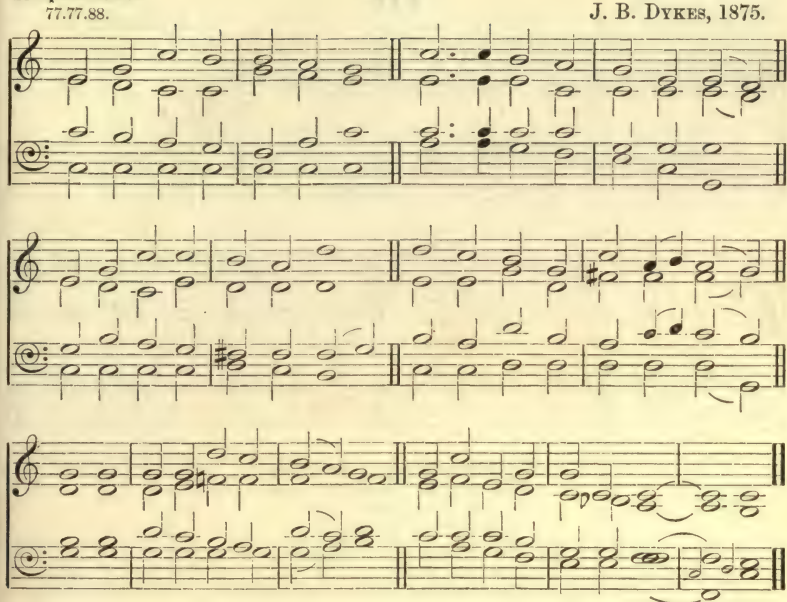
O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto thee !

1858. J. Ellerton.

Requiescat.

417

J. B. DYKES, 1875.



NOW the labourer's task is o'er ;
 Now the battle day is past ;
 Now upon the farther shore
 Lands the voyager at last.
*Father, in thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now thy servant sleeping.*

- 2 There the tears of earth are dried ;
 There its hidden things are clear ;
 There the work of life is tried
 By a juster Judge than here.
- 3 There the sinful souls, that turn
 To the cross their dying eyes,
 All the love of Christ shall learn
 At his feet in Paradise.
- 4 There no more the powers of hell
 Can prevail to mar their peace ;
 Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
 He who died for their release.
- 5 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
 Calmly now the words we say,
 Leaving him to sleep in trust
 Till the Resurrection day.

1871. J. Ellerton.

Quam dilecta.

66.66. Iambic.

418

H. L. JENNER, 1861.



HUSH! blessed are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on his breast.

2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

3 For them the wild is past
With all its toil and care;
Its withering midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.

4 Them the Good Shepherd leads
Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads
Beside the Fount of Life.

5 O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you,
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

6 But soon at break of day
His calm almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say
Awake,—arise,—rejoice.

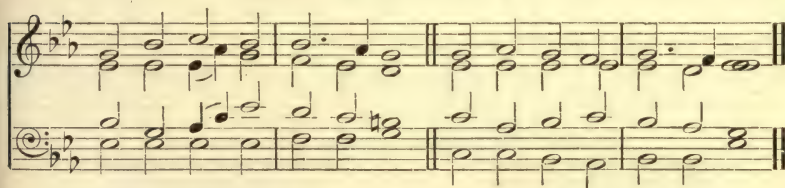
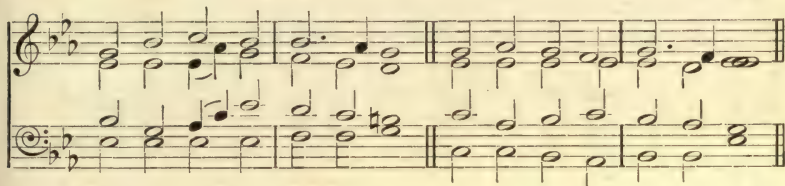
1873. *E. H. Bickersteth*

Bollingside.

419

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

77.77. D.



SAFELY, safely gathered in,
 No more sorrow, no more sin,
 No more childish griefs or fears,
 No more sadness, no more tears ;
 For the life, so young and fair,
 Now hath passed from earthly care ;
 God himself the soul will keep,
 Giving his beloved sleep.

2 Safely, safely gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,
 Passed beyond all grief and pain,
 Death for thee is truest gain :

For our loss we must not weep,
 Nor our loved one long to keep
 From the home of rest and peace,
 Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gathered in,
 No more sorrow, no more sin ;
 God has saved from weary strife,
 In its dawn, this young fresh life,
 Which awaits us now above,
 Resting in the Saviour's love.
 Jesus, grant that we may meet
 There, adoring at thy feet.

1881. *Henrietta O. de L. Dobree.*

Edina.

65.65. D.

420

H. S. OAKELEY, 1868.



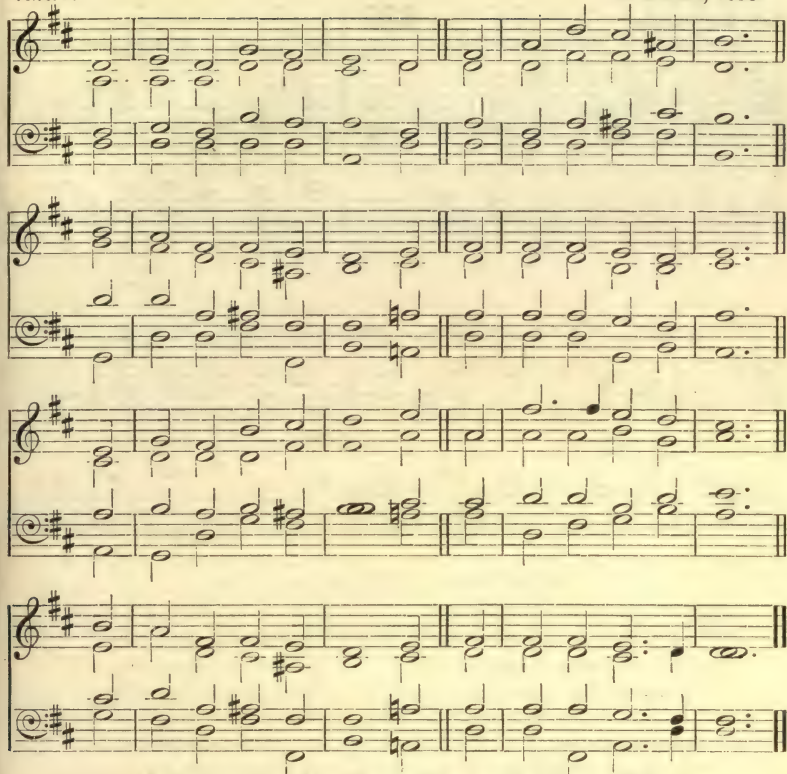
Τὰς ἐὼπὰς τὰς αἰωνίας. 8th Cent. John of Damascus.

THOSE eternal bowers
 Man hath never trod,
 Those unfading flowers
 Round the throne of God,—
 Who may hope to gain them
 After weary fight,
 Who at length attain them,
 Clad in robes of white ?

- 2 He who gladly barter
 All on earthly ground,
 He who, like the martyrs,
 Says, 'I will be crowned,'
 He whose one oblation
 Is a life of love,—
 He shall win salvation
 With the blest above.

3 Shame upon you, legions
 Of the heavenly king,
 Denizens of regions
 Past imagining!
 What ! with pipe and tabor
 Fool away the light,
 When he bids you labour,
 When he tells you, 'Fight !'

- 4 While I do my duty,
 Struggling through the tide,
 Whisper thou of beauty
 On the other side.
 Tell who will the story
 Of our now distress,
 O the future glory,
 O the loveliness !



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 423.]

Hora novissima. c. 1145. *Bernard of Chigny.*

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate,
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath day.
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light,
Send hope before to grasp it
Till hope be lost in sight.

St. Alphege.

76.76. Iambic.

422

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



Hic brevis vivitur. c. 1145. Bernard of Cluny.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

3 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below—
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

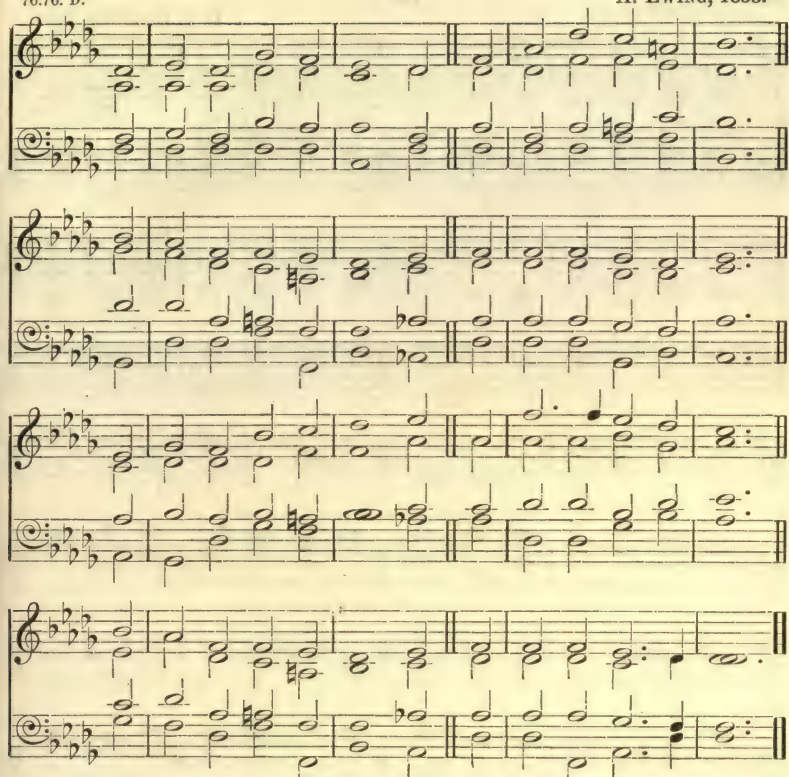
4 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;

5 And now we watch and struggle
And now we live in hope,
And Zion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope ;

6 But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

7 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

8 Yes ! God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 421.]

Urbs Syon aurea. c. 1145. *Bernard of Cluny.*

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed :
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them ;
'The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part :
His only, his for ever
Thou shalt be, and thou art !



Fürchtet Gott, O lieben Leut. 1566. P. Herbert.

O EXALT and praise the Lord,
Laud his name for evermore,
Gratefully with one accord
With the angels him adore ;
Thank him for the faithfulness
Wherewith he his witnesses,
Who in heaven are perfected,
Through great tribulation led.

2 Since we likewise may attain
To this happiness through grace,
And, by following Jesus, gain
With the saints in heaven a place ;
May we tread the narrow path,
Not unfruitful in the faith,
And unto the end endure,
Making our election sure.

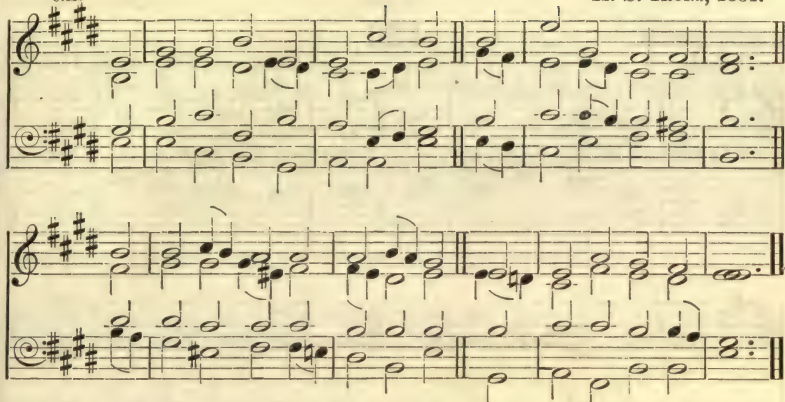
3 May we always have in view
The example of our Lord,
Faithfully his steps pursue,
Giving heed unto his word ;
In our bodies while we've breath,
May we bear about his death,
That his life may even here
In our mortal flesh appear.

4 Let us call to mind with joy
Those who have before us gone,
Who obtained the victory
Through the blood of Christ alone ;
That we all may zealously,
Imitate their constancy,
Till we too the prize receive,
And with them in glory live.

1754. M. ; recast 1789. F. W. Foster.

C.M.

H. S. IRONS, 1861.



Mater Hierusalem, Civitas sancta Dei. Augustine. d. 430. (Meditations.)

JERUSALEM, my happy home
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy and peace and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

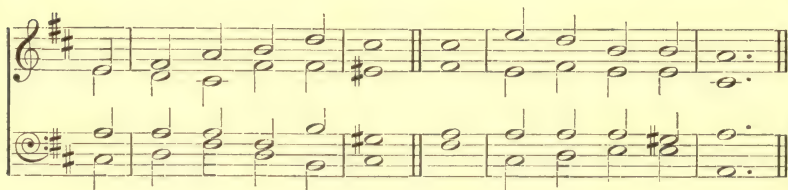
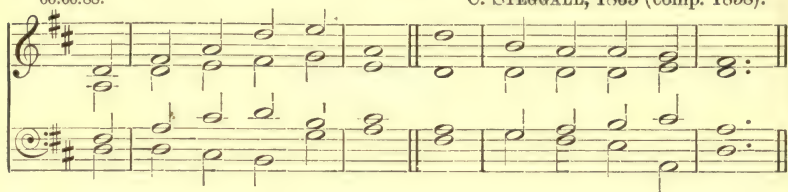
16th Cent. F. B. P. Recast 1795. J. Bromehead.

Christchurch.

426

66.66.88.

C. STEGGALL, 1865 (comp. 1858).



JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss :

*O happy place,
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?*

2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live ;
There angels to him sing,
And lowly homage give :

3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease ;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace :

4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold ;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold :

5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned :

6 Ah me, ah me ! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay :
No place like that on high,
Lord, thither guide my way :

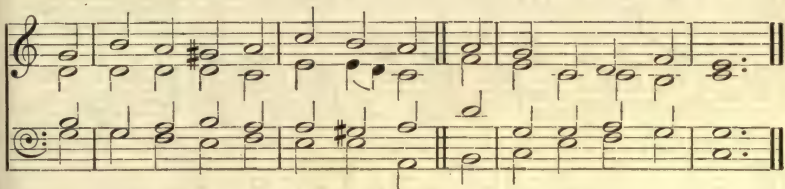
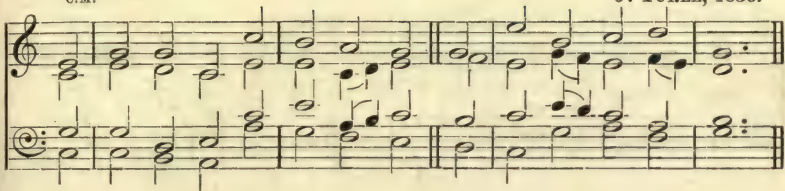
1664. S. Crossman.

Westminster.

427

C.M.

J. TURLE, 1836.



THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

4 O could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unclouded eyes :

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

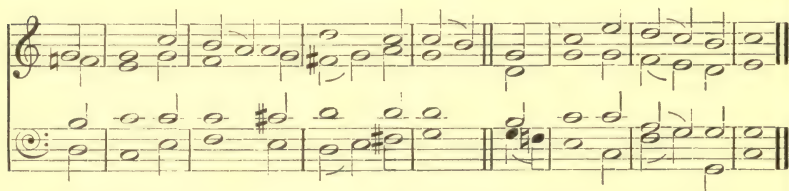
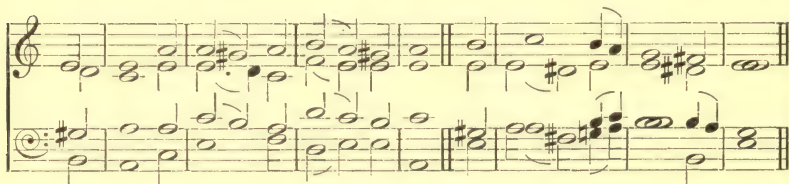
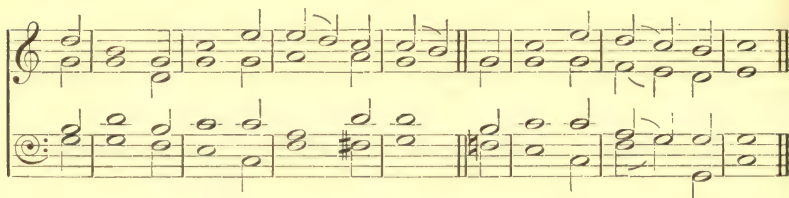
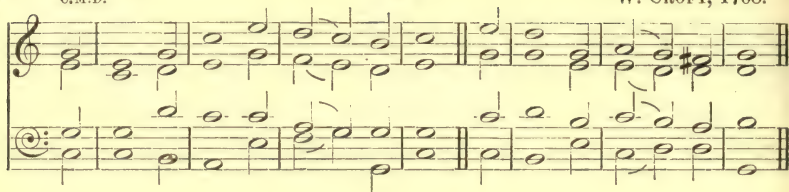
1707. *I. Watts.*

St. Matthew.

G. M. D.

428

W. CROFT, 1708.



COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

- 2 One family we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

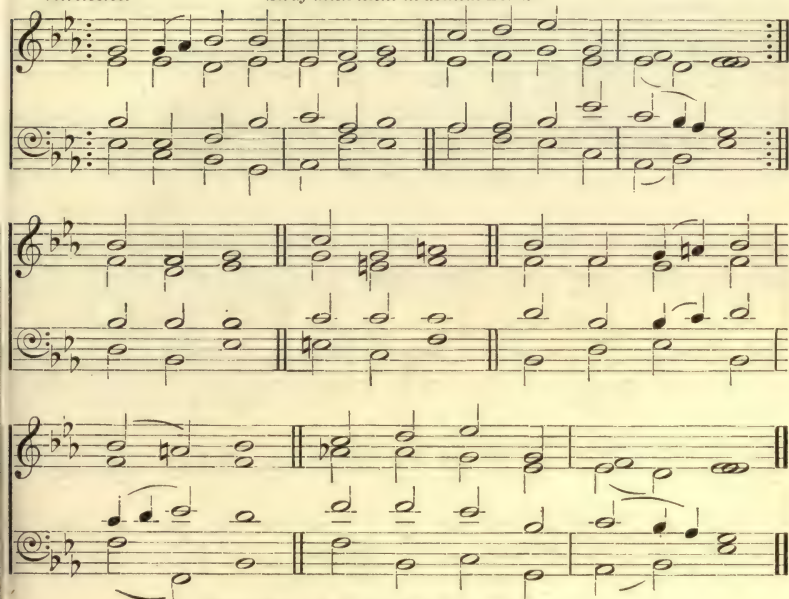
- 3 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity.
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those who went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.
- 4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

429

J. ROSENMÜLLER (?),
Hundert Arien, 1694 (comp. 1655 ?).

Württemberg.

76.76.33.66.

Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn.*Grosse Schaaren vor dem Thron. 1790. C. Gregor.*

COUNTLESS hosts before God's throne,
Where the Lamb abideth,
And, as God and Man, his own
To life's fountain guideth,
Now possess
Perfect bliss,
Which to us is wanting,
And for which we're panting.

2 O how excellent and fair,
Goodly beyond measure,
Is the lot which we shall share,
And how rich the treasure,
When we see
Bodily,
Our beloved Saviour,
As he is, for ever.

3 May this ever blessed hope
Fill our hearts with gladness
And 'midst weakness bear us up,
Till from sin and sadness
We shall be
Wholly free,
And above for ever
Praise our gracious Saviour.

(449)

1793. *Moravian Liturgies.*

Die Gottesseraphim.

666.88.646.

D. J. GRIMM's *Choralbuch* (MS), 1755.

From an Anthem by C. O. EBERHARD, 1746.



TO God we render praise,
 Who grants us new displays
 Of mercy all our days:
 When Christ, the Son of man, again
 Shall come, the angels in his train,
 May all of us who here
 'Fore him appear,
 Then meet him without fear.

2 How great our joy will be
 In heaven, O Lord, where we
 Thy glorious face shall see!
 We then shall thee for evermore,

As the Lamb slain for us, adore;
 In realms of glory bright,
 With saints in light
 In hymns of praise unite.

3 Repeat the solemn strain,
 Worthy the Lamb once slain!
 Let all reply, Amen;
 Blessing and power and majesty,
 Through endless ages be to thee,
 Who us by blood hast bought,
 In mercy sought,
 And to thy fold us brought.

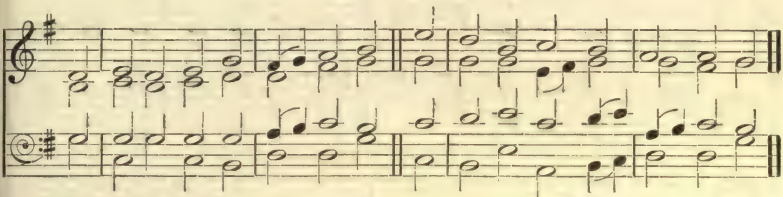
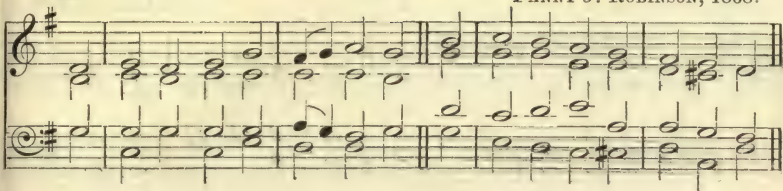
(1, 2) 1790. *R. Simpson*; (3) 1826. *F. W. Foster*.

St. Monica.

431

L. M.

FANNY J. ROBINSON, 1868.



HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin ;
 But all who hope to enter there,
 Must here that holy course begin,
 Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create ;
 Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
 Commence we now that higher state,
 Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 A life in heaven ! O what is this ?
 The sum of all that faith believed ;
 Fulness of joy and depths of bliss,
 Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.
- 4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms, powers,
 And saints, made perfect, triumph thus,
 A goodly heritage is ours,
 There is a heaven on earth for us.
- 5 The Church of Christ, the school of grace,
 The Spirit teaching by the word,
 In those our Saviour's steps we trace,
 By this his living voice is heard.
- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
 Learn every lesson of his love ;
 And be from grace to glory led,
 From heaven below to heaven above.

1819. *J. Montgomery.*

Ramoib.

77.77. D.

432

J. B. CALKIN, 1869.

*Revelation vii. 13-17.*

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song :
' Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour ' ?

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

1819. *J. Montgomery.*

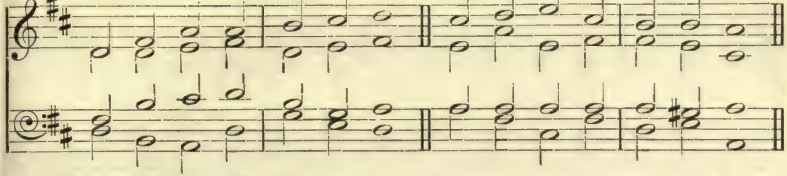
Lübeck.

77.77.

433

Gott sei Dank in aller Welt.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704.



PALMS of glory, raiment bright
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through his cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,
'Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.'
- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.
- 5 Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 6 They were mortal too like us;
O when we like them must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign and shine on high.

1829. *J. Montgomery.*

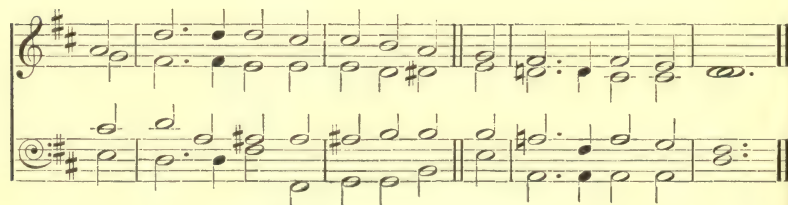
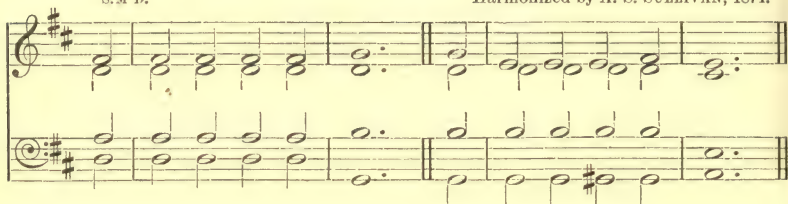
Leominster (*First Tune*).

S. M. D.

434

G. W. MARTIN, 1862.

Harmonized by A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874.

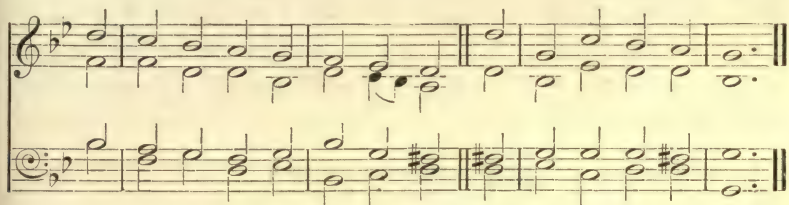
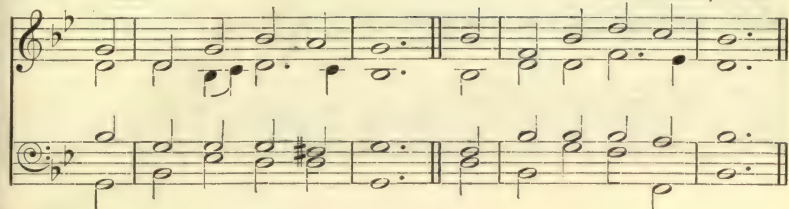


By permission of Novello and Company, Limited

St. Bride (Second Tune).

S.M.

S. HOWARD, 1762.



FOR ever with the Lord !

Amen, so let it be ;

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 ' For ever with the Lord !

Father, if 'tis thy will,

The promise of that faithful word

E'en here to me fulfil.

6 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand ;
Fight, and I must prevail.

7 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before thy throne,
' For ever with the Lord !

1835. *J. Montgomery*

Haarenza.

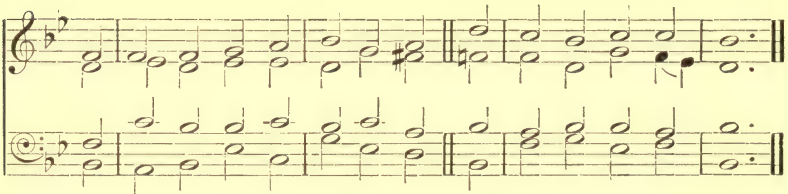
S.M.

435

LEISENTRITT'S *Hymnologium*, 1584.

Ave, Maria klare.

Adapted by W. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.



FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

- 2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 Thy mystic members fit
To join thy saints above,
In one unmixed communion knit,
And fellowship of love.
- 5 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

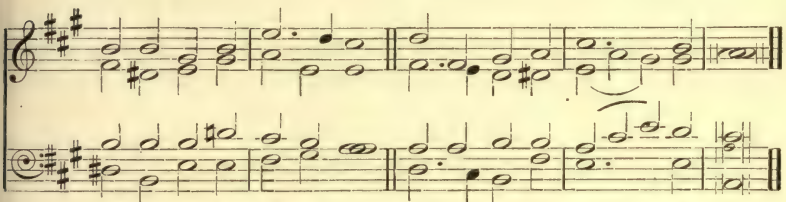
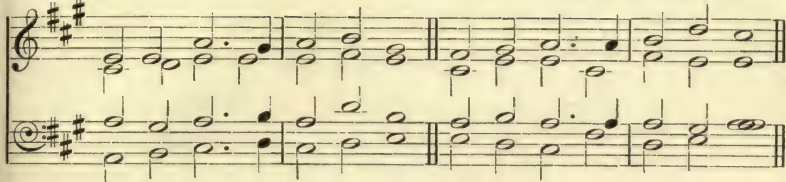
1837. *R. Man*

St. Brannock.

436

77.77.77.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1887.



By permission of Messrs. Weekes & Co., on behalf of the Exors. of the late E. J. Hopkins.

WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When I stand with Christ on high,
 Looking o'er life's history,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
 Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not my own,
 When I see thee as thou art,
 Love thee with unsinning heart ;
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
 Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice ;
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
 Not till then, how much I owe.

4 E'en on earth, as through a glass,
 Darkly, let thy glory pass ;
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make thy Spirit's help so meet ;
 E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
 Something of how much I owe.

1837. R. M. McCheyne.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Castle Rising (*First Tune*).

C.M.D.

437

F. A. J. HERVEY, 1867.

The musical score for 'Castle Rising' is presented in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The notation is in a hymn style, featuring chords and single notes. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The third system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The fourth system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

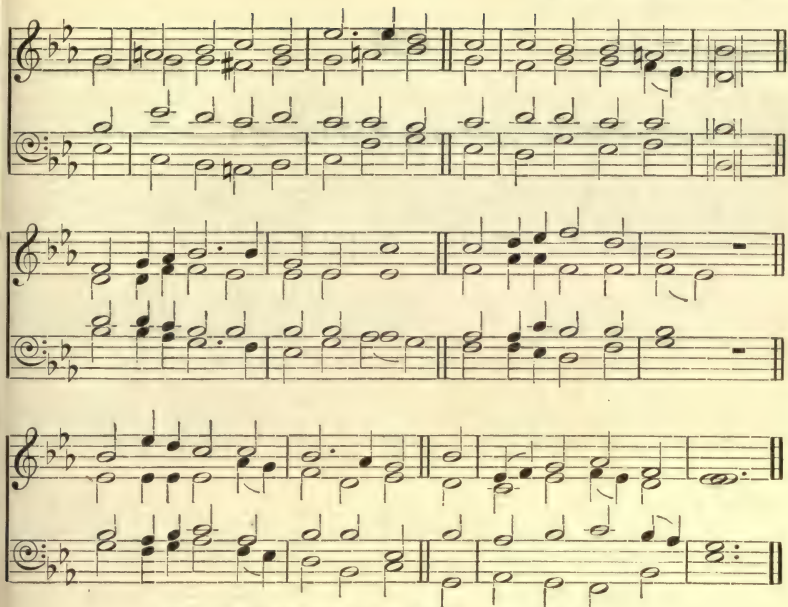
By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Amberley (*Second Tune*).

C.M.D.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, 1904.

The musical score for 'Amberley' is presented in one system with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The notation is in a hymn style, featuring chords and single notes. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.



Copyright, 1904, by the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away!
 O for the pearly gates of heaven!
 O for the golden floor!
 O for the Sun of righteousness
 That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint!
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint!
 O for a heart that never sins!
 O for a soul washed white!
 O for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;
 But there are perfectness and peace
 Beyond our best desire.
 O by thy love and anguish, Lord,
 And by thy life laid down,
 Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown!

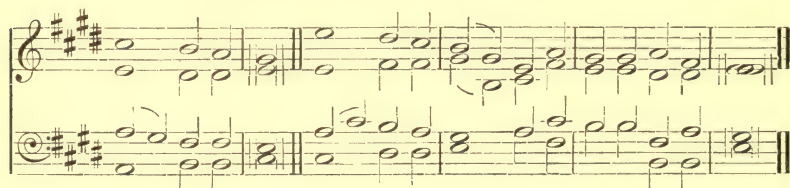
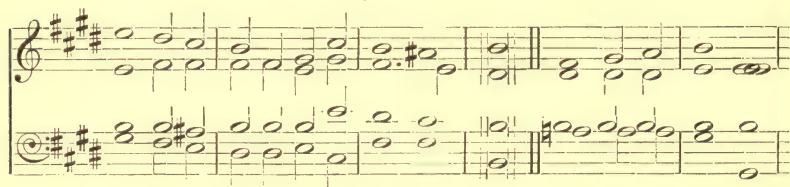
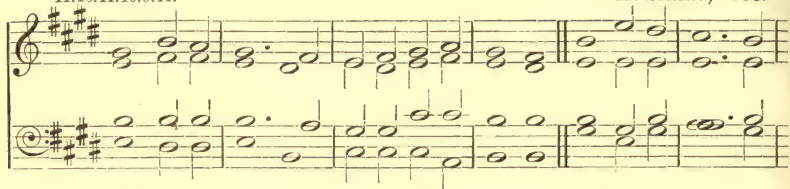
1852. C. Frances Alexander.

Pilgrims (*First Tune*).

11.10.11.10.9.11.

438

H. SMART, 1868.

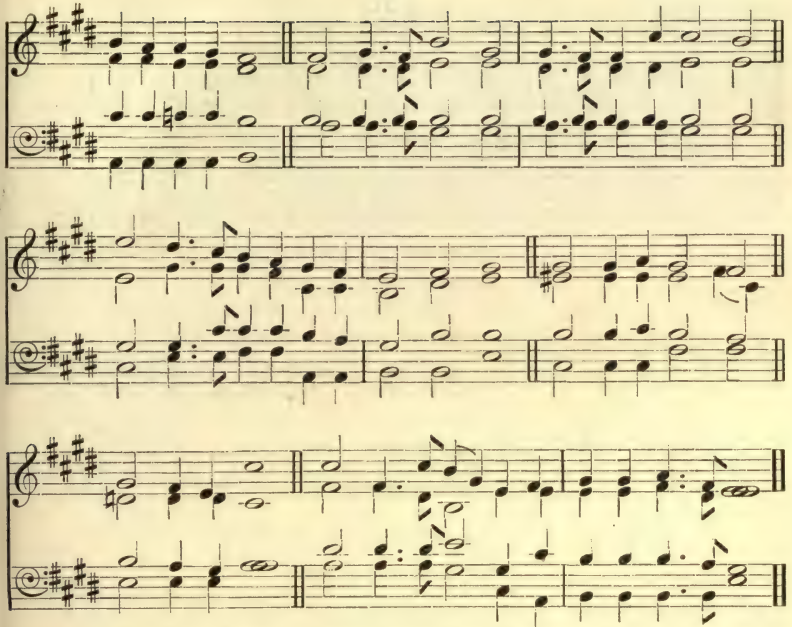


Celestia (*Second Tune*).

11.10.11.10.9.11.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.





HARK ! hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

*Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !*

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;'
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.
- 3 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
 Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
- 4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping ;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

1851. F. W. Faber.

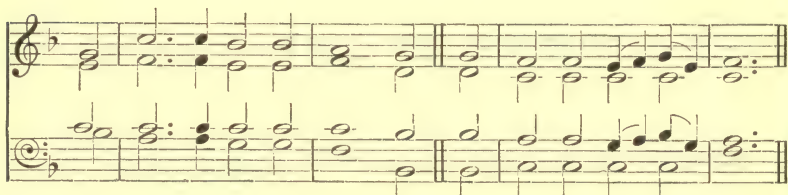
Rutherford.

439

76.76.76.75.

Eternel, O mon Dieu.

C. URHAN, 1834.



THE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks ;
 The summer morn I've sighed for,
 The fair sweet morn awakes.
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But dayspring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

2 The King there in his beauty
 Without a veil is seen ;
 It were a well-spent journey
 Though seven deaths lay between.
 The Lamb, with his fair army,
 Doth on Mount Zion stand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

3 O Christ, he is the Fountain,
 The deep sweet well of love ;
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above :
 There, to an ocean fulness,
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time he wove ;
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted by his love :
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

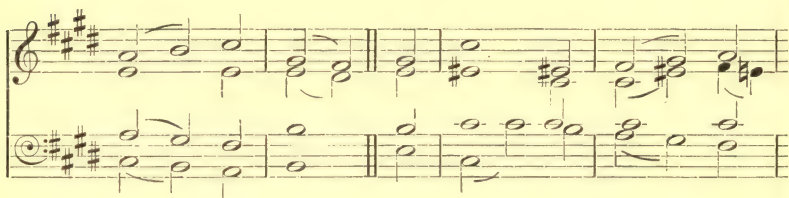
1857. *Anne R. Cousin.*

Kerry.

S. M.

440

J. JOWETT, 1823.



I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode ;
From everlasting it was planned ;
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure ;
He passed through death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given ;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Loved ones have gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done ;
I soon shall greet them on that shore .
Where partings are unknown.

6 Thy love, most gracious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be,
Till thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to thee.

7 And then, through endless days,
Where all thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me thine.

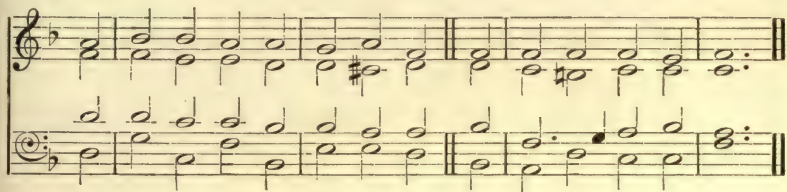
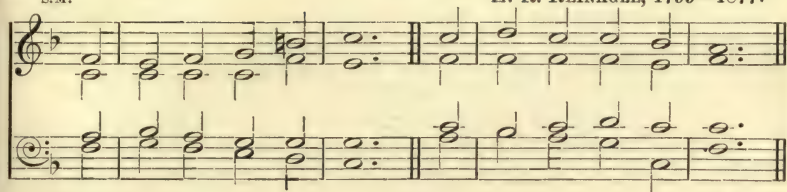
1851. *H. Bennett, a.*

Moccas.

441

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799—1877.

S.M.



THERE is no night in heaven ;
 In that blest world above
 Work never can bring weariness,
 For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven ;
 For life is one glad day ;
 And tears are of those former things
 Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven ;
 Behold that blessed throng—
 All holy is their spotless robe,
 All holy is their song.

4 There is no death in heaven ;
 For they who gain that shore
 Have won their immortality,
 And they can die no more.

5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide ;
 O lead us safely on,
 Till night and grief and sin and death
 Are past, and heaven is won.

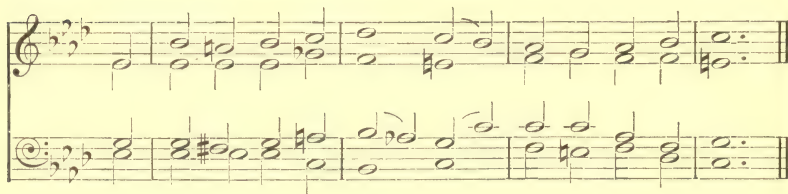
1859. *F. M. Knollis, a.*

442

The Blessed Home (*First Tune*).

66.66. D. Iambic.

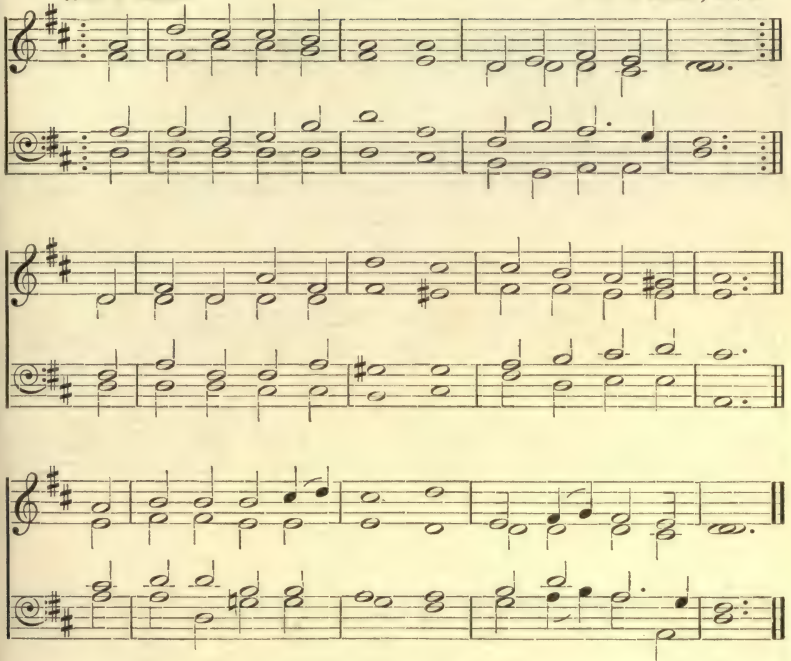
J. STAINER, 1875.



Hawarden (*Second Tune*).

66.66. D. Iambic.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side ;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

1861. *H. W. Baker.*

St. Philip.

10.10.10.44.

443

J. BARNBY, 1869.



1.

FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
 Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.

Hallelujah !

2.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.

3.

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

4.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

5.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

6.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

7.

But, lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on his way.

8.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's furthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

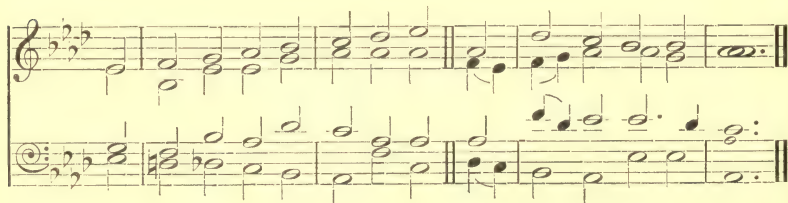
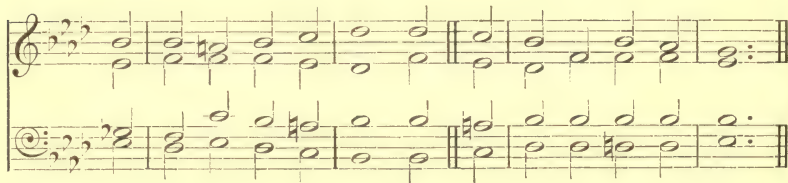
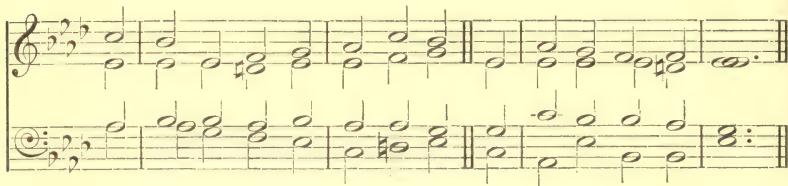
1864. W. W. How.

Eastham (*First Tune*).

76.86. D.

444

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1867.

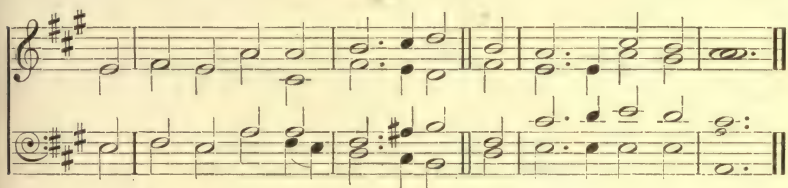
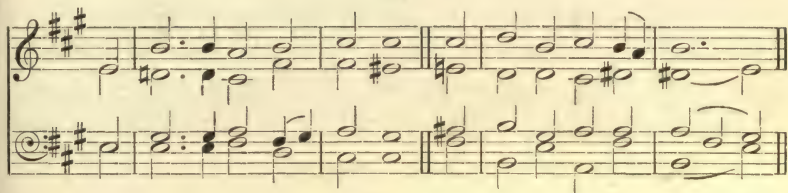
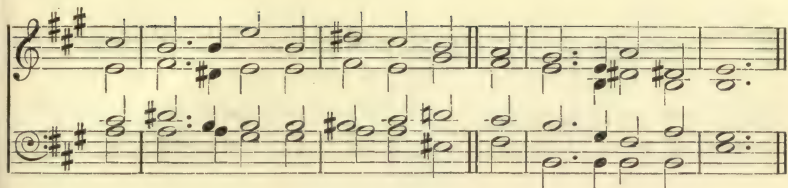


Alford (*Second Tune*).

76.86. D.

J. B. DYKES, 1875.





TEN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light :
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky ;
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made ;
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousandfold repaid !

3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late ;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
 Fill up the roll of thine elect,
 Then take thy power and reign ;
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home ;
 Show in the heavens thy promised sign,
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come,

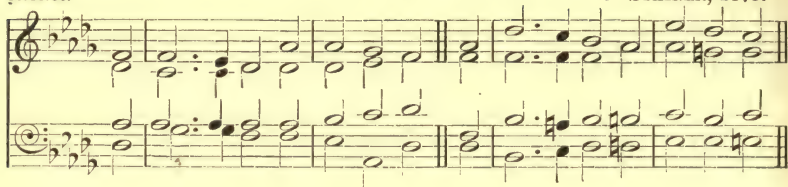
1867. II. *Alford.*

Rest.

88.88.88.

445

J. STAINER, 1875.



UNISON.

HARMONY.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

The saints of God ! their conflict past,
 And life's long battle won at last,
 No more they need the shield or sword ;
 They cast them down before their Lord :
 O happy saints ! for ever blest,
 At Jesus' feet how safe your rest !

2 The saints of God ! their wanderings done,
 No more their weary course they run,
 No more they faint, no more they fall,
 No foes oppress, no fears appal :
 O happy saints ! for ever blest,
 In that dear home how sweet your rest !

3 The saints of God ! life's voyage o'er,
 Safe landed on that blissful shore,
 No stormy tempests now they dread,
 No roaring billows lift their head :
 O happy saints ! for ever blest,
 In that calm haven of your rest !

4 O God of saints, to thee we cry ;
 O Saviour, plead for us on high ;
 O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
 Grant us thy grace till life shall end,—
 That with all saints our rest may be
 In that bright Paradise with thee.

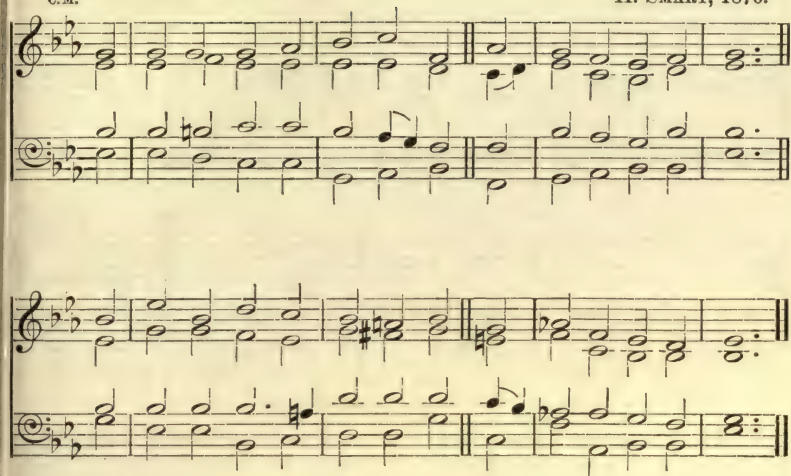
1870. W. D. Maclagan.

Eventide.

446

C. M.

H. SMART, 1876.



WE cannot think of them as dead
 Who walk with us no more ;
 Along the path of life we tread,
 They have but gone before.

2 The Father's house is mansions fair
 Beyond our vision dim ;
 All souls are his, and here, or there,
 Are living unto him.

3 And still their silent ministries
 Within our hearts have place,
 As when on earth they walked with us
 And met us face to face.

4 Ours are they by an ownership
 Nor time nor death can free ;
 For God hath given to Love to keep
 Its own eternally.

1882. F. L. Hosmer, a.

The Christian Church.

THE UNITY AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

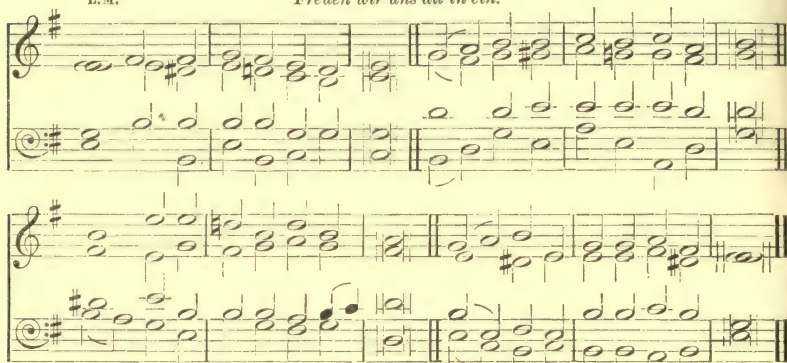
Freuen wir uns.

L. M.

447

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN,
M. WEISSE'S *Gesangbuch*, 1531.

Freuen wir uns all in ein.



Radujme se vždy společně. 1467. G. Komarovskij.

Freuen wir uns all in ein. 1531. M. Weisse.

COME, let us all with gladness raise
A joyous song of thanks and praise,
To him who rules the heavenly host,
God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

2 For he, in grace and tenderness,
Regarded us in our distress;
Yea, to our aid himself he came,—
Let all adore his holy name.

3 He gave us faithful men, to lead
And help us, in our time of need;
But, Lord, all power is thine alone,
And thou the work must carry on.

4 Father in heaven, fulfil thy word,
Grant us the Spirit of our Lord;
That through thy truth, which cannot fail,
We may o'er every ill prevail.

5 And in thy love may we abide,
Estranged from none by wrath or pride;
Among ourselves at unity,
And with all else in charity.

6 Thus may our lips thy praises sound,
Our hearts in steadfast hope abound;
Till thou our steps shalt thither bring
Where saints and angels hail thee King.

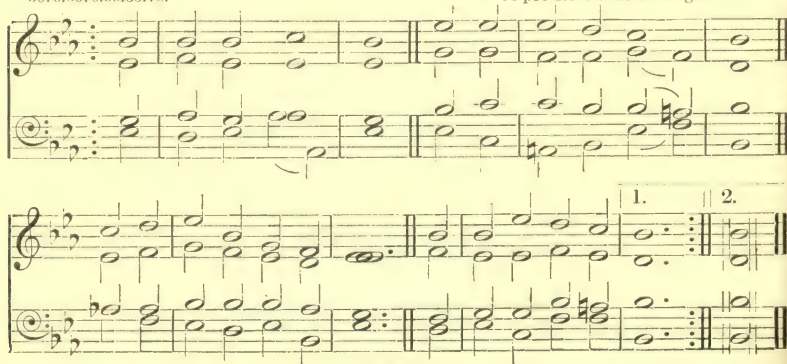
1911. E. R. Hassé.

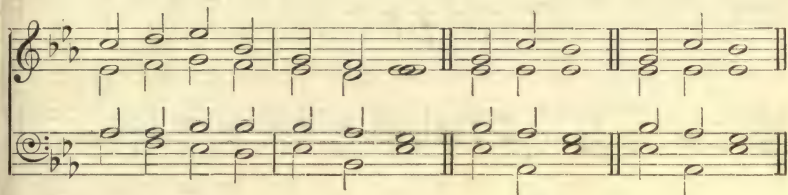
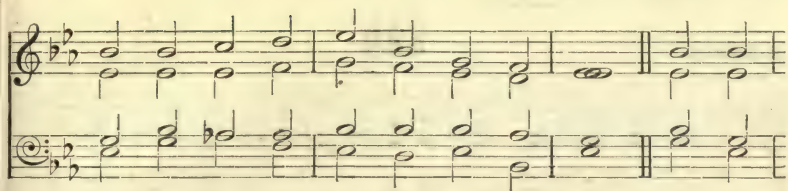
Gott sei gelobet.

5676, 5676, 99, 33, 76.

448 WALTHER'S *Gesangbüchlein*, 1524.

Of pre-Reformation origin.





Budiz veleben. 1561. J. Augusta.

Gott wollen wir loben. 1566. P. Herbert.

PRAISE God for ever :

Boundless is his favour
To his Church and chosen flock,
Founded on Christ, the Rock,
Jesus, God's own Son,
On his fair Mount Zion,
By his Spirit, grace and word :
Blest city of the Lord,
Thou in spite of every powerful foe
Shalt unshaken stand, and prospering grow,
'Midst disgrace
To God's praise,
Both in love and unity :
Praise God eternally.

2 It plain appeareth,
As God's word declareth,
That the Lord his flock defends,
Through mercy which ne'er ends ;
Our fathers have told
How he dealt with his fold ;
We his power and faithfulness

Still in the Church may trace ;
For our God his city still protects,
And he there his righteous throne erects.
Praises be
Given to thee,
Mighty God, Immanuel,
That thou with us wilt dwell.

3 How great the blessing,
All our thought surpassing,
In his word and sacrament,
In his wise government ;—
Our homes surrounded
With his love unbounded :
And the teachers of his word,
Gifts from the risen Lord ;—
'Midst his flock he dwells himself, our God
Jacob's Lord, the Lord of Sabaoth ;
O what grace
He displays ;
Praise, thanksgiving, majesty,
Be his eternally !

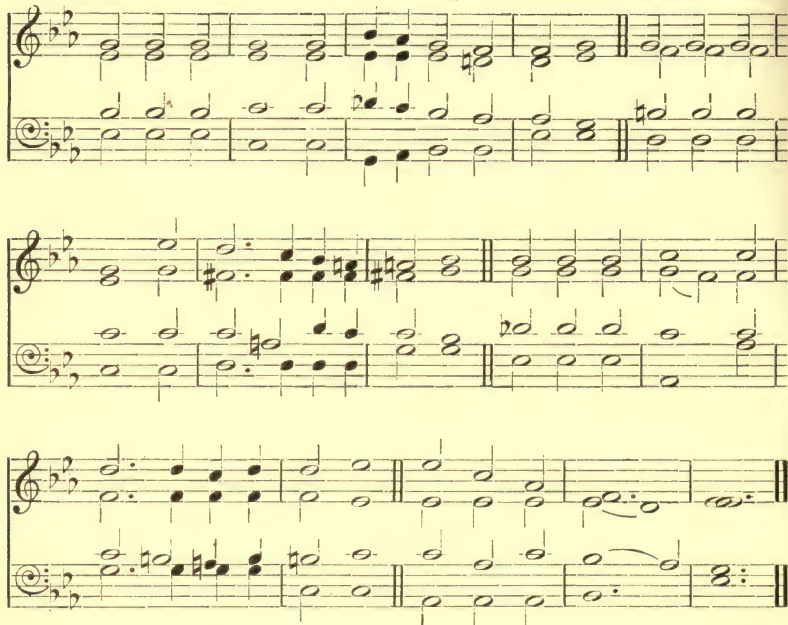
1754. *J. Gambold ; recast 1789. J. Swertner.*

Cloisters.

11.11.11.5.

449

J. BARNBY, 1868.



Christe, du Beistand deiner Kreuzgemeinde. 1644. M. A. von Löwenstern.

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er thy rock nor death nor hell prevaieth;
Grant us thy peace, Lord.

4 Grant us thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them thy truth that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth and, after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.

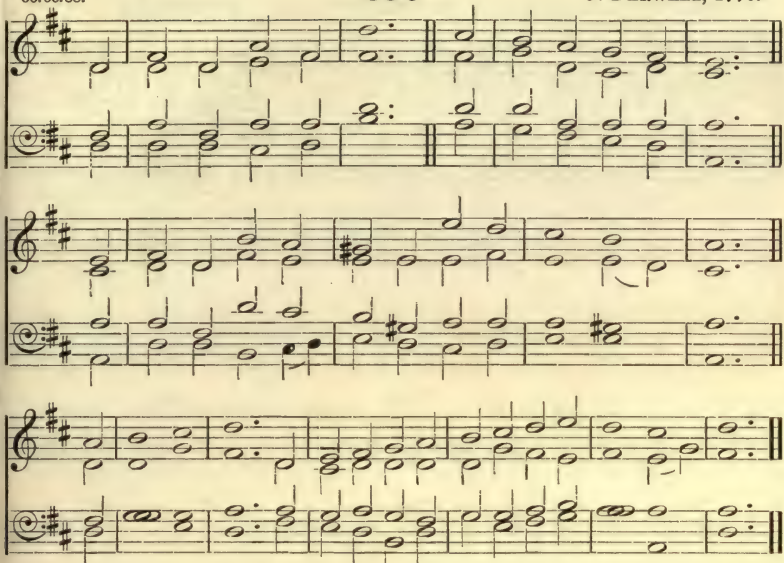
1840. P. Pusey.

Darwall.

66.66.88.

450

J. DARWALL, 1770.

*Psalm lxxxiv.*

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears ;
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
 Our Light and our Defence ;
 With gifts his hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves ;
 He can no good withhold
 From those his heart approves,
 Who dwell within his fold :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of Hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Aione in thee.

1719. I. Watts.

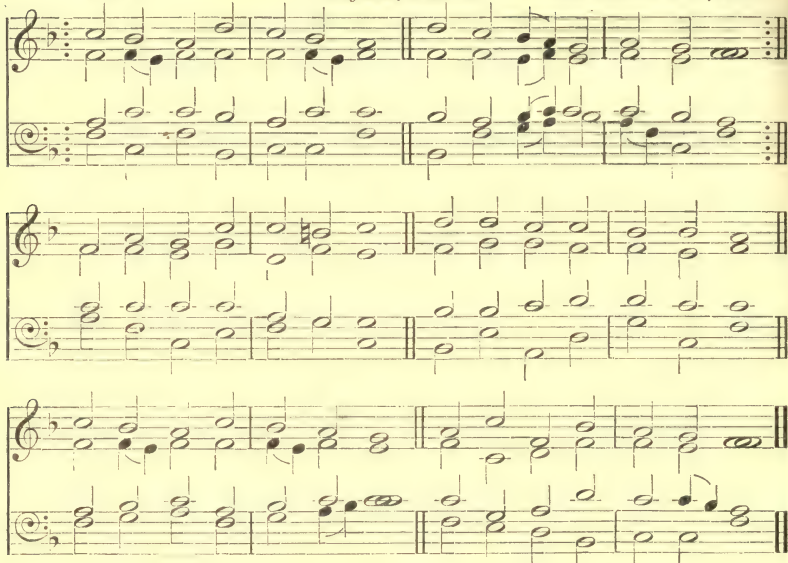
Genevan Psalm 75.

451

77.77. D.

O Seigneur, loué sera.

Genevan Psalter, 1562.



Lamm und Haupt, das selbst geglaubt. 1733. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

- CHRIST, thy all-atoning death
Is our life while here below ;
Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
Constantly thy aid bestow :
In thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide :
Zion, if thy Head depart,
Void of life and strength thou art.
- 2 Gracious Lord, may we believe,
Venture all on thy free grace ;
Boldly things not seen achieve,
Trusting in thy promises :
Faith thy people's stronghold is ;
Their employment daily this,
To proceed on paths unknown,
Leaning on thy arm alone.
- 3 Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er thy congregation leave ;
Thee we still our refuge make,
Of thy fulness we receive ;
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone ;
For on thy supreme commands
All the universe depends.

1741. P. H. Molther, a.

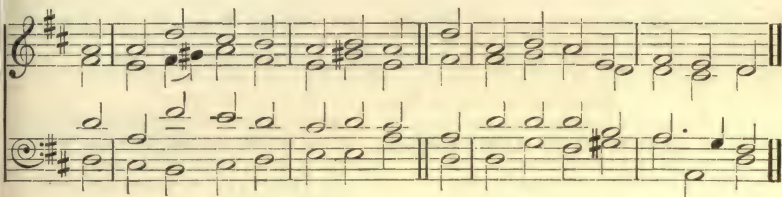
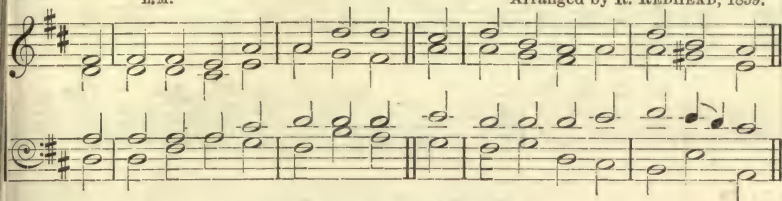
Metzler's Redhead, No. 14.

452

Ancient Hymn Melody.

L. M.

Arranged by R. REDHEAD, 1859.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 311.]

Ihr Seelen sinkt, ja sinket hin. 1733. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

REDEEMED souls, adore and praise
Our merciful and gracious God,
For all the love he hath bestowed,
For all the wonders of his grace.

2 The Lord for us great things has done,
Our warmest thanks to him are due;
We trace his goodness when we view
His Church, where he erects his throne.

3 We all in spirit are agreed
To follow Jesus as his flock,
To build on him, our only Rock,
And on the path of life proceed.

4 And though a rugged path it be,
On which we oft with trials meet,
And many dangers us beset,
It leads to true felicity.

5 Here is our hand; us, Lord, assist
To serve thee 'midst reproach and shame,
And thy atonement to proclaim,
Until we in thy presence rest.

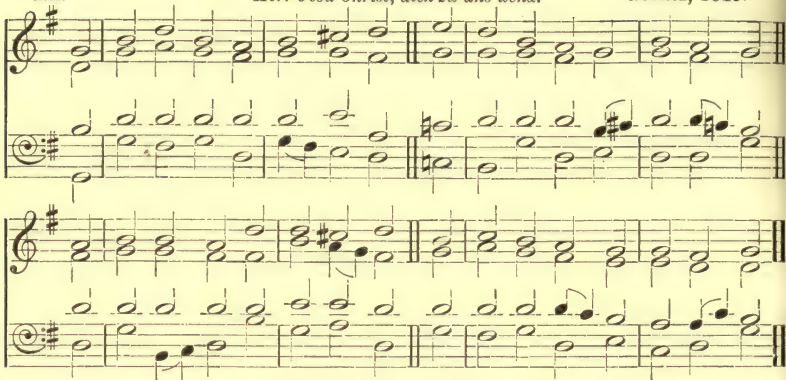
(1-4) 1789. *F. W. Foster*; (5) 1752. *M.*

Görlitz.

453

Pensum Sacrum,
Görlitz, 1648.

L. M.

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend.*So lange Jesus bleibt der Herr.* 1741. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

- As long as Jesus Lord remains,
Each day new rising glory gains;
It was, it is, and will be so
With his Church militant below.
- 2 Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
In every time and every place;
And Jesus' blood-bought righteousness
Abides his Church's glorious dress.
- 3 All self-dependence is but vain,
Christ doth our corner-stone remain,
- Our Rock that will unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 4 The glorious Spirit of our God,
The Father's gift to Christ the Lord,
Instructs his Church in every place
To witness of his blood-bought grace.
- 5 Thou art and shalt remain our Lord,
Thou art our God, by all adored;
The Day-star of thy pilgrim flock,
Thy body's Head, thy Church's Rock.

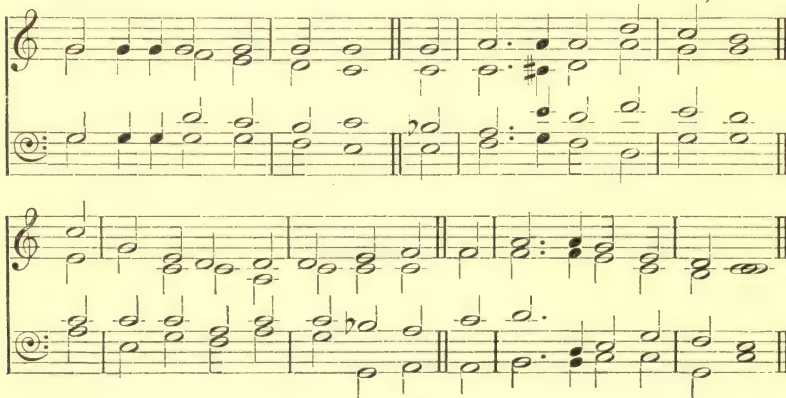
1748. *F. Okely*; recast 1789. *C. I. La Trobe*.

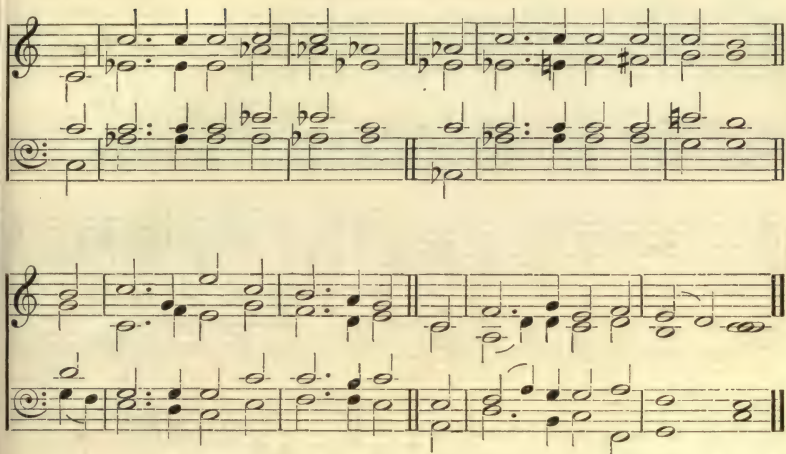
Lostwithiel.

7.7.44.7. D.

454

J. TURLE, 1854.





H EAD of thy Church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee ;
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory :
 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise,
 Which knows our days
 And ever brings us nigher :
 We clap our hands exulting
 In thine almighty favour ;
 The love divine,
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation :
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes,
 Through thee we shall
 Break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise,
 For that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us :
 And, if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right hand,
 To call us up to heaven,

1745. C. Wesley.

Austria.

87. 87. D.

455

Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser.

F. J. HAYDN, 1797.



GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode :
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood ;
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God :
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings,
 And as priests his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joy and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

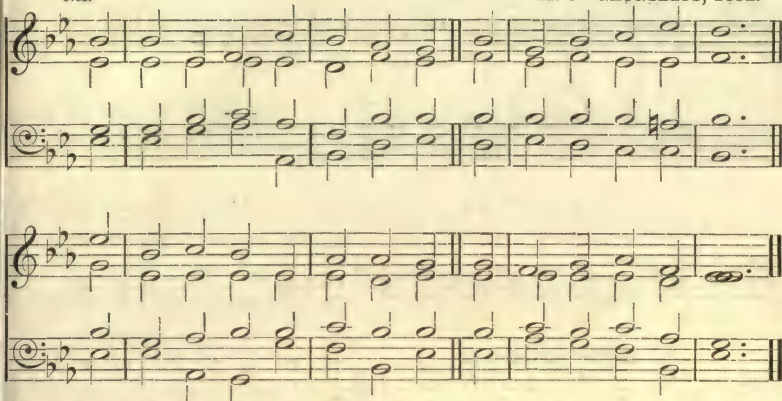
1779. J. Newton.

St. Fulbert.

C.M.

456

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 32.]

- O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
 With whom he deigns to dwell!
 He feeds and cheers them by his word,
 His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
 His throne of grace is near;
 And when they plead his love and power,
 He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 He helped his saints in ancient days,
 Who trusted in his name;
 And we can witness, to his praise,
 His love is still the same.
- 4 Wandering in sin, our souls he found,
 And bade us seek his face;
 Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
 And taste the gospel-grace.
- 5 Oft in his house his glory shines
 Before our wondering eyes;
 We wish not then for golden mines,
 Or aught beneath the skies.
- 6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
 And makes our burdens light;
 A word from him dispels our fears,
 And gilds the gloom of night.
- 7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
 Nor would we dare repine;
 But give us still to find thee near,
 And own us still for thine.

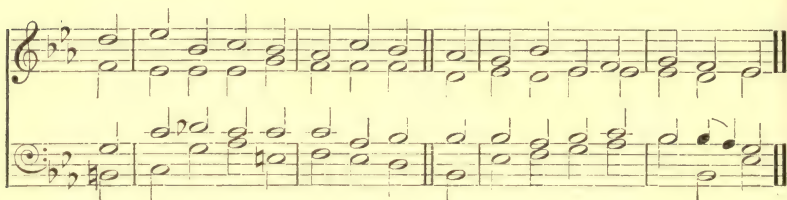
1779. J. Newton.

St. Sepulchre.

457

L.M.

G. COOPER, 1862 (comp. 1836).



JESUS, our best beloved friend,
 Draw out our souls in pure desire ;
 Jesus, in love to us descend ;
 Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call,
 Poor and unworthy though we be ;
 Pardon and sanctify us all ;
 Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 To fear and follow thy commands ;
 O take our hearts ; our hearts are thine,
 Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
 May we thy blessed will obey ;
 Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
 The heat and burden of the day.

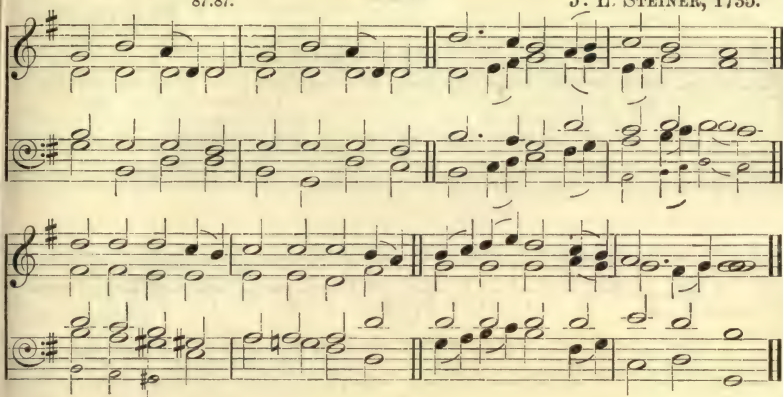
5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
 In heaven, at thy right hand prepare ;
 And till we see thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there.

1812. *J. Montgomery.*

Gott will's machen (*First Tune*). 458

87.87.

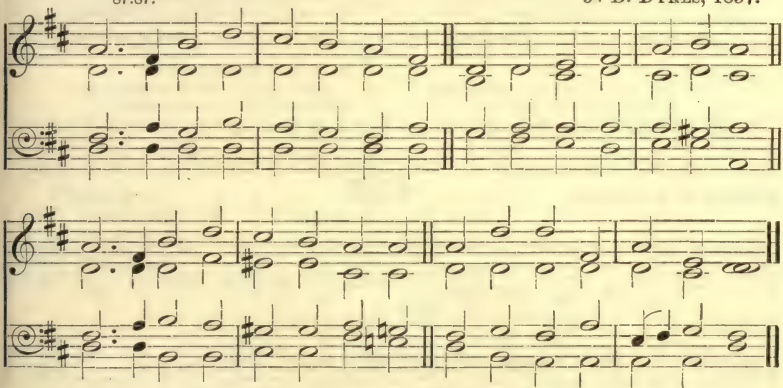
J. L. STEINER, 1735.



St. Oswald (*Second Tune*).

87.87.

J. B. DYKES, 1857.



Igjennem Nat og Traengsel. 1825. B. S. Ingemann.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

- 2 Clear before us, through the darkness,
Gleams and burns the guiding light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night ;
- 3 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread ;

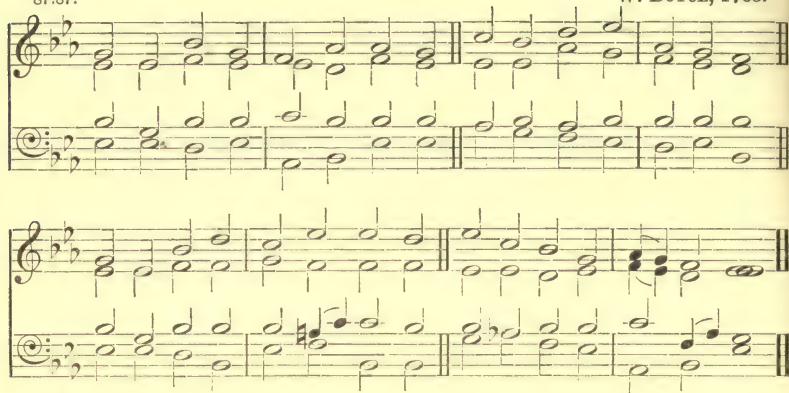
- 4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires ;
- 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun ;
- 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Sharon.

459

W. BOYCE, 1765.

87.87.



YE, who freely offer praises,
Glorify your Saviour's name:
Do not his unbounded mercies
Justly your thanksgivings claim?

2 O how kindly has he led us,
O'er us watched with faithful care,
On the richest pastures fed us,
Saved from danger, freed from fear.

3 Yet while we with joy adore him,
We indeed have cause to mourn,
To confess our faults before him,
And to him as sinners turn.

4 O forgive each deviation;
Lord, while we for mercy sue,
Let us joy in thy salvation,
As of old our days renew.

1826. F. W. Foster.

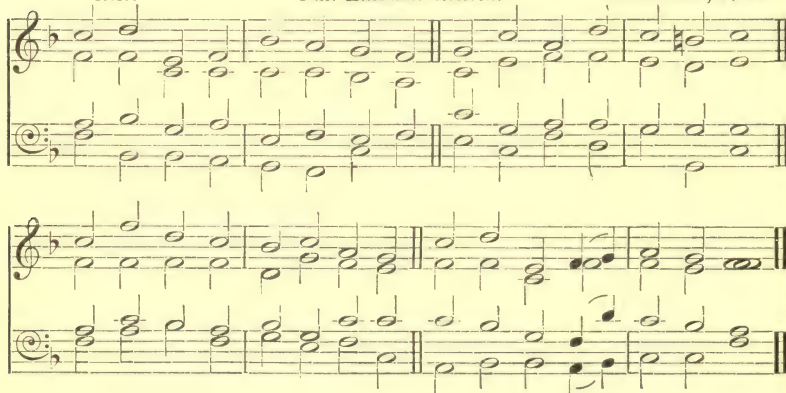
Gregor's Sixteenth.

460

C. GREGOR'S
Choralbuch, 1784.

87.87.

O der Alles hätt' verloren.



ON thy ransomed congregation,
Lord, lift up thy countenance;
Be our help, joy and salvation;
Life and health to us dispense.

2 In each heart O fix thy dwelling,
There erect a monument
Of thy love, all love excelling,
There fulfil thy blest intent.

3 Take us under thy protection,
Grant us to obey thy voice,
Simply follow thy direction,
To thy will resign our choice.

4 Of each weight still more divested,
Freed from every earthly view,
Be our purpose, unmolested,
Our high calling to pursue.

5 Thus may we, as thine anointed,
Walk 'fore thee in truth and grace,
In the path thou hast appointed,
Till we reach thy dwelling-place.

1826. *F. W. Foster, a.*

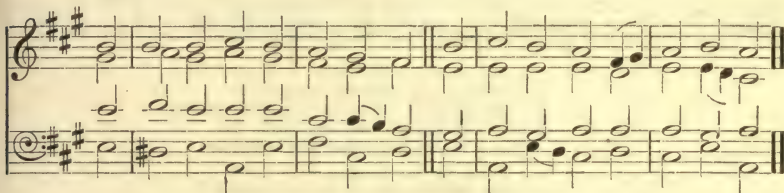
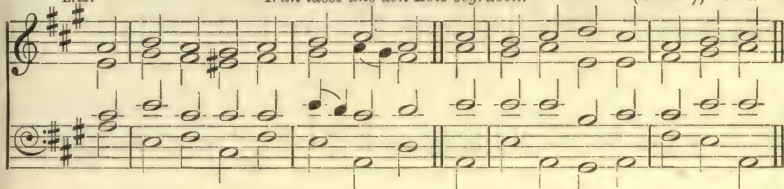
Wittenberg.

461

Neue Gesänge
(Rhaw), 1544.

L. M.

Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben.



Omnipotens sempiterne Deus. c. 495. Sacramentary of Gelasius.

HEAD of the Church, our risen Lord,
Who by thy Spirit dost preside
O'er the whole body; by whose word
They all are ruled and sanctified;

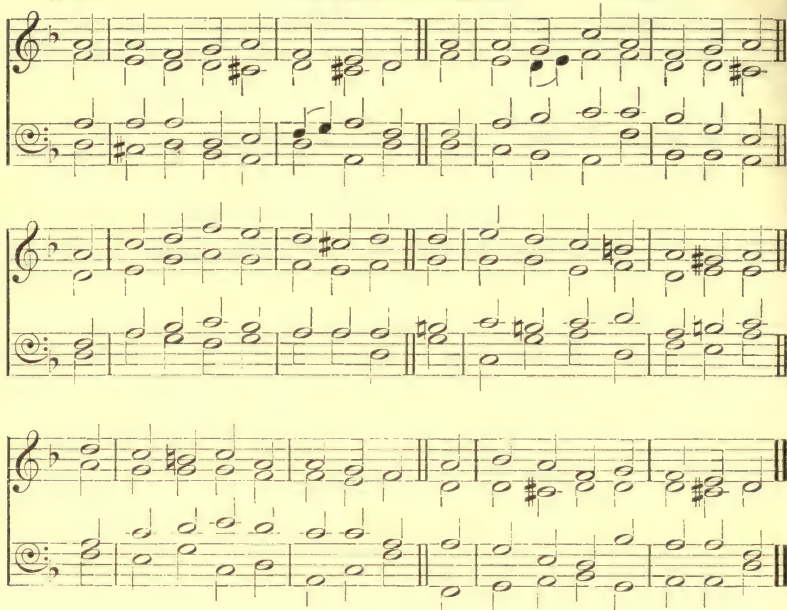
2 Our prayers and intercessions hear
For all thy family at large,
That each, in his appointed sphere,
His proper service may discharge.

3 So, through the grace derived from thee,
In whom all fulness dwells above,
May thy whole Church united be,
And edify itself in love.

1836. *J. Conder.*

Vater Unser.

88.88.88.

Vater unser im Himmelreich.

FAITH of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
*Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.*

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate,
Though they, like them, should die for thee.

3 Faith of our fathers; God's great power
Shall soon all nations win for thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Mankind shall then be truly free.

4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

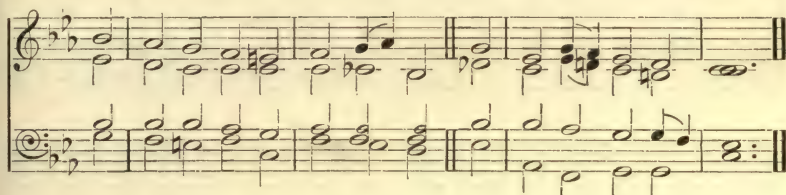
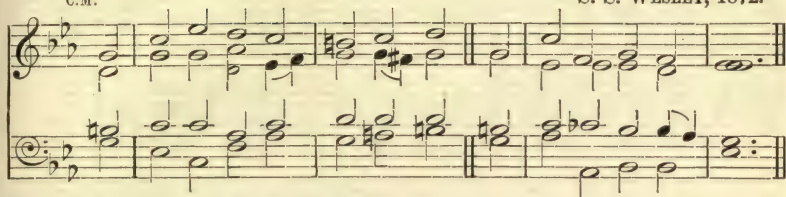
1849. *F. W. Faber.*

Kilkbampton.

463

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

C.M.



CITY of God, how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime!
 The true thy chartered freemen are
 Of every age and clime.

2 One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
 One working band, one harvest song,
 One King omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth!
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of freedom, love, and truth!

4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night
 With never-fainting ray!
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands;
 Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
 The eternal City stands.

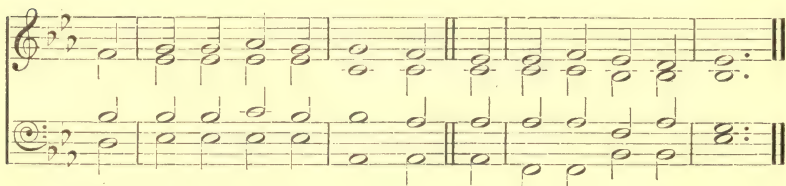
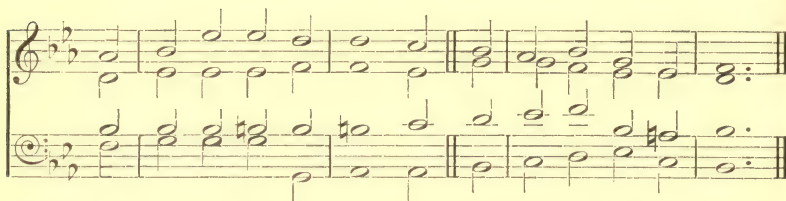
1864. S. Johnson.

Aurelia.

76.76. D.

464

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



THE Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord :
 She is his new creation
 By water and the word ;
 From heaven he came and sought her
 To be his holy bride ;
 With his own blood he bought her,
 And for her life he died.

- 2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth,
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

- 3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore,
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

- 4 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won.
 O happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with thee.

Alleluia.

87.87. D.

465

S. S. WESLEY, 1868.



CHURCH of God, beloved and chosen,
 Church of Christ, for whom he died,
 Claim thy gifts, and praise the Giver,
 'Ye are washed and sanctified.'
 Sanctified by God the Father,
 And by Jesus Christ his Son,
 And by God the Holy Spirit,
 Holy, holy, Three in One.

2 By his will he sanctifieth,
 By the Spirit's power within ;
 By the loving hand that chasteneth,
 Fruits of righteousness to win ;
 By his truth and by his promise,
 By the word, his gift unpriced,
 By his own blood, and by union
 With the risen life of Christ.

3 Holiness by faith in Jesus,
 Not by effort of thine own ;
 Sin's dominion crushed and broken,
 By the power of grace alone ;
 God's own holiness within thee,
 His own beauty on thy brow ;
 This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
 This thy blessed portion now.

4 He will sanctify thee wholly ;
 Body, spirit, soul shall be
 Blameless till thy Saviour's coming
 In his glorious majesty.
 He hath perfected for ever
 Those whom he hath sanctified ;
 Spotless, glorious, and holy,
 Is the Church, his chosen Bride.

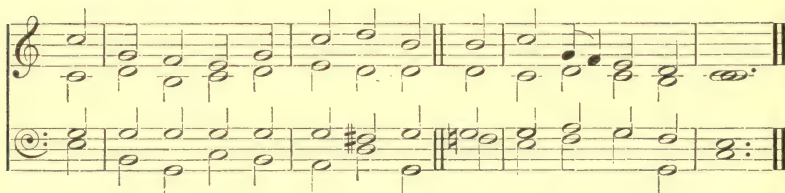
1873. *Frances R. Havergal.*

Christ, the Good Shepherd.

466

Tunes for the Hymns, etc.
JAS. HUTTON, 1742—4.

C. M. D.



Psalm lxxvii.

Es woll uns Gott genädig sein. 1524. M. Luther.

THY mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
Thy blessing on us pour ;
Lift up thy gracious countenance
Upon us evermore :
O may we fully know thy mind,
Thy saving word proclaim,
That many heathen tribes may find
Salvation in thy name.

2 Let tongues and kindreds praise the Lord,
Let every nation praise ;
Let all the earth with one accord
A glad thanksgiving raise,
That sin no more its sway maintains,
For Christ the Lord is King,
His word defends, his law sustains :
Shout all ye lands and sing !

3 Then shall the earth her increase bring,
Her fruits be multiplied ;
Then shall thy sceptre rule, O King,
Thy word be glorified ;
And God, our God, with blessings crown
His faithful Church again,
And earth's remotest bounds shall own
Him Lord and God ! Amen !

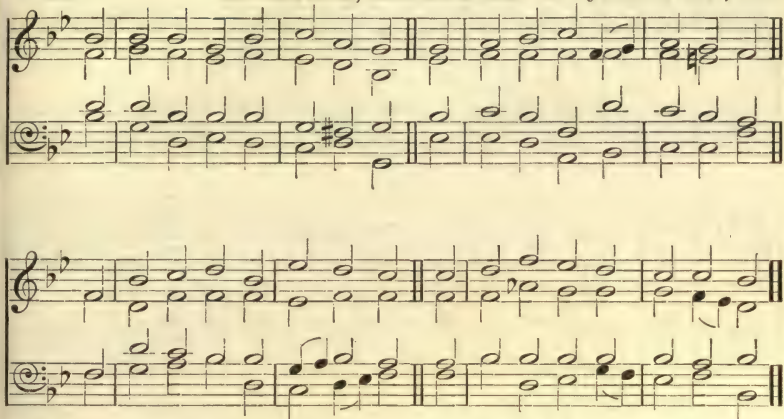
(1) 1743. W. Delamotte ; (2, 3) 1885. B. Harvey.

Breslau.

L.M.

467

C. GALL'S

Herr Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht. As hymnodus sacer, 1625.

[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 308.]

O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht. 1630. J. Heermann.

O CHRIST, our true and only light,
 Illumine those who sit in night,
 Let those afar now hear thy voice,
 And in thy fold with us rejoice.

- 2 Fill with the radiance of thy grace
 The souls now lost in error's maze,
 And all whom in their secret minds,
 Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.
- 3 And all who else have strayed from thee,
 O gently seek ; thy healing be
 To every wounded conscience given,
 And let them also share thy heaven.
- 4 O make the deaf to hear thy word,
 And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
 Who dare not yet the faith avow,
 Though secretly they hold it now.
- 5 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
 Recall the wanderers from thy fold,
 Unite those now who walk apart,
 Confirm the weak and doubting heart.
- 6 So they, with us, may evermore
 Such grace with wondering thanks adore ;
 And endless praise to thee be given,
 By all thy Church in earth and heaven.

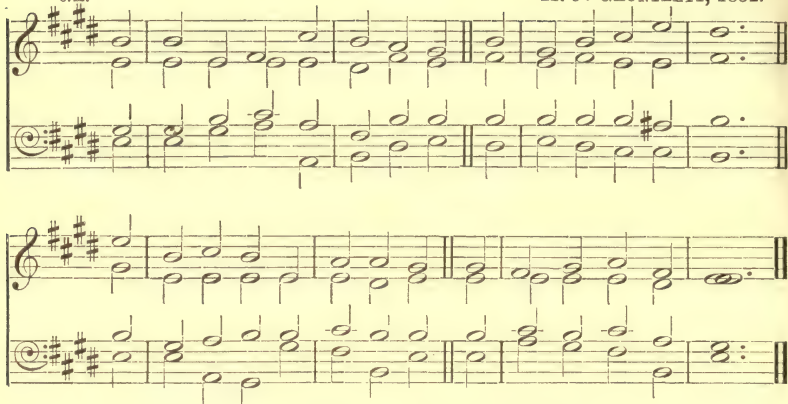
1858. *Catherine Winkworth.*

St. Fulbert.

468

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.

C. M.



HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

3 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
 Thy mercy sets them free,
 While in the confidence of prayer
 Their souls take hold on thee.

4 When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea, that roars at thy command
 At thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths
 Thy goodness we adore ;
 We praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

7 Our life, while thou preservest life,
 A sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, when death shall be our lot,
 Shall join our souls to thee.

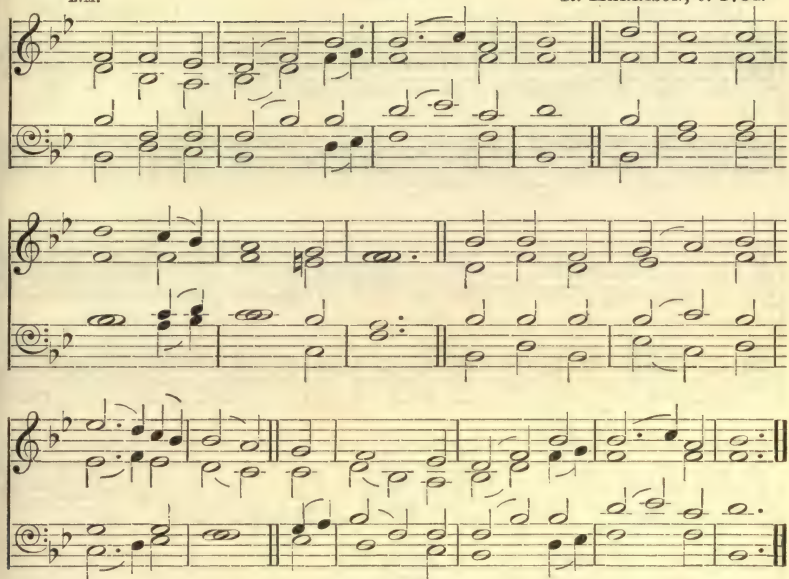
1712. J. Addison.

Warrington.

L.M.

469

R. HARRISON, c. 1784.

*Psaln lxxii. 12-19.*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run :
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown his head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 Peoples and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long Amen.

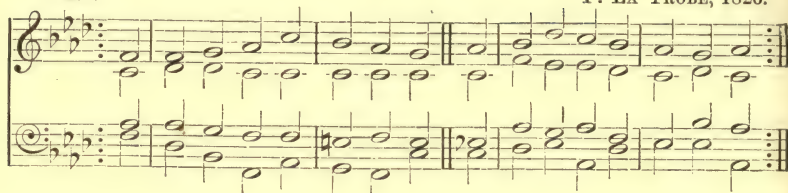
1719. I. Watts.

Ely Place.

L.M.D.

470

P. LA TROBE, 1826.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 102.]

[May also be sung to *Die Wanderschaft*, No. 588.]

Der König ruht und schauet doch. 1734. A. G. Spangenberg.

WHAT can we offer thee, O Lord,
For all the wonders of thy grace?
Fain would we thy great name record,
And worthily set forth thy praise:
Dear object of our faith and love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it on our spirits flow!

2 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free,
Till all mankind shall know thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee:
Open a door, which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Grant that thy word may richly dwell
Among us, and our fruit remain!

3 O multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear;
Throughout the world thy Gospel spread
Thy everlasting grace declare:
We all, in perfect love renewed,
Shall know the greatness of thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

1741. J. Wesley, a.

Culford.

77.77. D.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1867.



Wir sind nur dazu (st. 17). 1734. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

WARRIOR, on thy station stand,
 Faithful to thy Saviour's call
 With the shield of faith in hand,
 Fearless, let what may befall:
 Nothing fill thee with dismay,
 Hunger, toil, or length of way:
 In the strength of Jesus boast;
 Never, never quit thy post.

1808. M.

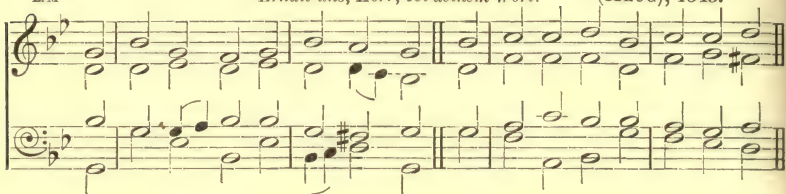
Spires.

L M

472

Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.

Wittenberg Gesangbuch
(KLUG), 1543.



Erbarm dich deines Volks. 1739. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

LORD, view with grace thine Israel,
In blindness veiled and wandering still,
Thy ancient love they still must share,
Thy promises yet waiting are.

2 When shall thine hour, great Hebrew, come,
That Israel's sons shall be brought home;
When shall they in his blood confide,
Whom once their fathers crucified?

3 When shall that hour of grace appear,
That rends their veil as Christ draws near;
When shall they feel what Thomas felt,
When 'fore his wounded side he knelt?

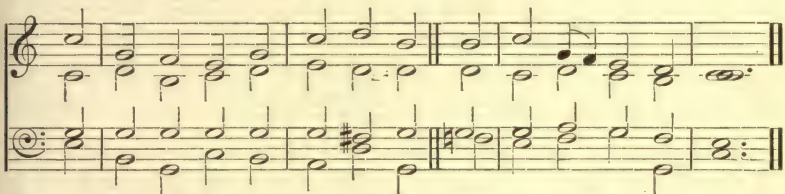
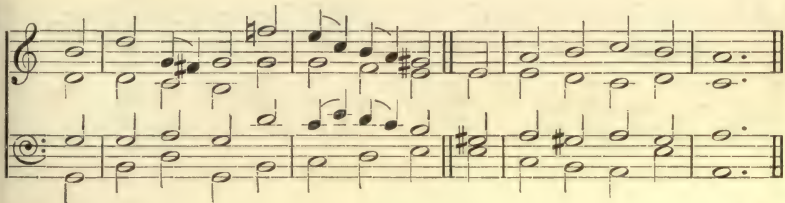
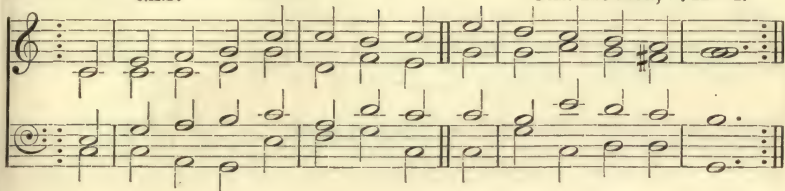
4 Then, Father, in thy house shall we
Once more our firstborn brethren see,
And hymn with them, in blueded strain,
The praises of the Lamb once slain.

1849. T. L. Badham, a.

Christ, the Good Shepherd.

C.M.D.

473

Tunes for the Hymns, etc.
JAS. HUTTON, 1742—4.*Sind wir dann dazu.* 1735. E. Dorothea von Zinzendorf.

ARISE, O Lord, exalt thy grace,
Thy precious gospel spread ;
That for the travail of thy soul
Thou mayst behold thy seed :
O may thy knowledge fill the earth ;
Increase the number still
Of those, who in thy word believe,
And do thy holy will.

2 Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare
To follow thy command,
To execute thy utmost aim,
And in thy presence stand,
As servants willing to be used,
Who in thy work delight,
And offer freely praise and prayer,
As incense, day and night.

3 Hereto we cheerful say, Amen ;
We have this truth avowed,
That we in spirit, body, soul,
Are bound to serve our God,
Who touched and drew and wooed our hearts,
And conquered us by love ;
To him we have engaged ourselves ;
O may we faithful prove.

1742. W. Delamotte, a.

Ich halte treulich still.

S. M. D.

474

J. S. BACH (?).

SCHEMELLI'S Gesangbuch, 1736.



FATHER of boundless grace !
 Thou hast in part fulfilled
 Thy promise made to Adam's race,
 In God incarnate sealed :
 A few from every land
 At first to Salem came,
 And saw the wonders of thy hand,
 And saw the tongues of flame.

Yet still we wait the end,
 The coming of our Lord ;
 The full accomplishment attend
 Of thy prophetic word :

The promise deeper lies,
 In unexhausted grace,
 And new-discovered worlds arise
 To sing their Saviour's praise.

- 3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
 By him redeemed of old,
 All nations must come in, and make
 One undivided fold :
 While gathered in by thee,
 And perfected in one,
 They all at once thy glory see,
 In thine eternal Son.

1762. C. Wesley.

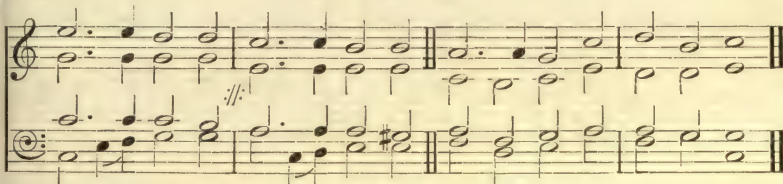
Unser Herrscher.

87.87.447.

475

Unser Herrscher, unser König.

J. NEANDER (?).
Bundeslieder, 1680.



Dros y bryniau tywyll niwlog. 1772. W. Williams.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace ;
Day of blessing,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary ;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

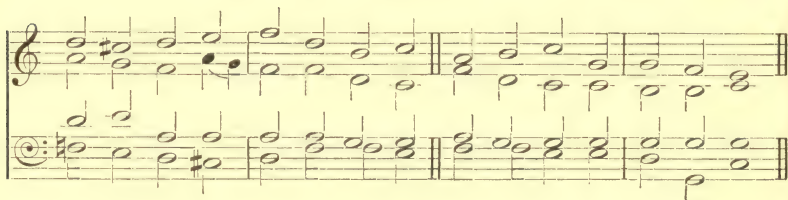
1772. W. Williams, a.

Mirfield.

87.87. D.

476

London Tune Book, 1877.



ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
 All the earth shall own his sway ;
 He will make his kingdom glorious,
 He shall reign in endless day.
 Nations now from God estrangèd,
 Then shall see a glorious light ;
 Night to day shall then be changèd,
 Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

2 Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
 Mourning, seek their Lord and God,
 Look on him whom once they piercèd,
 Own and kiss the chastening rod.
 Mighty King, thy arm revealing,
 Now thy glorious cause maintain,
 Bring the nations help and healing,
 Make them subject to thy reign.

1806. T. Kelly.

G. J. ELVEY, 1858.

77.77. D.



HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore.
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :

See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed his sword ; he speaks — 'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away ;
 Then the end ; beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

1818. *J. Montgomery.*

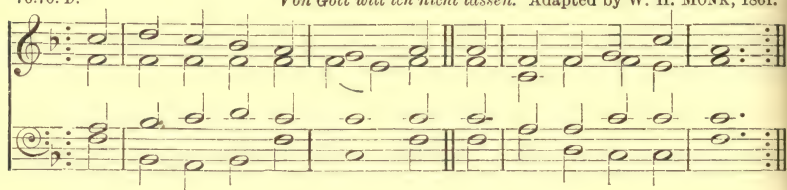
Crüger.

76.76. D.

478

From J. CRÜGER, 1640.

Von Gott will ich nicht lassen. Adapted by W. H. MONK, 1861.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 719.]

Psalm lxxii.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth.
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert ranger
 To him shall bow the knee,
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see ;
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at his feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore him,
 His praise all people sing ;
 For he shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

6 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed, in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
 And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all-blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us is Love.

1821. *J. Montgomery.*

Ely.

L. M.

479

T. TURTON, 1844.



O SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
 Confusion, order in thy path ;
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
 All the round earth her God to meet ;
 Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
 The triumphs of the cross record ;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call him Lord.

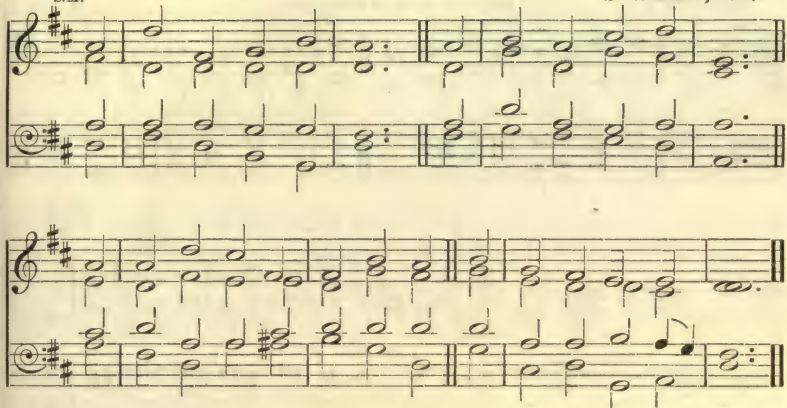
1823. *J. Montgomery.*

Bethlehem.

480

S. WESLEY, 1837.

S. M.



SOW in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

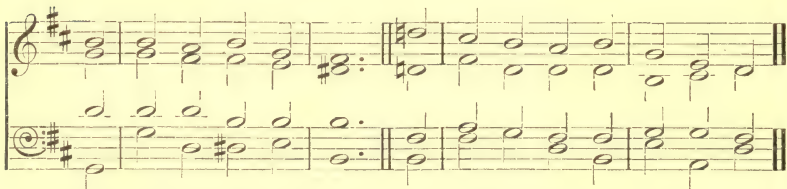
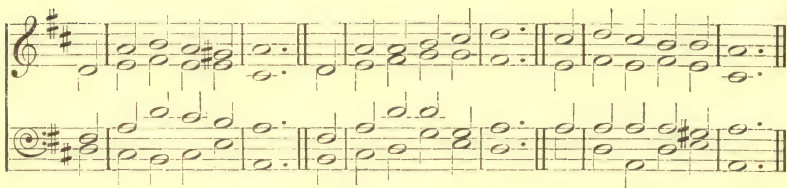
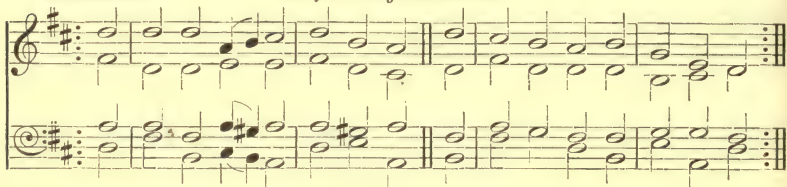
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock,
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not here nor there ;
 O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found ;
 Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown ;
 Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
 When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duly shall appear
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garners in the sky.
- 7 Thence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God is come,
 The angel reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry ' Harvest home ! '

1832. *J. Montgomery.*

Ein' feste Burg.

88.88.66.66.8.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.



SEND out thy light and truth, O God,
 With sound of trumpet from above ;
 Break not the nations with thy rod,
 But draw them as with cords of love ;
 Justice and mercy meet,
 The work is well begun ;
 Through every clime, their feet,
 Who bring salvation, run ;
 In earth, as heaven, thy will be done.

2 Before thee every idol fall,
 Rend the false prophet's veil of lies ;
 The fulness of the Gentiles call ;
 Be Israel saved, let Jacob rise ;
 Thy kingdom come indeed,
 Thy Church with union bless,
 All Scripture be her creed,
 And every tongue confess
 One Lord,—the Lord our righteousness.

3 Now, for the travail of his soul,
 Messiah's peaceful reign advance ;
 From sun to sun, from pole to pole,
 He claims his pledged inheritance :
 O thou Most Mighty, gird
 Thy sword upon thy thigh,
 That two-edged sword, thy word,
 By which thy foes shall die,—
 Then spring, new-born, beneath thine eye.

4 So perish all thine enemies !
 Their enmity alone be slain ;
 Them in the arms of mercy seize,
 Breathe, and their souls shall come again :
 So may thy friends at length,
 Oft smitten, oft laid low,
 Forth, like the sun in strength,
 Conquering, to conquer go,—
 Till to thy throne all nations flow.

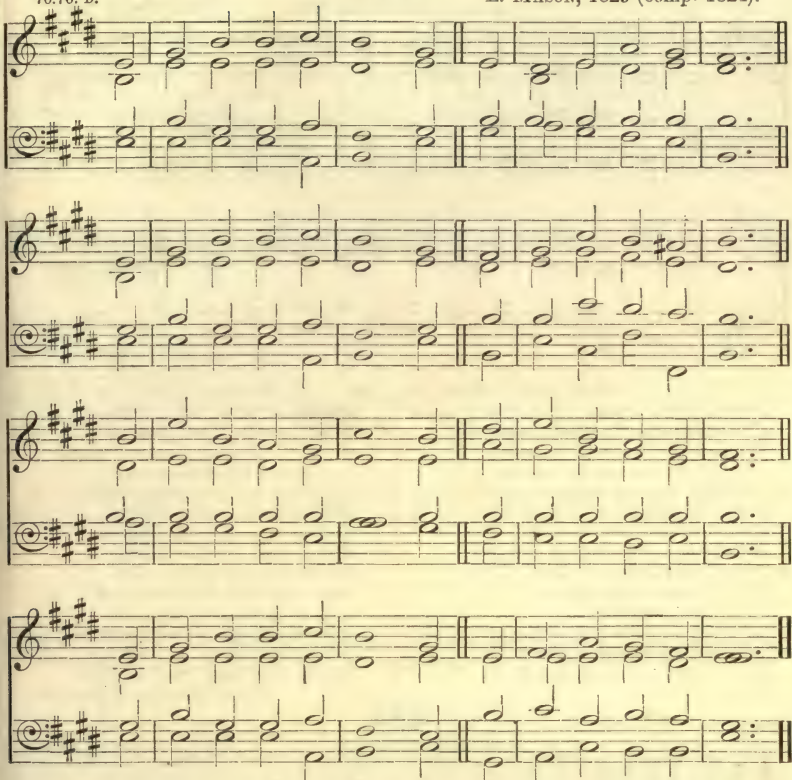
1836. J. Montgomery.

Missionary.

482

L. MASON, 1829 (comp. 1824).

76.76. D.



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

1819. R. Heber.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Lübeck.

77.77.

483

Gott sei Dank in aller Welt.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704.



Walte, walte, nah und fern. 1827. J. F. Bahnmayer.

SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty word !
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er his breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still,
How he sent his Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who for ever doth remove
By his holy sacrifice,
All the guilt that on us lies.

4 Tell them of the Spirit given,
Now to guide us up to heaven,

Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

5 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for thee the nations long ;
Spread till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

6 Up ! the ripening fields ye see,
Mighty shall the harvest be,
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.

7 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for thee,
Till the nations far and near
See thy light, and learn thy fear.

1858. Catherine Winkworth.

Dir.

77.77.77.

484

Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier.

C. KOCHER, 1838.



Psalm lxxii.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face ;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill thy Church with light divine ;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

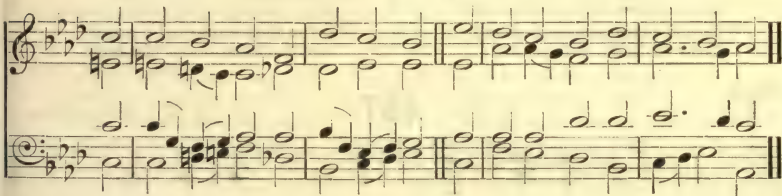
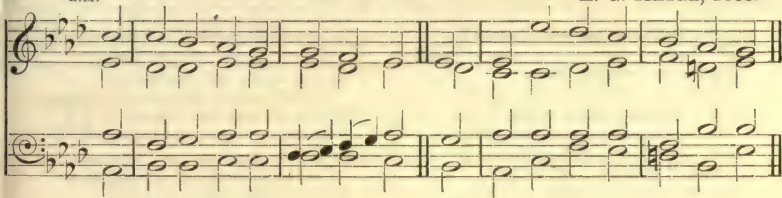
1834. *H. F. Lyte.*

St. Lawrence.

485

L. G. HAYNE, 1863.

L.M.



LOOK from the sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might,
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee !

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

1840. *W. C. Bryant.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Orientis Partibus.

77.77.

486

Mediæval French Melody.
Adapted by R. REDHEAD, 1853.



SOLDIERS of the cross, arise !
Gird you with your armour bright ;

Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky ;
Let it float there wide unfurled ;
Bear it onward ; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;

Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
In the night of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

1854. W. W. How.

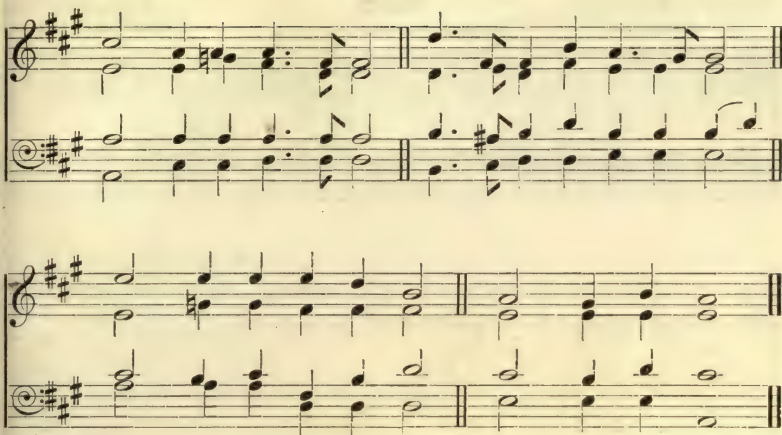
Vigil.

64.64.6764.

487

A. ST. G. PATTON, 1874.





HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake :
Jesus our Lord is nigh ;
Wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night ;
Ye are children of the light ;
Yours is the glory bright ;
Wake, brethren, wake.

2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch :
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch.
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Bridegroom's gate,
E'en though he tarry late ;
Watch, brethren, watch.

3 Heed we the Master's call,
Work, brethren, work :
There's room enough for all :
Work, brethren, work.
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford ;
He will your work reward ;
Work, brethren, work.

4 Hear we the Saviour's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray :
Would ye his heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

5 Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise,
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise.
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs ?
While heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise.

1859. Anon. in 'The Revival.'

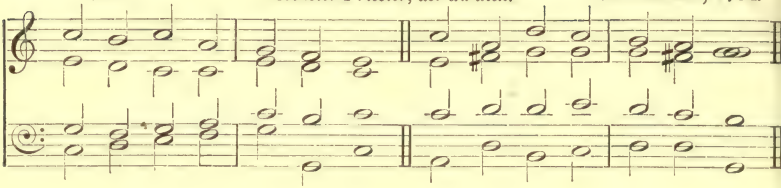
Gregor's Twelfth.

488

C. GREGOR'S
Choralbuch, 1784.

77.77.

Höchster Priester, der du dich,



HE must reign, who won the right
Once on Calvary's darkened height;
Farther than the farthest plain,
O'er creation he must reign.

2 He must reign, whose blood alone
Flowed for Luman guilt to atone;
By that hour of awful pain
He has triumphed, he must reign.

3 What though heavenly realms of light
Bow before his sceptre bright?
O'er the hearts he died to gain
He has rights, and he must reign.

4 By the Almighty Father's will,
He shall rule from Zion's hill;
Fixed is the decree and plain,
He is King, and he must reign.

5 Earth and all its works shall pass,
Scorched and burnt as summer grass;
But, when death itself is slain,
He shall live, and he must reign.

6 He has died, and he must reign—
Died for all, and rose again,
Can Jehovah's word be vain?
God has said it:—he must reign.

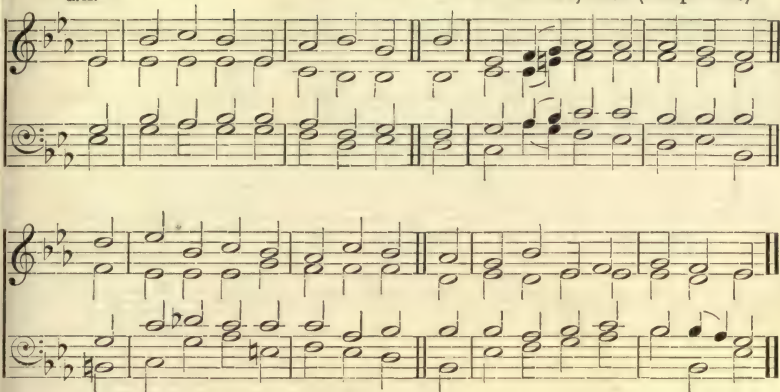
1881. Annie Edwards.

St. Sepulchre.

489

L. M.

G. COOPER, 1862 (comp. 1836).



LORD of the tempest and the wave,
 O be it thine to guard and save,
 To smoothe a path from shore to shore,
 And speed thy messengers once more !

- 2 Giver of all the earth's increase,
 Sustainer of our health and peace,
 Without the manna thou canst feed :
 Remember, Lord, thy children's need.
- 3 Father of lights, let fall a ray
 Where ignorance enshrouds the day,
 And bid the glorious Word divine
 Far into heathen darkness shine.
- 4 And come with all thy sevenfold power
 In God's appointed gracious hour,
 Spirit, by whom to man is given
 To know the mysteries of heaven.
- 5 Shine on the precious sacrifice
 From which alone our hopes arise,
 And fix the trembling sinner's gaze
 Upon Immanuel's lovely face.
- 6 And when in weakness or in fear
 Thy servants call, O Christ, be near !
 Near, with thy pitying kind embrace,
 Near, with thy all-sufficient grace, —
- 7 Near, with the tongue of fire to teach
 Hearts that no human power can reach,
 Nearest, when they at last shall be
 Absent from us, at home with thee.

1881. *Annie Edwards.*



WE have heard a joyful sound,—
 'Jesus saves !'
 Spread the gladness all around :
 'Jesus saves !'
 Bear the news to every land,
 Climb the steep and cross the waves ;
 Onward ! 'tis our Lord's command :
 Jesus saves !

2 Waft it on the rolling tide :
 'Jesus saves !'
 Tell to sinners far and wide,
 'Jesus saves !'
 Sing, ye islands of the sea,
 Echo back, ye ocean caves ;
 Earth shall keep her jubilee :
 Jesus saves !

3 Sing above the battle's strife,
 'Jesus saves !'
 By his death and endless life
 Jesus saves !
 Sing it softly through the gloom,
 When the heart for mercy craves ;
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
 'Jesus saves !'

4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
 'Jesus saves !'
 Let the nations now rejoice :
 Jesus saves !
 Shout salvation full and free
 To every strand that ocean laves,—
 This our song of victory,
 'Jesus saves !'

* Small notes for verse 4.

(516)

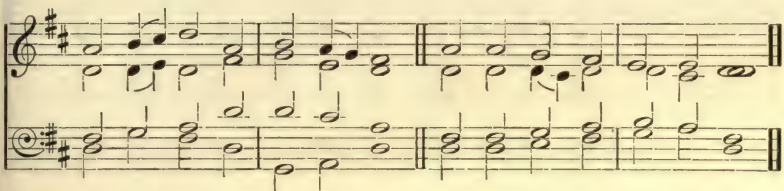
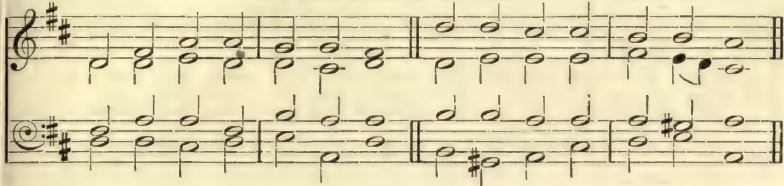
1888. *Priscilla J. Owens.*

Culbach.

491

Anon.

77.77.

*Ach wann kommt die Zeit heran.**in Seelenlust, 1657.*

[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 21.]

NOW the Lord our souls has fed,
 With himself, the Living Bread ;
 Fed us, sitting at his feet,
 With the finest of the wheat.

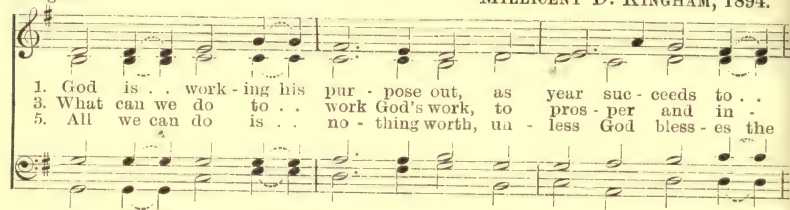
- 2 We have endless treasure found ;
 We have all things and abound,
 Rich abundance and to spare ;
 Shall we not the blessing share ?
- 3 For, while we are feasting here,
 Starving millions, far and near,
 Call us with the bitter cry :
 'Come and help us, or we die !'
- 4 We have heard of their distress,
 Of their want and hopelessness ;
 Now a voice our ears doth greet,
 Saying, 'Give ye them to eat.'
- 5 And we here have told the Lord
 We were listening for his word,
 That, whate'er his call might be,
 We would follow joyfully.
- 6 Speak, Lord : we, thy servants, hear ;
 Thou hast taught us not to fear ;
 And, whate'er thy word shall be,
 We can do it, Lord, in thee.

Benson.

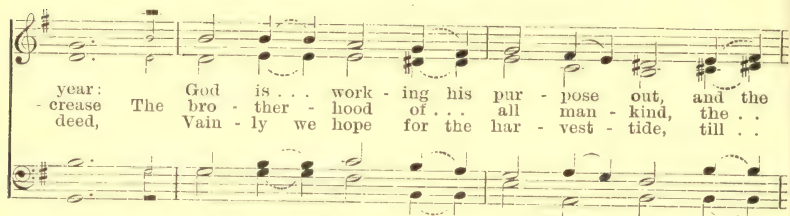
492

Irregular.

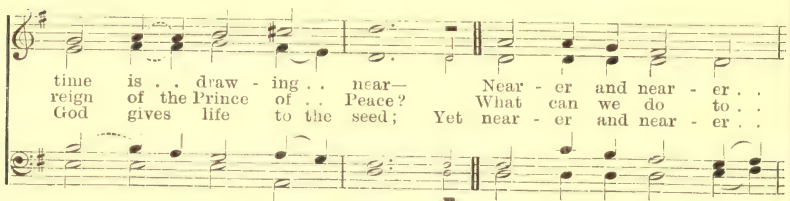
MILLCENT D. KINGHAM, 1894.



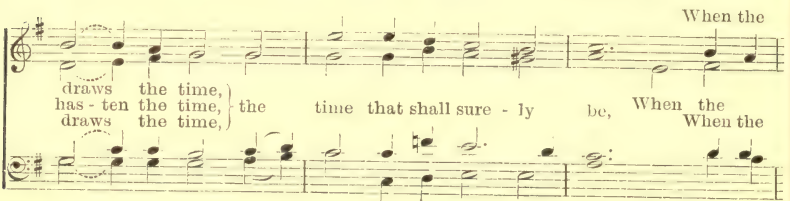
1. God is . . work - ing his pur - pose out, as year suc - ceeds to . .
 3. What can we do to . . work God's work, to pros - per and in -
 5. All we can do is . . no - thing worth, un - less God bless - es the



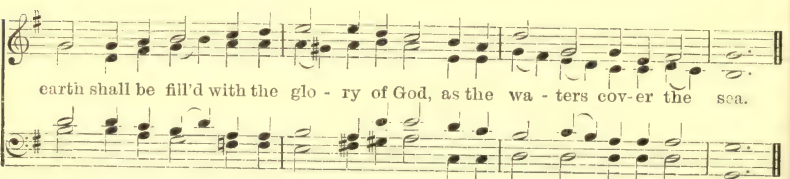
year : The God is . . work - ing his pur - pose out, and the
 - crease deed, bro - ther - hood of all man - kind, the
 Vain - ly we hope for the har - vest - tide, till . .



time is . . draw - ing . . near - er and near - er . .
 reign of the Prince of . . Peace? What can we do to . .
 God gives life to the seed; Yet near - er and near - er . .

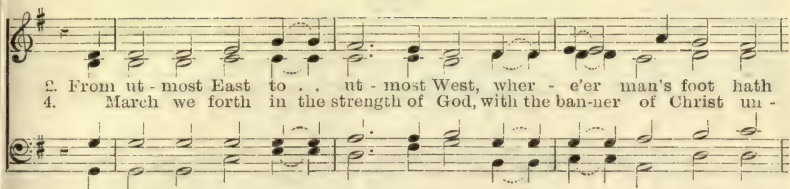


When the
 draws the time, } the time that shall sure - ly be, When the
 has - ten the time, }
 draws the time, }

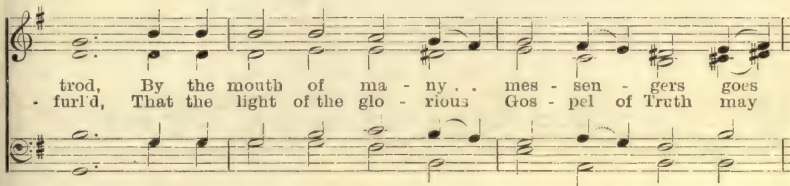


earth shall be fill'd with the glo - ry of God, as the wa - ters cov - er the sea.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.



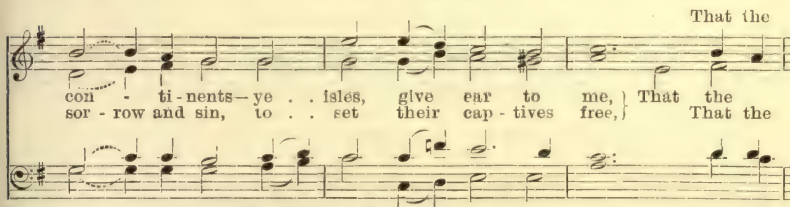
2. From ut - most East to . . ut - most West, wher - e'er man's foot hath
4. March we forth in the strength of God, with the ban-ner of Christ un -



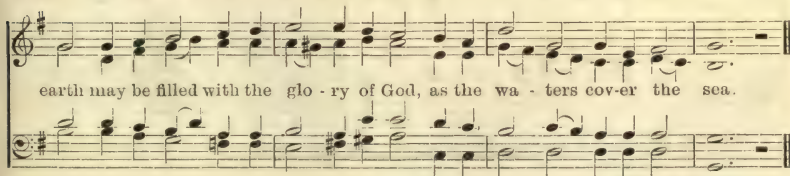
trod, By the mouth of ma - ny . . mes - sen - gers goes
- furl'd, That the light of the glo - rious Gos - pel of Truth may



forth the voice of . . God; Give ear . . to me, ye
shine through - out the world: Fight we the fight with



That the
con - ti - nents - ye . . isles, give ear to me, } That the
sor - row and sin, to . . set their cap - tives free, } That the



earth may be filled with the glo - ry of God, as the wa - ters cov - er the sea.

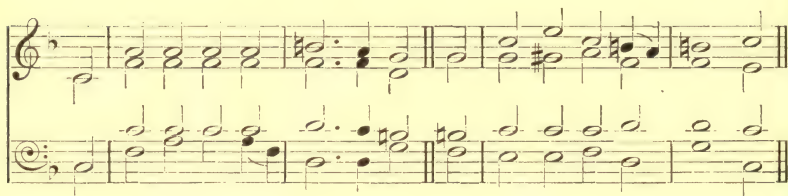
1894. A. C. Ainger.

Bishopgarth.

87.87. D. Iambic.

493

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1897.



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ALMIGHTY Lord, whose sovereign right
 Extends o'er every nation,
 We bless thee for the gospel light
 That brought to us salvation.
 And unto thee we raise our prayer
 For all in darkness dwelling ;
 That they with us thy light may share,
 With us thy praise be telling.

2 And hear us as we call on thee
 For all the truth possessing,
 That they may ever ready be
 To share the heavenly blessing,
 To send to earth's remotest shore
 The gladdening gospel story,
 That all the heathen may adore
 Jesus, the King of Glory.

3 As with thine eyes, Lord, may we see
 The world in darkness lying ;
 And may thy love the motive be
 To save the lost, the dying.
 The precious harvest waiting lies,
 But few the workers number—
 O Church of Christ! arise! arise!
 Arouse thee from thy slumber!

4 Lord, Lord ; the impulse must be thine,
 Forgive our sloth, our dullness ;
 O quicken us with Life divine,
 With all thy Spirit's fulness.
 So may our love and faith increase,
 Our fervour and devotion ;
 To speed the messengers of peace
 O'er every land and ocean.

5 And evermore be with them, Lord,
 And evermore befriend them ;
 Be thou their shield and great reward,
 To succour and defend them.
 Prosper their faithful ministry,
 Till, in the day appointed,
 The kingdoms of the world shall be
 The realm of thine Anointed.

1903. *E. R. Hassé.*

CHURCH WORK AND WORKERS.

Die Mollust dieser Welt.

494

67.67.66.66.

A. FRITZSCH'S *Himmelslust*, 1679.



O Gott, du frommer Gott. 1630. J. Heermann.

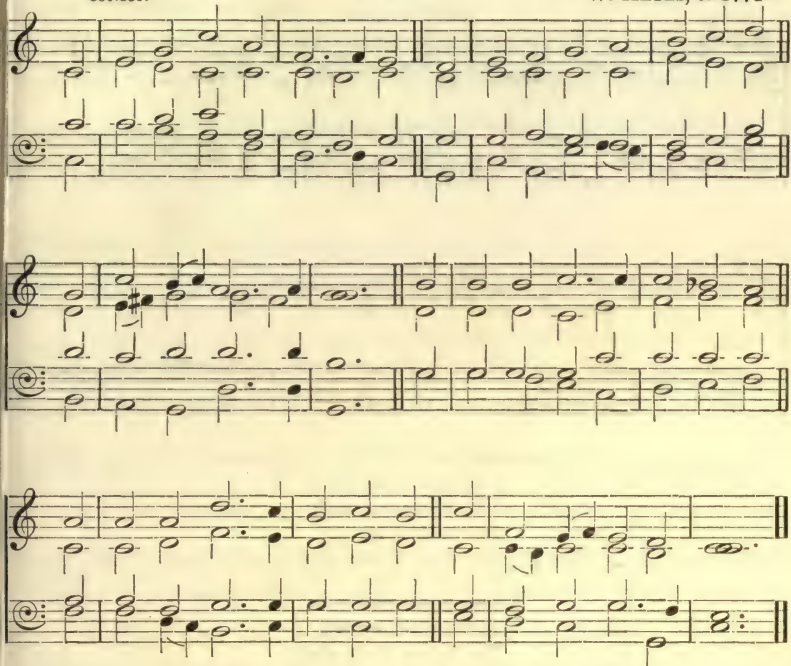
O GOD, thou faithful God,
Thou fountain ever flowing,
Without whom nothing is,
All perfect gifts bestowing ;
A pure and healthy frame
O give us, and within
A conscience free from blame,
A soul unhurt by sin.

2 If dangers gather round,
Still keep us calm and fearless ;
Help us to bear the cross
When life is dark and cheerless ;

To overcome our foe
With words and actions kind ;
When counsel we would know,
Good counsel let us find.

3 And grant us, Lord, to do
With ready heart and willing,
Whate'er thou shalt command,
Our calling here fulfilling ;
And do it when we ought
With all our strength, and bless
The work we thus have wrought,
For thou must give success.

1858. Catherine Winkworth.



Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein. 1631. J. M. Altenburg.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow ;
Dread not his rage and power ; [faints,
What though your courage sometimes
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer ; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs ;
Leave it to him, our Lord :
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and his word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown ;
God is with us, we are his own ;
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen ! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer ;
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again ;
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

1855. Catherine Winkworth.

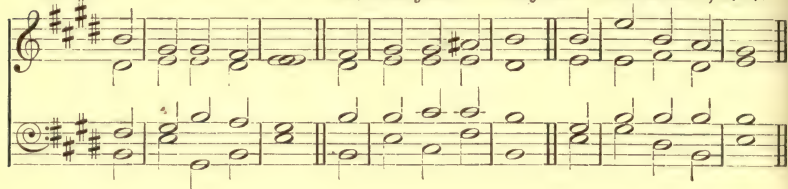
In Christo.

55.5.11.

496

ZINZENDORF'S

In Christo gelebt. Sing- und Betbüchlein, 1727.



Du treuester Freund, 1737. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

O JESUS, my Lord,
For ever adored,
My portion, my all,
On thy holy name I now humbly would call.

2 Soul, spirit and mind
To thee be resigned,
Thy throne there erect,
Till thou thy whole purpose in me dost effect.

3 Whatever I do
With thy blood bedew,
May every thought be
Intent on enjoying communion with thee.

4 Make me thine abode,
A temple of God,
A vessel of grace,
Prepared for thy service, and formed to thy praise.

5 The covenant is made
With thee as my Head:
Lord, grant my request,
To love and to serve thee, till with thee I rest.

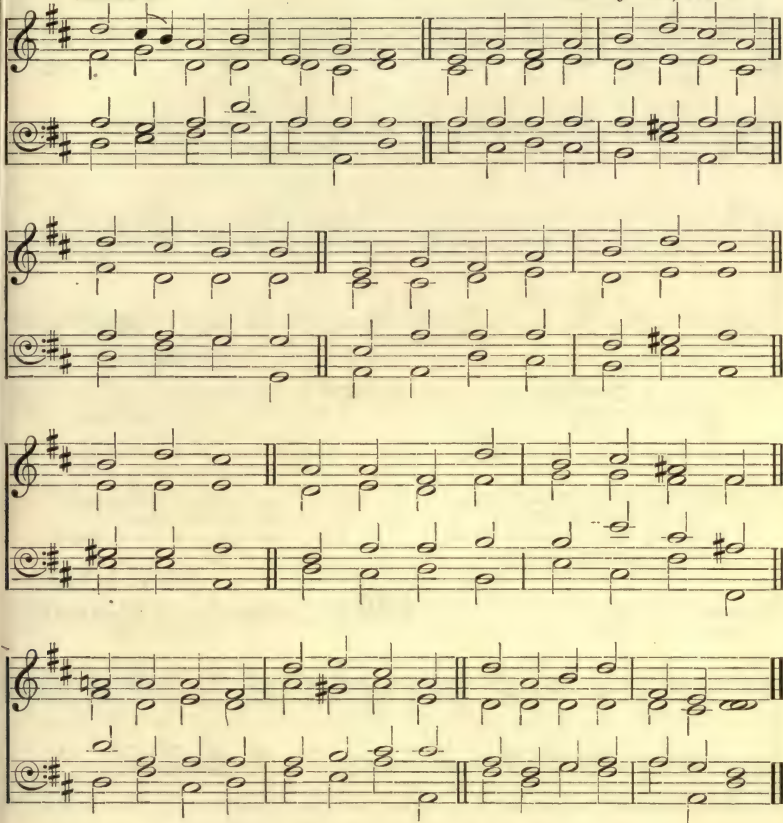
1808. *M., a.*

♩ Du Hüter Israel.

7.84.73.88.7.

497

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1714.



Mache uns zu deinem Dienst. 1738. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

FIT us for thy service, Lord,
Each one in thy congregation,
In his station;
Set us in the appointed place
To thy praise:
Make us for thy service able,
Ever willing, strong and stable,
Till in thee we end our race.

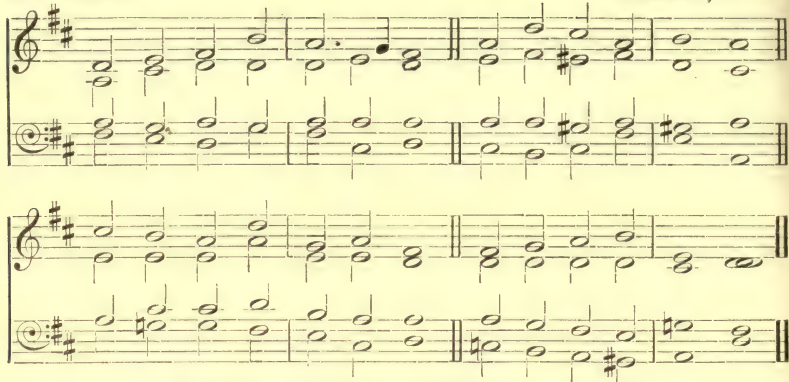
1751. J. Gambold; recast 1789. J. Swertner.

Carthage.

76.76. Trochaic.

498

G. P. MERRICK, 1877.



Das heil'ge, unbefleckte Lamm. 1740 N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

HOLY spotless Lamb of God,
Jesus, Lord and Saviour,
In the path thyself hast trod
Lead us on for ever.

2 Shepherd, help thy chosen few,
Thee in truth to follow;
With thy blood, whate'er we do,
Be thou pleased to hallow.

3 Show us daily more and more
Of thy Church's beauty;
Give the impulse and the power
For each sacred duty.

4 Thus shall we with willing feet
On thy service venture;
Thy hard labour makes all sweet,
When on toil we enter.

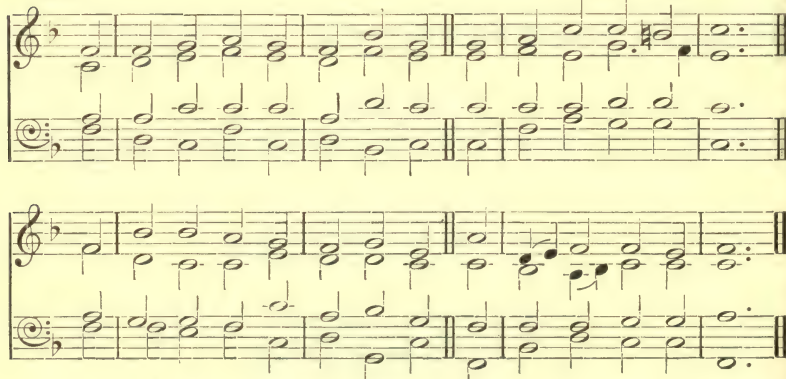
1808. L. R. West, a.

Farrant.

C.M.

499

Adapted from R. FARRANT (?)
c. 1530—80.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 322.]

Der Geist der Offenherzigkeit. 1753. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

O GRANT thy servants, through thy grace,
An understanding heart,
Thy dealings with thy Church to trace,
And counsel to impart.

2 With heavenly wisdom us endow,
Thy peace O may we feel;
Presence of mind on us bestow,
To execute thy will.

3 Thus, strengthened in the inner man,
Supported by thy aid,
We shall thy gracious aim obtain,
And in thy path proceed.

1754. *J. Gambold* ; recast 1808. *M.*

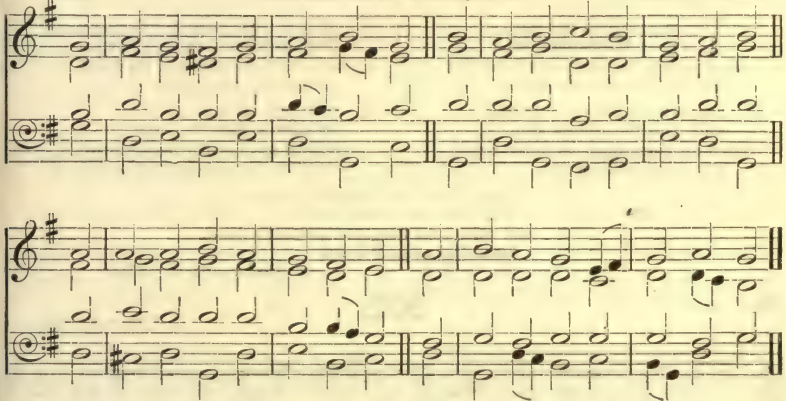
Wittenberg.

500

Neue Gesänge
(Rhaw), 1544.

L. M.

Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben.



Der Geist der Offenherzigkeit. 1753. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

BE present with thy servants, Lord,
We look to thee with one accord;
Refresh and strengthen us anew,
And bless what in thy name we do.

2 O teach us all thy perfect will
To understand and to fulfil;
When human insight fails, give light;
This will direct our steps aright.

3 The Lord's joy be our strength and stay,
In our employ from day to day;
Our thoughts and our activity
Through Jesus' merits hallowed be.

1801. *L. R. West, a.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Bethlehem.

S.M.

501

S. WESLEY, 1837.



YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch; 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head,
Amid the angelic band.

P. Doddridge, d. 1751.

Ely.

L.M.

502

T. TURTON, 1844.



POUR out thy Spirit from on high ;
 Lord, thine assembled servants bless :
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe us with thy righteousness.

2 Within thy temple when we stand,
 To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
 Saviour ! like stars in thy right hand,
 The angels of the Churches be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
 Firmness with meekness from above,
 To bear thy people on our heart,
 And love the souls whom thou dost love ;—

4 To watch and pray, and never faint ;
 By day and night strict guard to keep ;
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep ;

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
 In humble hope our charge resign :
 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God ! may they and we be thine.

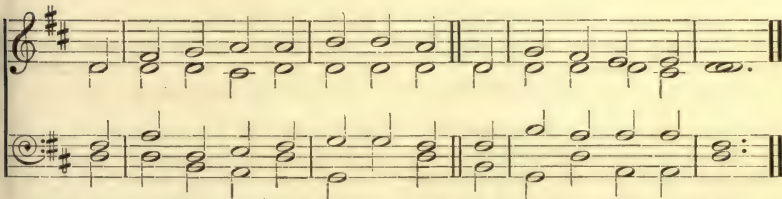
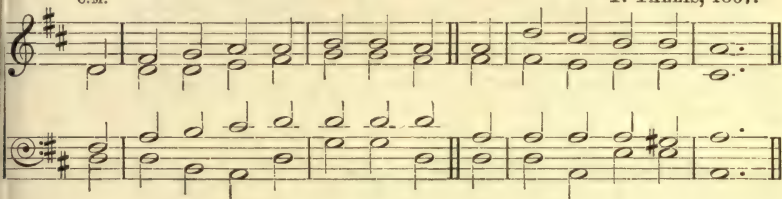
1833. *J. Montgomery.*

Tallis's Ordinal.

503

C.M.

T. TALLIS, 1567.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 196.]

O HOW should those be clean, who bear
 The vessels of the Lord :
 How should those give themselves to
 Who minister his word ! prayer,

2 Cleanse me, O Lord, my head, my feet,
 And a pure heart induce,
 That I may be a vessel meet
 For thy most holy use.

3 O may the glory of thy grace,
 Reflected on my mien,
 When called a sinful world to face,
 Show where my soul has been.

4 Then shall I not be greatly moved
 By envy or applause,
 Content to be by thee approved,
 And glorying in thy cause.

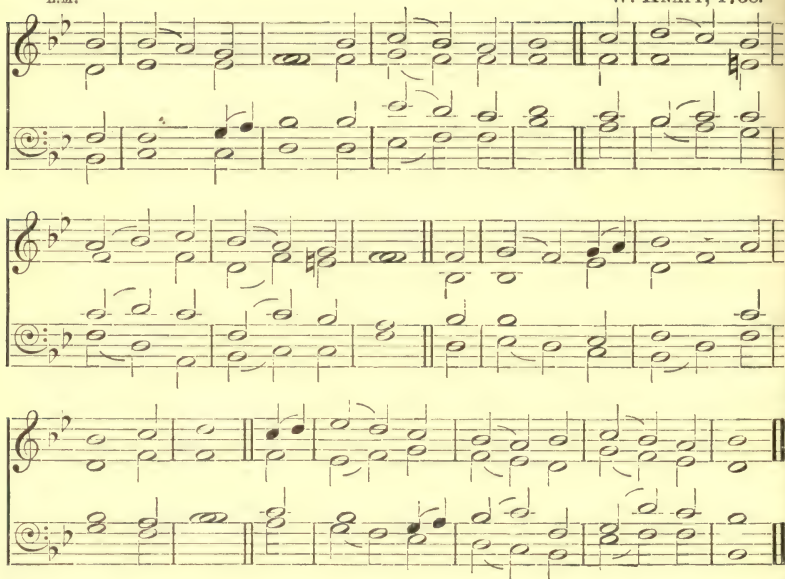
1836. *J. Conder, a.*

Wareham.

L.M.

504

W. KNAPP, 1738.



GO, labour on: spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on: 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

3 Go, labour on: your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

4 Go, labour on while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest
gloom.

6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

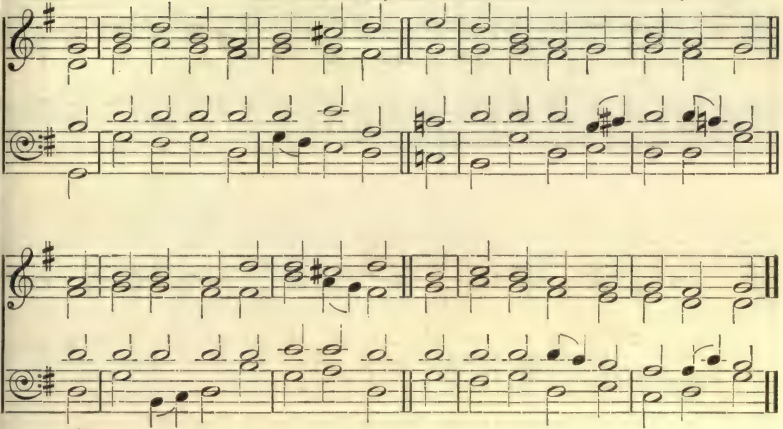
7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold, I come!'

1843. H. Bonar.

505

Görlitz.

L. M.

*Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend.**Pensum Sacrum,**Görlitz, 1648.*

BROUGHT safely hither by thy hand,
Behold us, Lord, before thee stand,
Once more prepared to thee to raise
Our humble prayer, our grateful praise.

- 2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour ;
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Thus round the throne, in union sweet.
- 3 We meet to seek in faith and zeal
The brethren's good, the Church's weal ;
O whilst for Zion's cause we stand,
May Zion's King be near at hand.
- 4 We meet, O God, that through our land,
The churches, planted by thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord free,
May bloom like gardens blest by thee.
- 5 Smile on us, Lord, and through this place
Diffuse the glory of thy face ;
In all our meetings here be given
A brightening antepast of heaven.

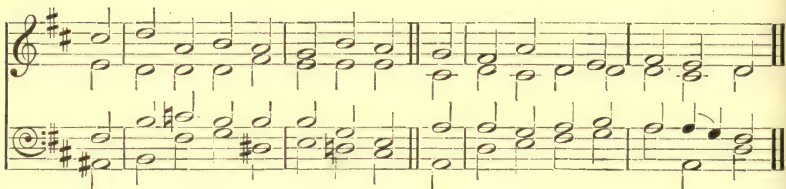
1847. *W. L. Alexander.*

St. Sepulchre.

L. M.

506

G. COOPER, 1862 (comp. 1836).



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 489.]

REAPER, behold the fields are white
 With the great harvest of the world.
 Soldier, seek thou the thickest fight,
 Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.

2 Wise to win souls, exhort, reprove,
 And watch the flock redeemed by blood
 Warn with thy tears, teach in deep love
 The gospel of the grace of God.

3 Toil on in the appointed way,
 The precious fruit shall soon appear;
 Work thou thy work whilst it is day;
 The shadows lengthen, night is near.

4 And say not that thy hands are weak,
 Thy heart is faint, thy soul cast down;
 But press thou on the prize to seek;
 Faithful to death, secure the crown.

5 Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,
 The welcome cry, Behold, I come!
 Within the pearly gates rejoice,
 And rest thee in thy heavenly home.

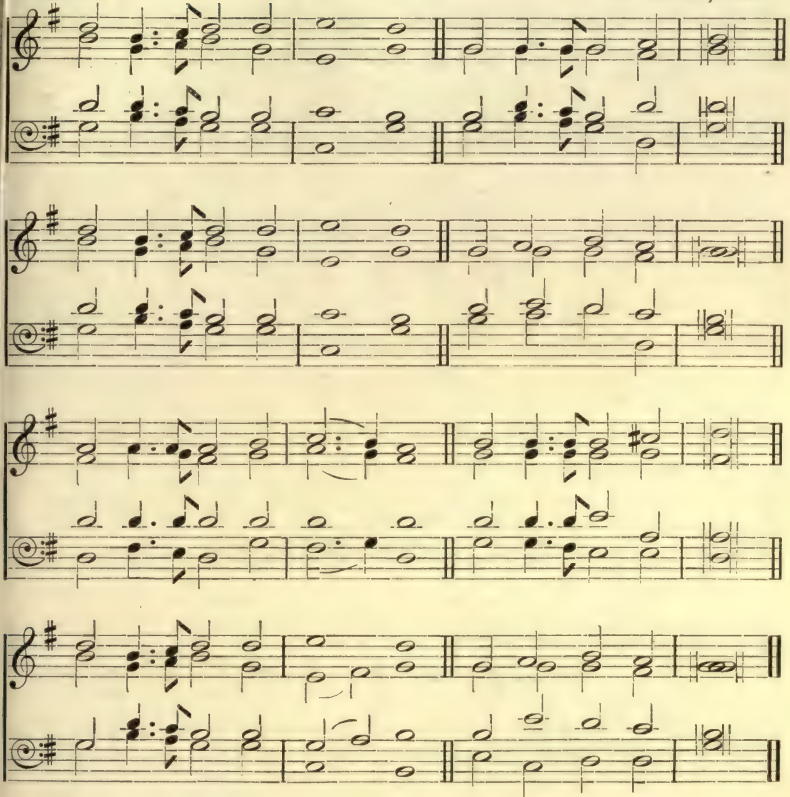
1853. *G. Rawson.*

Diligence.

507

L. MASON, 1864.

76.75. D.



WORK, for the night is coming !
 Work through the morning hours ;
 Work while the dew is sparkling ;
 Work 'mid springing flowers ;
 Work while the day grows brighter,
 Under the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming !
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill the bright hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon.

Give to each flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

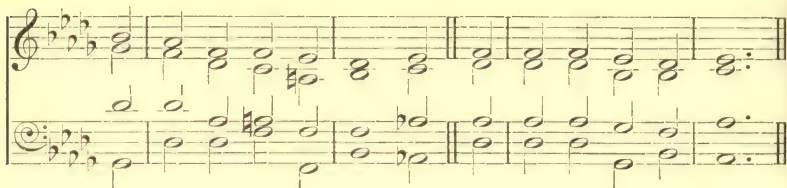
3 Work, for the night is coming !
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

1854. *Annie L. Coghill.*

Ewing (*First Tune*).

76.76. D.

A. EWING, 1853.



Day of Rest (*Second Tune*).

76.76 D.

J. W. ELLIOTT, 1874.

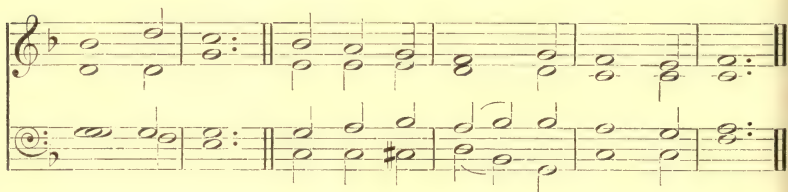




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- O** JESUS, I have promised
To serve thee to the end ;
Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend :
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my Guide.
- 2 O let me feel thee near me :
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.
- 3 O let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
- 4 O let me see thy features,
The look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for thy sake ;
The look that beamed on Peter,
When he thy name denied ;
The look that draws thy lovers
Close to thy pierced side.
- 5 O Jesus, thou hast promised,
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.
- 6 O let me see thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

1869. *J. E. Bode.*



LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone ;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

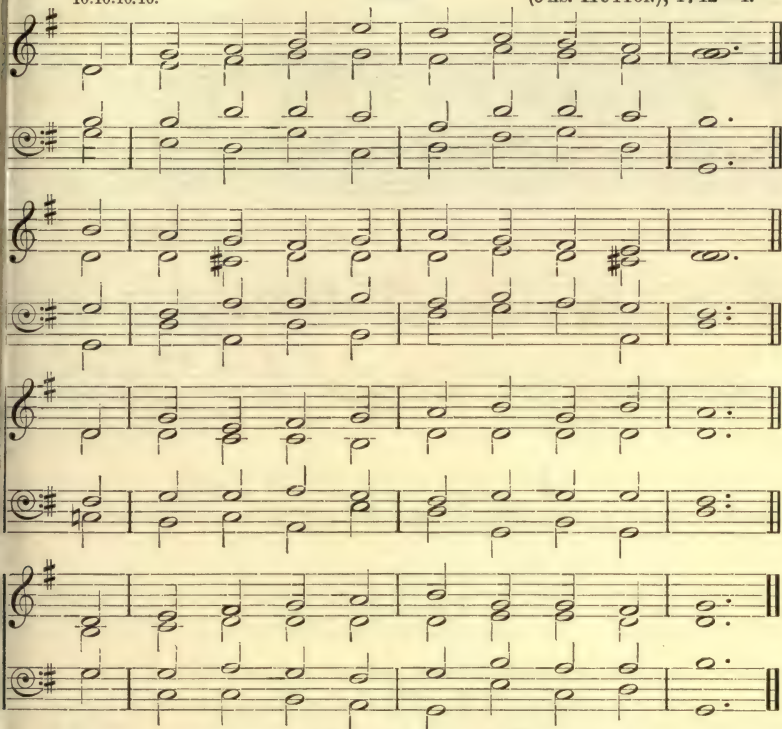
7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

BROTHERLY LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP.

Sinners' Redeemer.

10.10.10.10.

510

Tunes for the Hymns, etc.
(JAS. HUTTON), 1742—4.

Aj jak jest to milé a utěšené. 1561. M. Červenka.
Schau, wie lieblich und gut. 1566. P. Herbert.

HOW good it is, how pleasant to behold
 The favoured sheep of our good Shepherd's fold,
 Obeying him, in love and knowledge grow,
 Each sharing in the other's weal and woe.

- 2 Fulness of grace in him, the Head, abounds ;
 Hence every blessing to his Church redounds ;
 He dwells with us, and by his Spirit's light
 To love each other teaches us aright.
- 3 His precious word like plenteous dew descends,
 And fructifying power its fall attends ;
 Unto the soul refreshment it supplies,
 And to salvation makes us truly wise.
- 4 When love unfeigned our actions truly show,
 The God of peace his blessing will bestow ;
 O Lord, unite thy Church for Jesus' sake,
 And bless what in thy name we undertake.

St. Monica.

L. M.

511

FANNY J. ROBINSON, 1868.



HE wants not friends that hath thy love,
And may converse and walk with thee,
And with thy saints here and above,
With whom for ever I must be.

- 2 In the communion of saints
Is wisdom, safety and delight ;
And when my heart declines and faints,
It's raised by their heat and light !
- 3 As for my friends, they are not lost ;
The several vessels of thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempest tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.
- 4 Still we are centred all in thee,
Members, though distant, of one Head ;
In the same family we be,
By the same faith and spirit led.
- 5 Before thy throne we daily meet
As joint-petitioners to thee ;
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.
- 6 The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above ;
And thou, my best and surest Friend,
Who shall divide me from thy love ?

1663. R. Baxter.

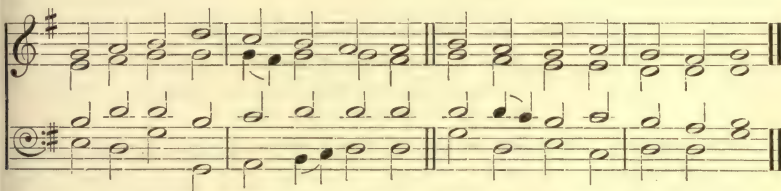
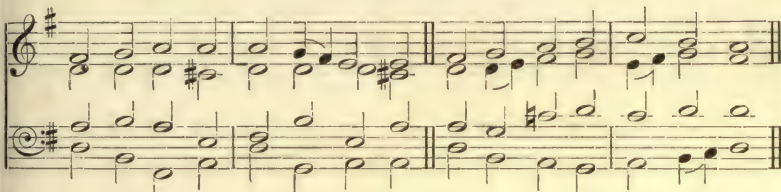
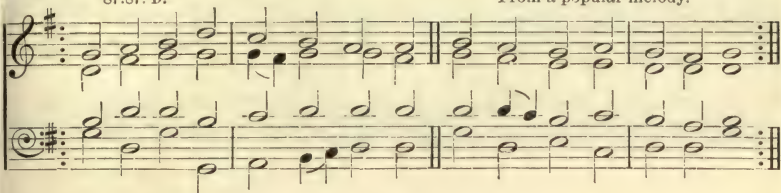
512

● *gesegnetes Regieren.*

87.87. D.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.), 1735—45.

From a popular melody.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 587.]

*Herz und Herz vereint zusammen. 1723. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.***C**HRISTIAN hearts in love united,

Seek alone in Jesus rest ;

Has he not your love excited ?

Then let love inspire each breast.

Members—on our Head depending,

Lights—reflecting him our Sun,

Brethren—his commands attending,

We in him, our Lord are one.

2 Come then, come, O flock of Jesus,

Covenant with him anew ;

Unto him, who conquered for us,

Pledge we love and service true ;

And should our love's union holy

Firmly linked no more remain,

Wait ye at his footstool lowly,

Till he draw it close again.

3 Grant, Lord, that with thy direction,

'Love each other,' we comply,

Aiming with unfeigned affection

Thy love to exemplify ;

Let our mutual love be glowing ;

Thus will all men plainly see,

That we, as on one stem growing,

Living branches are in thee.

4 O that such may be our union,

As thine with the Father is,

And not one of our communion

E'er forsake the path of bliss :

May our light 'fore men with brightness,

From thy light reflected, shine ;

Thus the world will bear us witness,

That we, Lord, are truly thine.

1789. *F. W. Foster, a.*

Alm.

77.77.

513

Anon.

Harmonized by S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



(1, 4) *Jesu, Haupt der Kreuzgemein.* C. David. d. 1751.

(2, 3) *Sieh, wie lieblich und wie fein.* 1700. M. Müller.

JESUS, head of Christians all,
Grant that we, both great and small,
Through thy gospel's light divine,
May be one and wholly thine.

2 Bring back all that go astray,
Heavenly Shepherd, to thy way,
Where the law which Jesus taught
Rules each word and deed and thought.

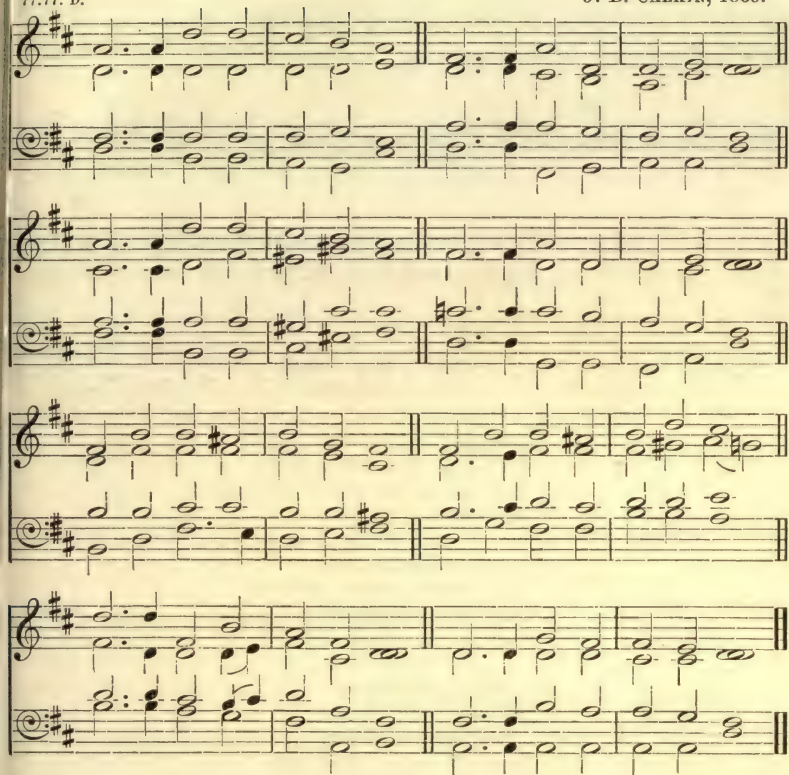
3 Bind together heart and heart,
Let no strife the union part;
With thine own almighty hand
Knit the sacred brother-band.

4 Let this band of brothers love
Here on earth, in heaven above;
Love and praise and rest in thee,
Here, and through eternity.

1841. Frances E. Cox.

Ramoth.

77.77. D.



PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up ;
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Jesus, we thy promise claim,
We are met in thy great name ;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite ;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love :

Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Let us for the faith contend ;
Sure salvation is its end :
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won :
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear,
Never from the rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

1740. C. Wesley.

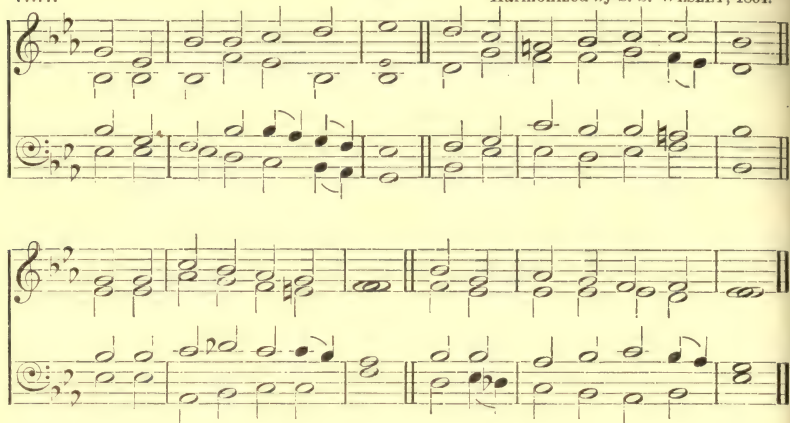
Alm.

77.77.

515

Anon.

Harmonized by S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Thou who art the Prince of Peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

- 2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Lord, us all in thee unite,
To enjoy thy saving light.
- 3 If one member honoured be,
All rejoice most heartily;
If one suffer, all a part
Bear with sympathizing heart.
- 4 Make us all one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
As thou wast on earth, O Lord.
- 5 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
In our conduct patterns be
Of unfeigned humility.

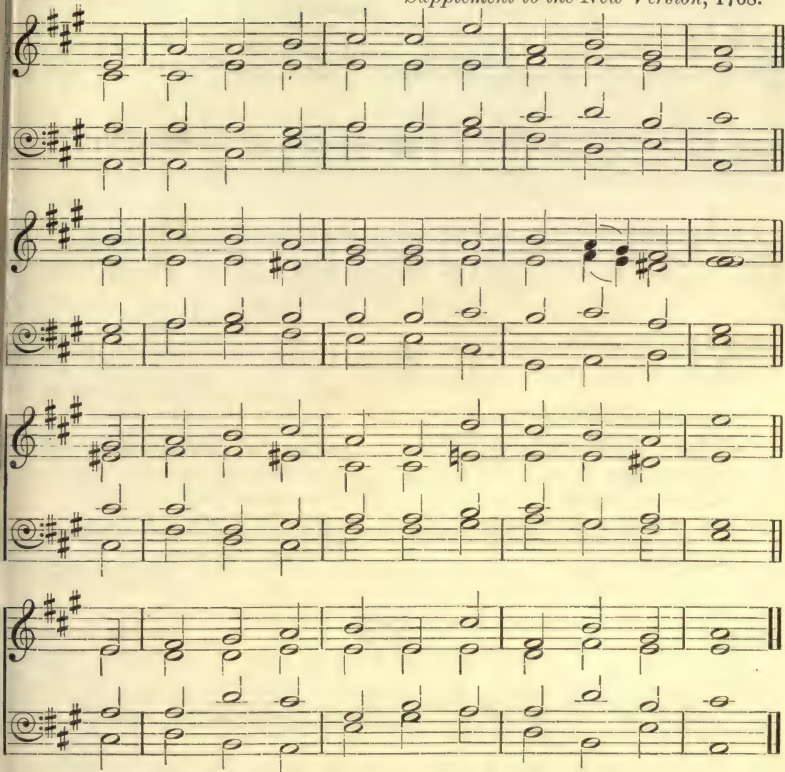
1749. C. Wesley, a.

Hanover.

11.11.11.11.

516

W. CROFT (?).

Supplement to the New Version, 1708.

WHAT brought us together, what joinèd our hearts?

The pardon which Jesus, our High-priest, imparts:

'Tis this which cements the disciples of Christ,

Who are into one by the Spirit baptized.

- 2 Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell,
And thus in sweet concert Christ's praises to tell,
In peace and blest union our moments to spend,
And live in communion with Jesus our Friend?
- 3 O yes, having found in the Lord our delight,
He is our chief object by day and by night;
This knits us together, no longer we roam,
We all have one Father, and heaven is our home.

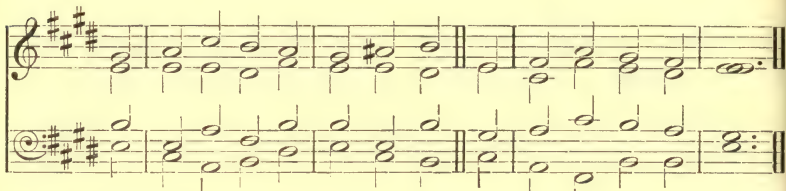
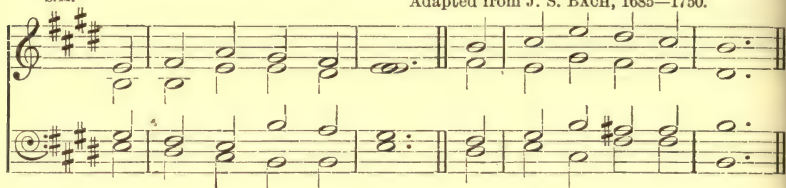
1744. *L. E. Schlicht*; recast 1826. *M.*

Potsdam.

S. M.

W. MERCER'S *Church Psalter and Hymnbook*, 1854.

Adapted from J. S. BACH, 1685—1750.



BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

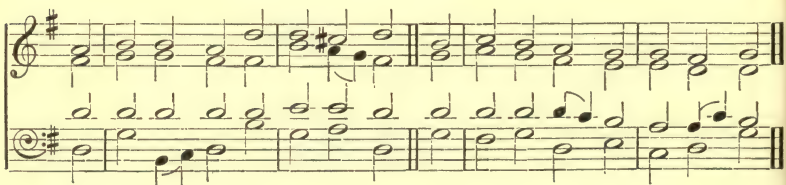
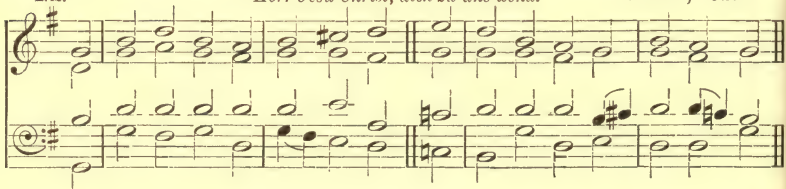
1772. *J. Fawcett.*

Görlitz.

L. M.

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend.

Pensum Sacrum,
Görlitz, 1648.



Die Liebe, die der Herr anpries. 1778. Louise v. Hayn; a. C. Gregor.

O THAT we all could quite fulfil
Our Saviour's testament and will:
To love each other we desire;
Come, sacred Love, our hearts inspire.

2 We join together heart and hand,
To walk towards the promised land;
For his appearance may with care
Each member day and night prepare.

3 Till we the Lord our righteousness
Shall see in glory face to face,
The bond of peace may we maintain,
And one with him, our Lord, remain.

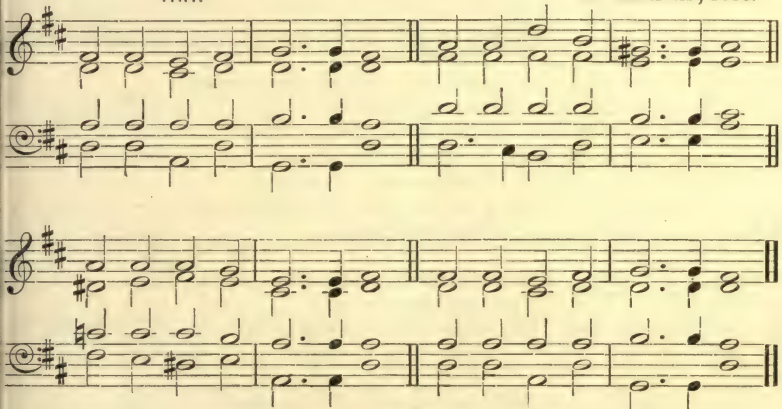
1789. *J. Miller, a.*

519

St. Dunstan (Redhead No. 47).

77.77.

R. REDHEAD, 1853.



CAN I see another's woe
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

2 Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

3 God doth give his joy to all:
He becomes an Infant small,
He becomes a Man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

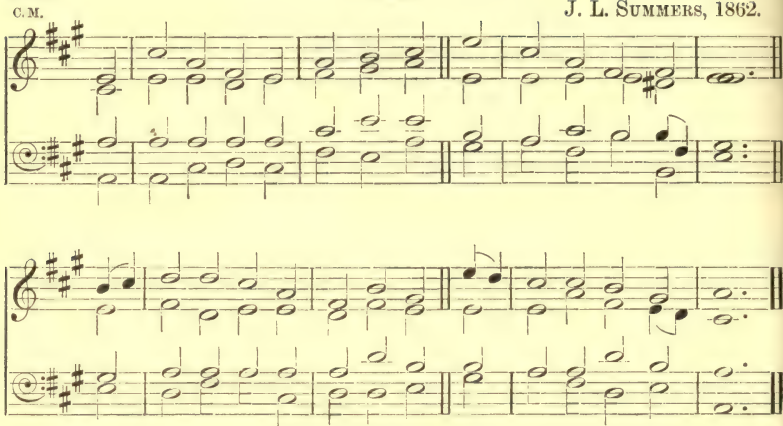
4 Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

1789. *W. Blake.*

Lea.

520

J. L. SUMMERS, 1862.



THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon and stars are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

5 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

1822. *J. Montgomery.*

Sennen.

C. M. D.

521

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

[May also be sung to *St. Simon*, No. 581.]

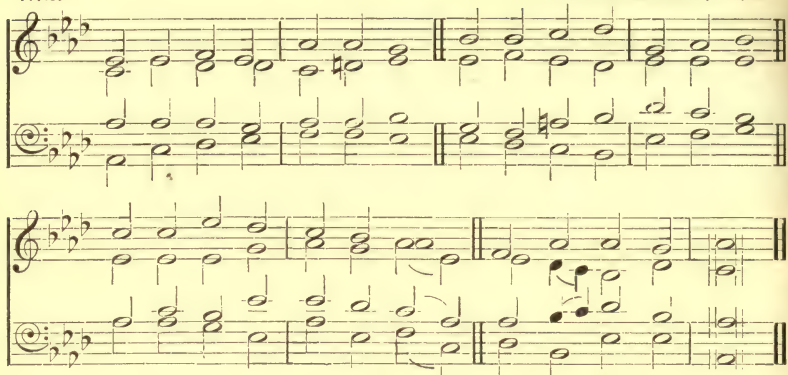
LORD, who hast taught us here on
 This lesson from above, [earth
 That all our works are nothing worth,
 Unless they spring from love ;
 Send down thy Spirit from on high,
 And pour in all our hearts
 That precious gift of charity,
 Which peace and joy imparts :

2 The healing balm, the holy oil,
 Which calms the waves of strife,
 The drop which sweetens every toil,
 The breath of our new life.

Without this blessed bond of peace
 God counts the living dead :
 O heavenly Father, grant us this,
 Through Christ, the living Head.

3 Let all who love the Lord join hands
 To aid the common good,
 And knit more close the sacred bands
 Of Christian brotherhood :
 Let all hold fast the truths whereby
 A Church must stand or fall ;
 In doubtful things grant liberty,
 Show charity in all.

1864. R. Massie.

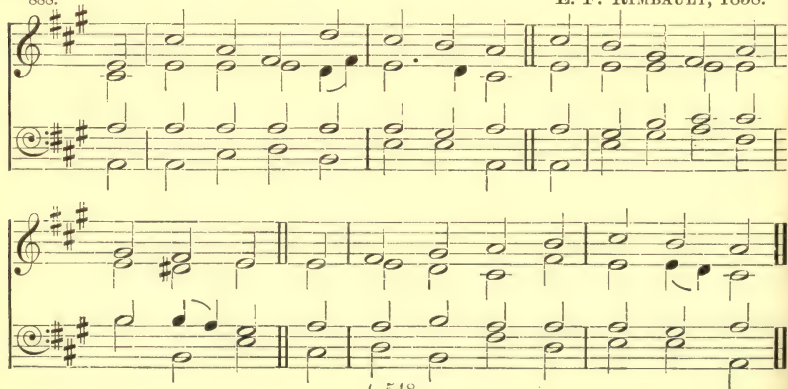


1 Cor. xiii.

- G**RACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.
- 3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain—if love I need ;
Therefore, give me love.
- 4 Love is kind, and suffers long ;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;

- Love than death itself more strong ;
Therefore, give us love.
- 5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay :
Therefore, give us love.
- 6 Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in heaven will shine more bright,
Therefore, give us love.
- 7 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

1862. C. Wordsworth.



FATHER of men, in whom are one
All humankind beneath thy sun,
Stablish our work in thee begun.

2 Except the house be built of thee,
In vain the builder's toil must be :
O strengthen our infirmity !

3 Man lives not for himself alone,
In others' good he finds his own,
Life's worth in fellowship is known.

4 We, friends and comrades on life's way,
Gather within these walls to pray :
Bless thou our fellowship to-day.

5 O Christ, our Elder Brother, who
By serving man God's will didst do
Help us to serve our brethren too.

6 Guide us to seek the things above,
The base to shun, the pure approve,
To live by thy free law of love.

7 In all our work, in all our play,
Be with us, Lord, our friend, our stay ;
Lead onward to the perfect day :

8 Then may we know, earth's lesson o'er,
With comrades missed or gone before,
Heaven's fellowship for evermore.

1898. *H. C. Shuttleworth.*

PRAISE AND ADORATION.

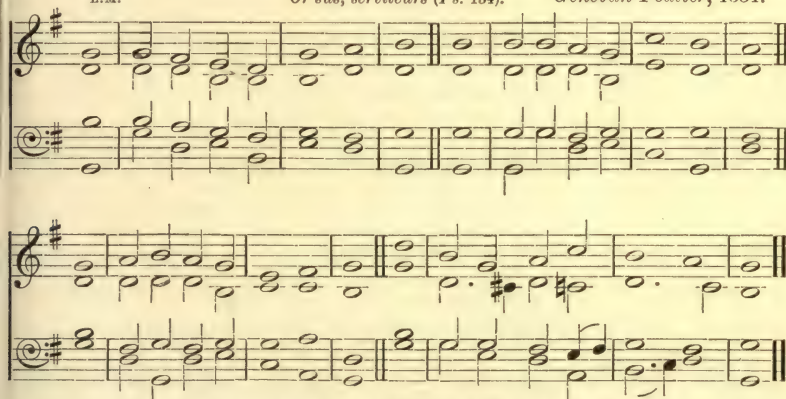
524

Old Hundredth. (Earliest form of melody.)

L.M.

Or sus, serviteurs (Ps. 134).

L. BOURGEOIS (?).
Genevan Psalter, 1551.



Note.—The usual form of this Tune will be found at No. 525.

Psalm c.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his folk, he doth us feed ;
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why ? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Old Hundredth.

525

L.M.

Or sus, serviteurs (Ps. 134).

L. BOURGEOIS (?).
Genevan Psalter, 1551.



Psalm c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

1719. *I. Watts* ; a. 1736. *J. Wesley.*

Herbert.

526

W. H. Monk, 1889.

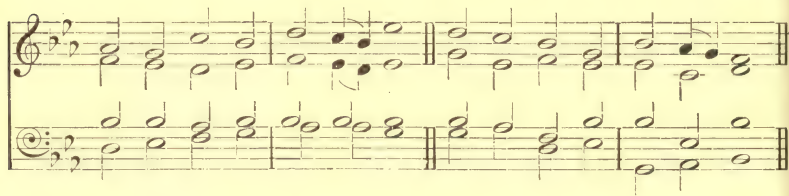
10.4.66.66.10.4.

Briskly.

LET all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !
 The heavens are not too high,
 His praise may thither fly :
 The earth is not too low,
 His praises there may grow.
 Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !

2 Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !
 The Church with psalms must shout ;
 No door can keep them out ;
 But above all the heart
 Must bear the longest part.
 Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !

G. Herbert, d. 1632.

*Psalm cxlviii.*

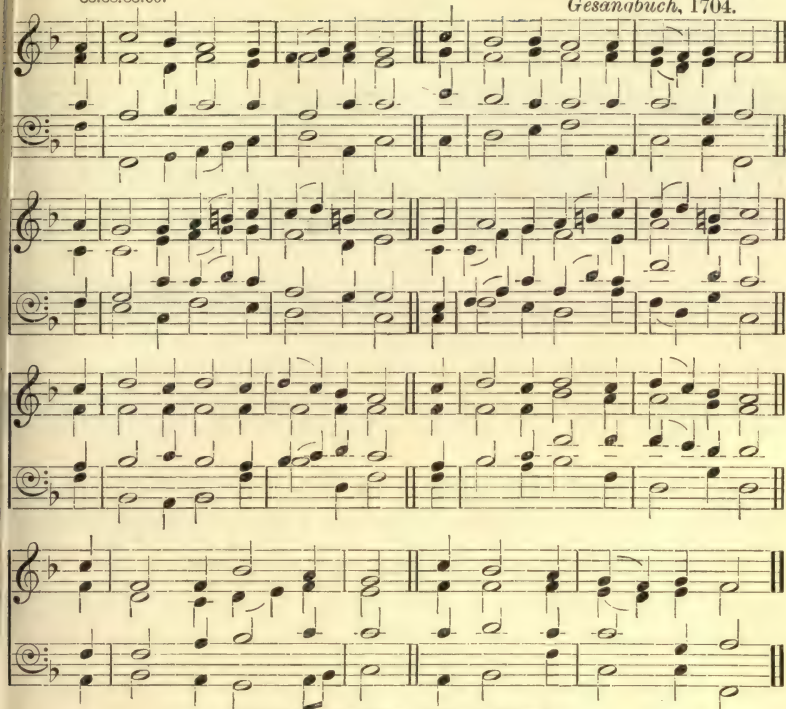
COME, O come, in pious lays
 Sound we God Almighty's praise ;
 Hither bring, in one consent,
 Heart and voice and instrument.
 Let those things which do not live
 In still music praises give ;
 Nor a creature dumb be found,
 That hath either voice or sound.

2 Come, ye sons of human race,
 In this chorus take your place ;
 And amid the mortal throng
 Be ye masters of the song.

Let, in praise of God, the sound
 Run a never-ending round,
 That our song of praise may be
 Everlasting as is he.

3 So this huge, wide orb we see
 Shall one choir, one temple be,
 And our song shall overclimb
 All the bounds of space and time,
 And ascend from sphere to sphere
 To the great Almighty's ear ;
 Then, O come, in pious lays
 Sound we God Almighty's praise,

1641. G. Wither.



Macht hoch die Thür. 1630. G. Weissel.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits ;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth he bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing :
We praise thee, Father, now,
Creator, wise art thou !

2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
Mercy is ever at his side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress ;
The end of all our woe he brings ;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings :
We praise thee, Saviour, now,
Mighty indeed art thou.

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ, the ruler, is confest !
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes !

The cloudless Sun of joy he is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss :
O Comforter divine,
What boundless grace is thine.

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy ;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin :
To thee, O God, be praise,
For word, and deed, and grace !

5 Redeemer, come, I open wide
My heart to thee,—here, Lord, abide !
Let me thy inner presence feel
Thy grace and love in me reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal is won !
Eternal praise and fame
We offer to thy name.

1855. Catherine Winkworth.

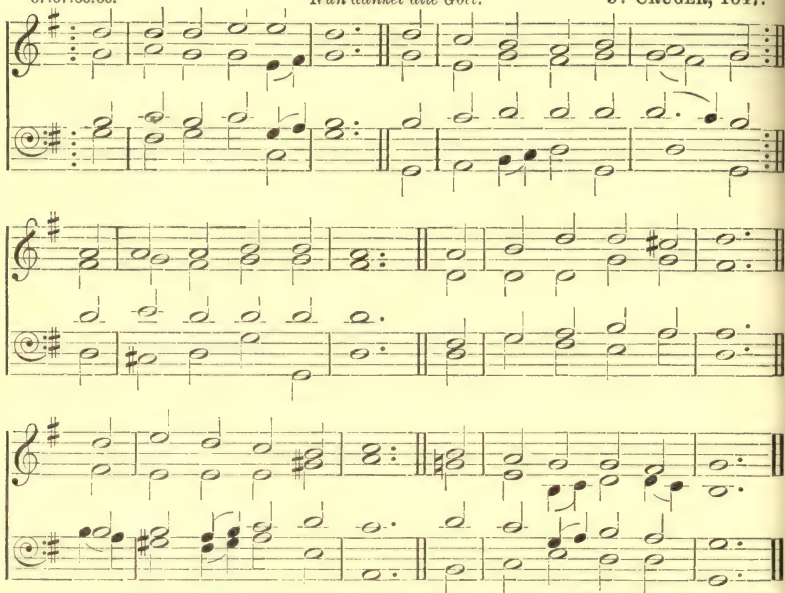
Nun danket.

529

67.67.66.66.

Nun danket alle Gott.

J. CRÜGER, 1647.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 273]

Nun danket alle Gott. 1636. M. Rinkart.

NOW thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices,
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one, eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

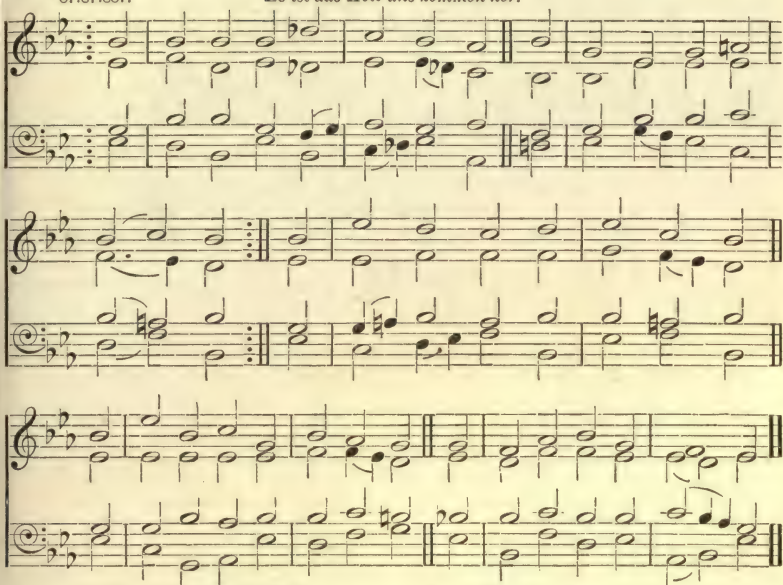
1858. *Catherine Winkworth.*

Es ist das Heil.

87.87.887.

Etlich christlich Lieder, Wittenberg, 1524.

Of pre-Reformation origin.

Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.*Sei Lob und Ehr' dem höchsten Gut. 1675. J. J. Schütz.*

SING praise to God who reigns above,
 The God of all creation,
 The God of power, the God of love,
 The God of our salvation;
 With healing balm my soul he fills,
 And every faithless murmur stills:
 To God all praise and glory.

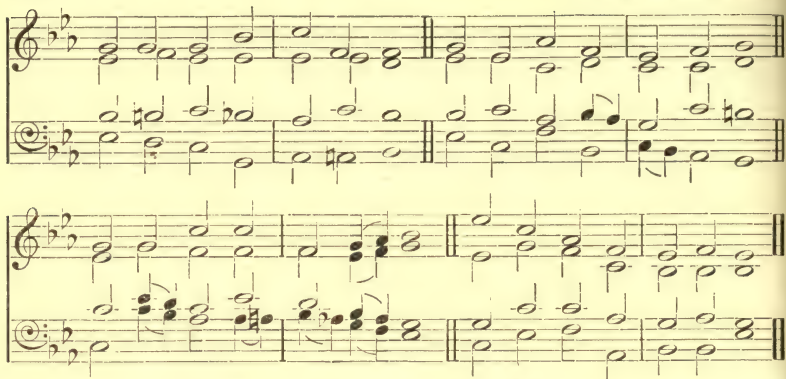
2 The angel-host, O King of kings,
 Thy praise for ever telling,
 In earth and sky all living things,
 Beneath thy shadow dwelling,
 Adore the wisdom which could span
 And power which formed creation's plan:
 To God all praise and glory.

3 What God's almighty power hath made
 His gracious mercy keepeth;
 By morning glow or evening shade
 His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
 Within the kingdom of his grace
 Prevail his truth and righteousness:
 To God all praise and glory.

4 The Lord is never far away,
 But, through all grief distressing,
 An ever-present help and stay,
 Our peace and joy and blessing;
 As with a mother's tender hand,
 He leads his own, his chosen band:
 To God all praise and glory.

5 Thus all my toilsome way along
 I sing aloud thy praises,
 That men may hear the grateful song
 My voice unwearied raises;
 Be joyful in the Lord, my heart,
 Both soul and body bear your part:
 To God all praise and glory.

1864. *Frances E. Cox, a.*



Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer. 1680. *J. Neander.*

H EAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
Still their Maker's praise declare ;
Thou, my soul, as loudly sing,
To thy God thy praises bring.

2 See the sun his power awakes,
As through clouds his glory breaks ;
See the moon and stars of light,
Praising God in stillest night.

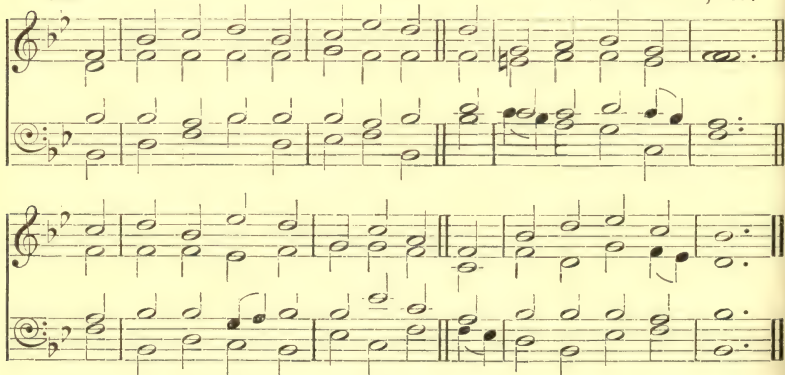
3 See how God this rolling globe
Swathes with beauty like a robe ;
Forests, fields, and living things,
Each its Maker's glory sings.

4 Through the air thy praises meet,
Birds are singing clear and sweet ;
Fire, and storm, and wind, thy will
As thy ministers fulfil.

5 Ocean waves thy glory tell,
At thy touch they sink and swell ;
From the well-spring to the sea,
Rivers murmur, Lord, of thee.

6 Ah ! my God, what wonders lie
Hid in thine infinity !
Stamp upon my inmost heart
What I am, and what thou art.

J. D. Burns, d. 1864.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 6.]
(556)

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus' ;
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

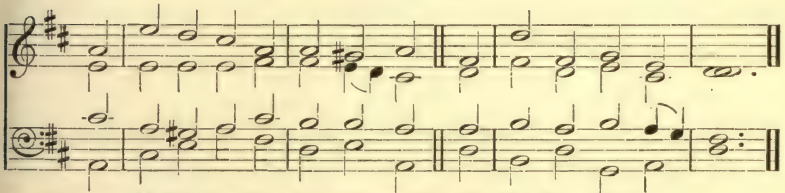
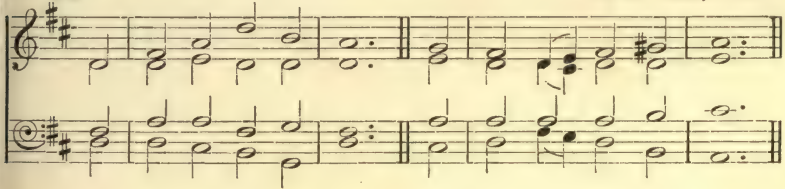
1707. *I. Watts.*

Tytberton.

533

L. R. WEST, 1790.

S.M.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 606.]

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

(557)

1707. *I. Watts.*

Wunderbarer König.

668.668.33.66.

534

J. NEANDER (?)
Bundeslieder, 1680.



Gott ist gegenwärtig. 1729. G. Tersteegen.

GOD reveals his presence,
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him :
God is in his temple,
All in us keep silence,
And before him bow with reverence :
Him alone
God we own ;
He's our Lord and Saviour :
Praise his name for ever.

2 God reveals his presence,
Whom the angelic legions
Serve with awe in heavenly regions :
Holy, holy, holy,
Sing the hosts of heaven ;
Praise to God be ever given :
Condescend
To attend
Graciously, O Jesus,
To our songs and praises.

3 O majestic Being,
Were but soul and body
Thee to serve at all times ready :
Might we, like the angels,
Who behold thy glory,
With abasement sink before thee,
And through grace
Be always,
In our whole demeanour,
To thy praise and honour.

4 Lord, come dwell within us,
While on earth we tarry ;
Make us thy blest sanctuary :
O vouchsafe thy presence ;
Draw unto us nearer,
And reveal thyself still clearer :
Us direct
And protect,
Thus we in all places
Shall show forth thy praises.

1789. F. W. Foster, a.

hanover.

55.55.65.65.

535

W. CROFT (?).

Supplement to the New Version, 1708.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have ;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son ;
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love.

1744. C. Wesley, a.

Sinner, bear.

76.76.77.76.

536

C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.



MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace :
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join ;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

2 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love :
Thee, they sing, with glory crowned,
We extol the slaughtered Lamb ;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

3 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die ;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify ;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given ;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is changed for heaven.

1749. C. Wesley.

Culbach.

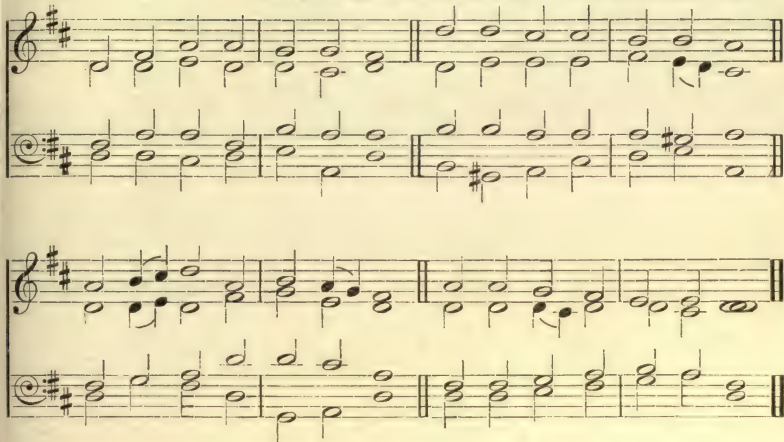
537

Anon.

77.77.

Ach wann kommt die Zeit heran.

in Seelenlust, 1657.



BRETHREN, let us join to bless
 Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;
 Let our praise to him be given,
 Who is Lord of earth and heaven.

2 Jesus, lo, to thee we bow,
 Thou art Lord, and only thou;
 Thou, the woman's promised Seed,
 Glory of thy Church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise, our Priest, our King.
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace.

4 We, thy little flock, adore
 Thee our Lord for evermore;
 Show us evermore thy love,
 Till we join the choirs above.

1742. *J. Cennick, a.*

St. George.

S.M.

538

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Tune every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For all whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way ;
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
' Ye blessèd children, come ' :
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sing in sweetest notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

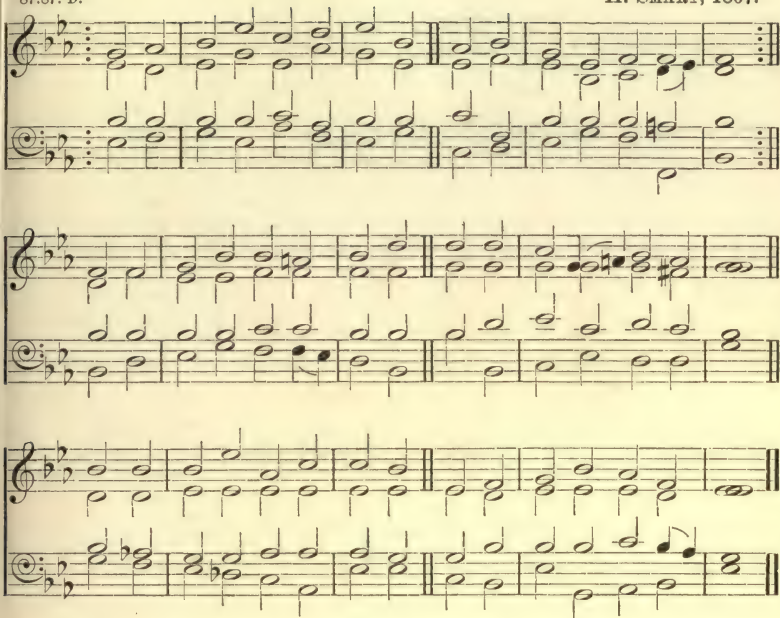
1745. W. Hammond, a.

Everton.

539

87.87. D.

H. SMART, 1867.



COME, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some celestial measure,
 Sung by ransomed hosts above ;
 O the vast, the boundless treasure
 Of my Lord's unchanging love !

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither by thine help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let that grace, now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Take my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above !

1758. *R. Robinson.*

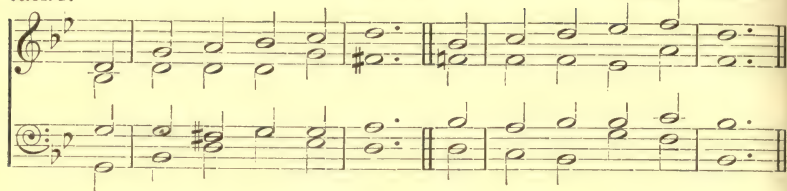
Leoni.

GG.84. D.

540

Jewish Melody.

Probably 17th cent.



יְגִדָּל אֱלֹהִים חַי וְשֹׁמֵב

'Yigdal Elohim.' 15th Cent. Hebrew Prayer Book.

PART I.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God ;
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborn
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

PART II.

5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command :
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness ;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace,
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side ;
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

PART III.

9 Before the great Three-One
The saints exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land :
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

10 The God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And ' Holy, holy, holy,' cry,
' Almighty King !
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be ;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee.'

11 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
For ever new :
He shows his prints of love ;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the worlds above
The slaughtered Lamb.

12 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;
' Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

1770. *T. Olivers.*

Woolmer's.

L.M.

541

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1861.



NOW let us join our hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
For sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain ;
Not only say, he suffered thus,
But, that he suffered all for us.

3 Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is he 'fore whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

4 But ah, how faint our praises rise ;
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

5 O glorious hour, it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see our God, who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

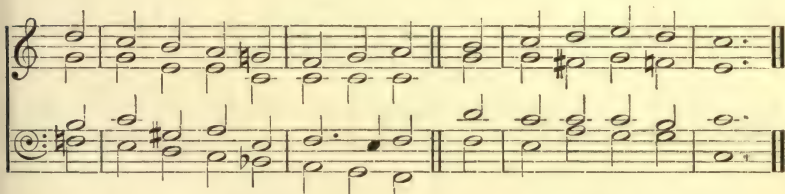
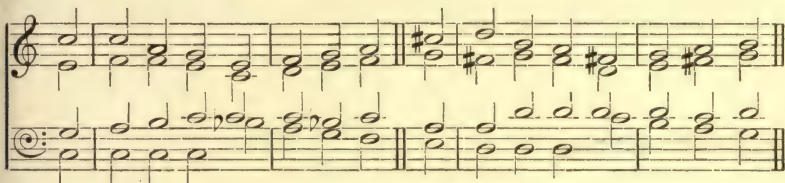
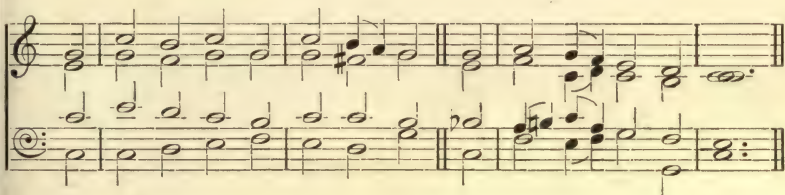
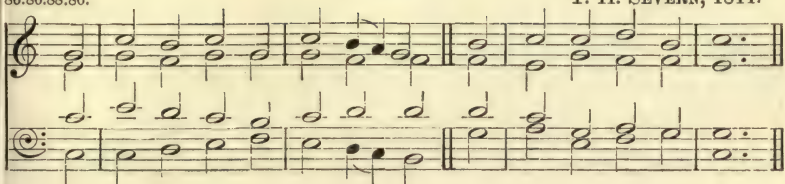
1779. *J. Newton.*

Devil.

86.86.88.86.

542

T. H. SEVERN, 1844.



SING Hallelujah, praise the Lord,
 Sing with a cheerful voice ;
 Exalt our God with one accord,
 And in his name rejoice :
 Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Until in realms of endless light
 Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join the angelic lays,
 And sing in perfect harmony
 To God, our Saviour's praise :
 He hath redeemed us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God ;
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain :
 Praise ye the Lord. Amen.

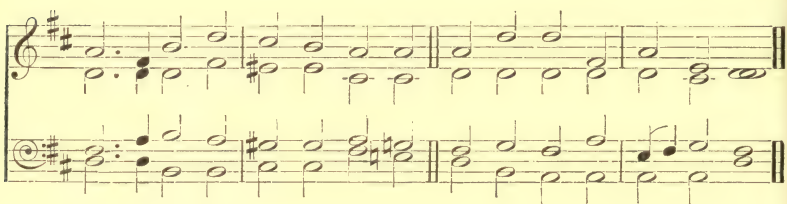
1789. J. Swertner.

543

St. Oswald (*First Tune*).

87.87.

J. B. DYKES, 1857.

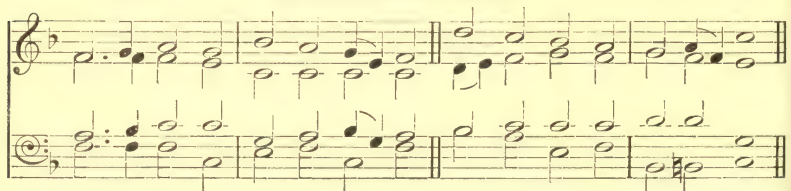


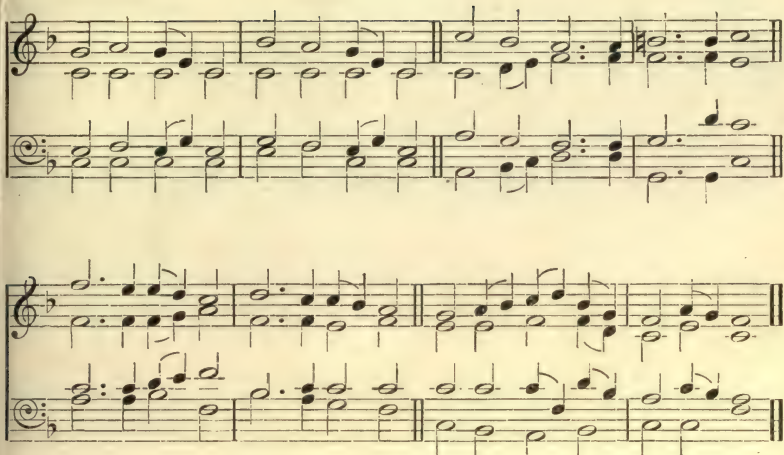
Austria (*Second Tune*).

87.87. D.

Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser.

F. J. HAYDN, 1797.



*Psalm cxlviii.*

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him ;
 Praise him, angels, in the height ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
 Praise him, all ye stars and light.

2 Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance hath he made.

3 Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious ;
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God hath made his saints victorious ;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation !
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify his name.

1793. *Anon. in Foundling Hospital Collection.*

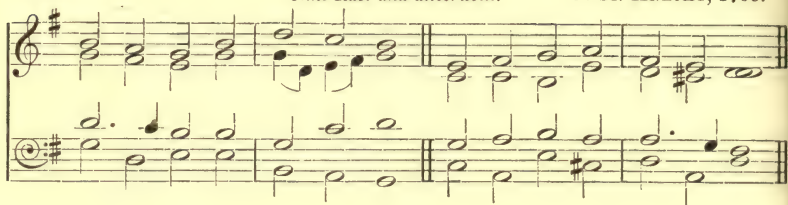
Vienna.

544

77.77.

Ohne Rast und unverweilt.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799.



SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

1819. *J. Montgomery.*

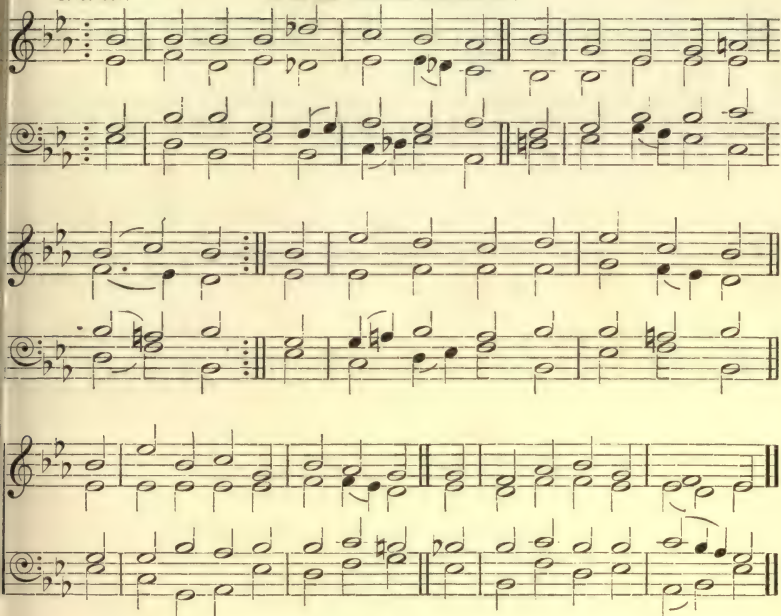
545

Etlich christlich Lieder, Wittenberg, 1524.
Of pre-Reformation origin.

Es ist das Heil.

87.87.887.

Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.



Psaln xciii.

THE Lord is King : upon his throne
He sits in garments glorious ;
Or girds for war his armour on,
In every field victorious :
The world came forth at his command ;
Built on his word its pillars stand ;
They never can be shaken.

2 The Lord was King ere time began,
His reign is everlasting :
When high the floods in tumult ran,
Their foam to heaven up-casting,
He made the raging waves his path :
The sea is mighty in its wrath,
But God on high is mightier.

3 Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure ;
Thy realm fears no commotion ;
Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
The eternal toil of ocean :
And thou with perfect peace wilt bless
Thy faithful flock ; for holiness
Becomes thine house for ever.

1822. *J. Montgomery.*

Holborn.

S.M.

546

WILLIAMS' *Universal Psalmodist*, 1765.



STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 There with benign regard
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

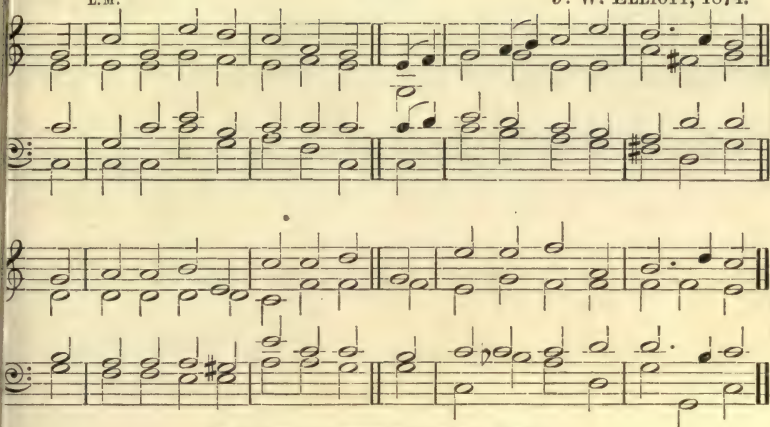
1824. *J. Montgomery*,

547

Church Triumphant.

L. M.

J. W. ELLIOTT, 1874.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
 O earth, and, all ye heavens, rejoice;
 From world to world the joy shall ring,
 'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
 Resist his will, distrust his care,
 Or murmur at his wise decrees,
 Or doubt his royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
 The Judge of all the earth is just;
 Holy and true are all his ways:
 Let every creature speak his praise.
- 4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
 Your God is King, your Father reigns;
 And he is at the Father's side,
 The Man of Love, the Crucified.
- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
 He will present them at the throne;
 And angel bands are waiting there
 His messages of love to bear.
- 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
 He reigns, and life and death are yours:
 Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
 'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

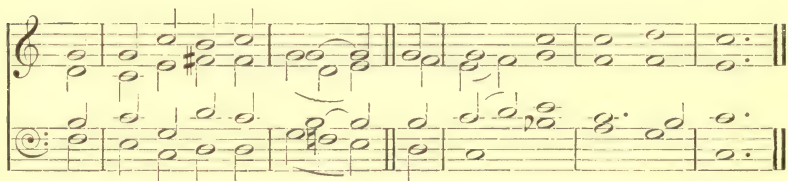
1824. J. Conder.

Laudes Domini.

666.666.

548

J. BARNBY, 1868.



Beim frühen Morgenlicht. 1828. Anon. in 'Nürnberg Gesangbuch.'

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

2 When'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

3 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

4 To God, the Word, on high
The host of angels cry,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

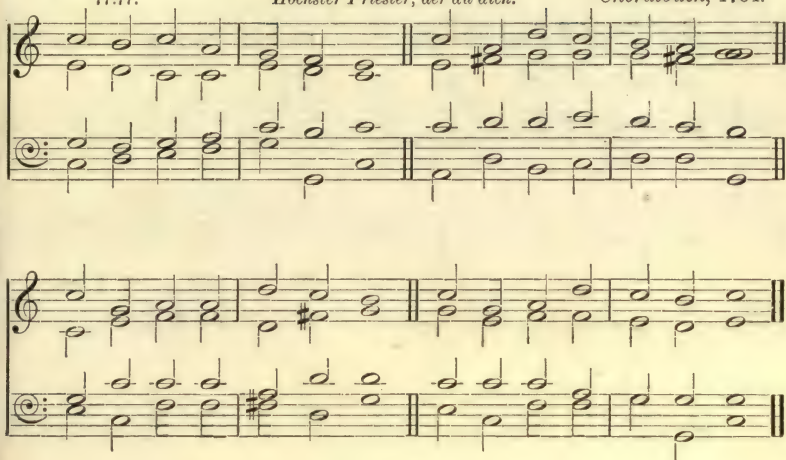
1854. E. Caswall.

Gregor's Twelfth.

549

C. GREGOR'S
Choralbuch, 1784.

77.77.

Höchster Priester, der du dich.

PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
 Saints within his courts below,
 Angels round his throne above,
 All that see and share his love.

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
 Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
 Age to age, and shore to shore,
 Praise him, praise him, evermore.

3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
 Praise his providence and grace,
 All that he for man hath done,
 All he sends us through his Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
 In the concert bear your parts;
 All that breathe, your Lord adore,
 Praise him, praise him, evermore.

1834. *H. F. Lyte.*

Laus tibi Christe.

550

11.11.11.11.

14th Century Melody.

*Psaln cxlviii.*

PRAISE the Lord of heaven ; praise him in the height ;
 Praise him, all ye angels ; praise him, stars and light ;
 Praise him, skies and waters, which above the skies,
 When his word commanded, stablished did arise.

- 2 Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps and seas,
 Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and all trees ;
 Praise him, clouds and vapours, snow and hail and fire,
 Stormy wind fulfilling only his desire.
- 3 Praise him, fowls and cattle, princes and all kings ;
 Praise him, men and maidens, all created things ;
 For the name of God is excellent alone ;
 On the earth his footstool, over heaven his throne.

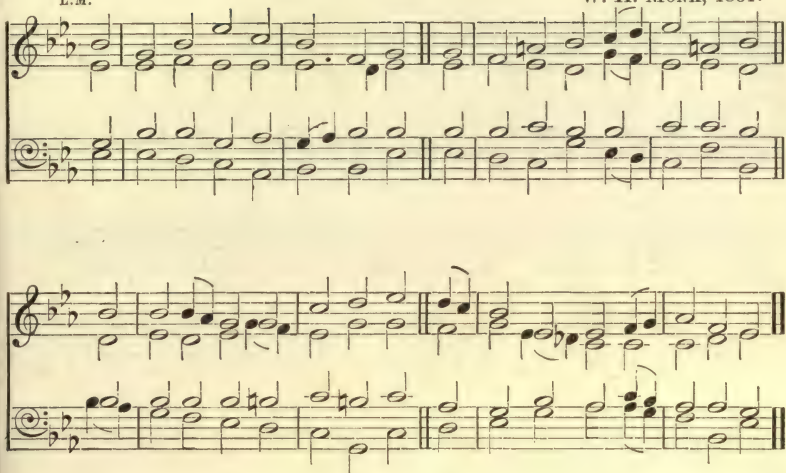
1844. T. B. Browne.

St. Bernard.

551

L.M.

W. H. MONK, 1861.



WE thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
 The glittering sky, the silver sea ;
 For all their beauty, all their worth,
 Their light and glory, come from thee ;

2 From thee the flowers that clothe the ground,
 The trees that wave their arms above,
 The hills that gird our dwellings round,
 As thou dost gird thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
 More glorious, Father, in thy sight,
 Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
 One heart that owns thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
 On all the gifts thy love has given,
 Help us in thee to live and die,
 By thee to rise from earth to heaven.

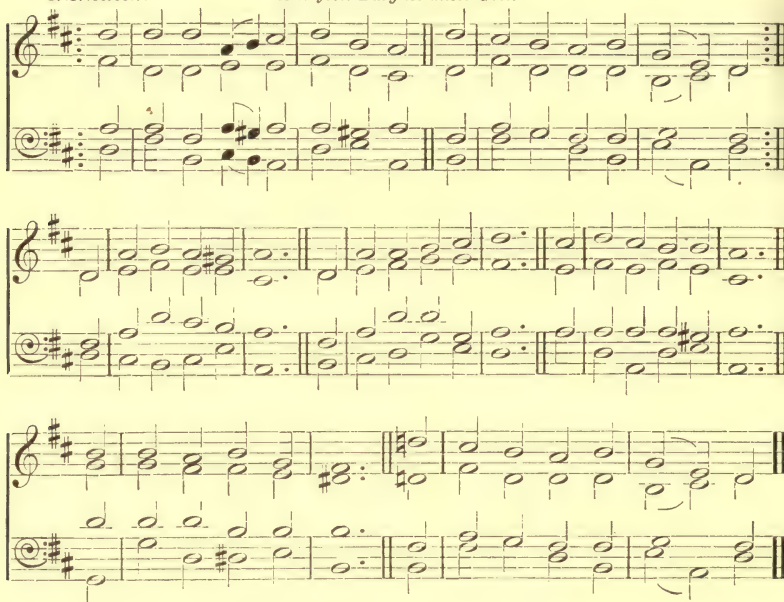
1856. G. E. L. Cotton.

Ein' feste Burg.

87.87.66.66.7.

WALTHER'S MS. Part Book, 1530.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.



REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name ;
For he is God alone
Who hath his mercy shown :
Let all his saints adore him !

2 When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining ;
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining ;
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise ;
Now every voice shall say,
' O praise our God away !'
Let all his saints adore him !

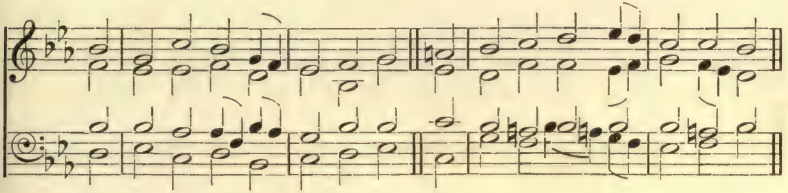
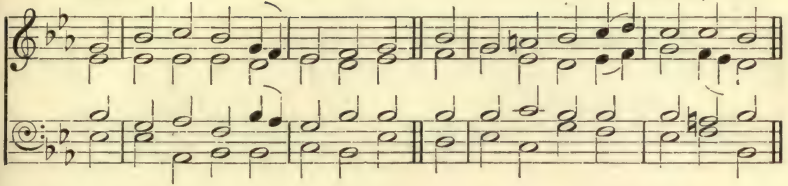
1861. H. W. Baker.

Cantate Domino.

553

L. M. D.

J. BARNBY, 1872.



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SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
To us his gracious gifts belong,
To him our songs of love and praise.

*For he is Lord of heaven and earth
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.*

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
And praise his name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do,
Praise ye our God, for he is great,
Trust in his name, for it is true.

4 For joys untold, that from above
Cheer those who love his sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for he is love,
Exalt his name, for it is joy.

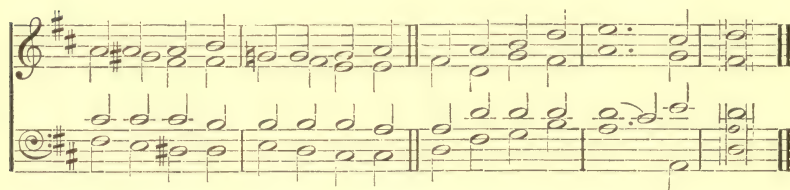
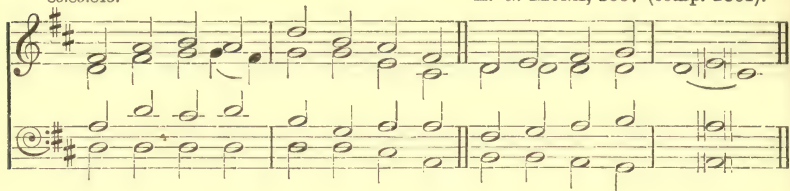
1863. J. S. B. Monsell.

Angel Voices.

554

85.85.843.

E. G. MONK, 1887 (comp. 1861).



ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round thy throne of light,
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless thee,
And confess thee
Lord of might.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know that thou rejoicest
O'er each work of thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For thy pleasure
All combine.

4 In thy house, great God, we offer
Of thine own to thee,
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices
In our choicest
Psalmody.

5 Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity.
Of the best that thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render thee.

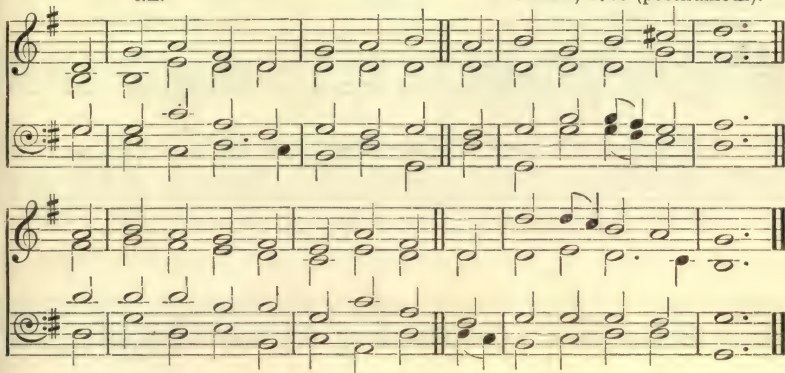
DOXOLOGIES.

Nottingham (St. Magnus).

C.M.

555

J. CLARK, 1709 (posthumous).



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 148.]

Δόξα Πατρί. 2nd Cent. Gloria Patri. 2nd Cent.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,

Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

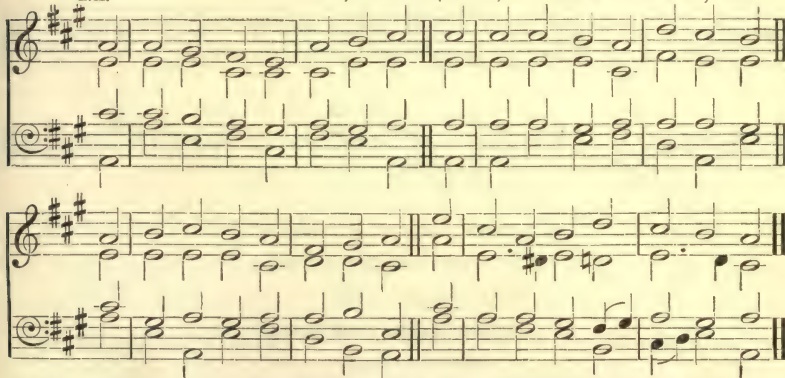
1696. Tate and Brady.

Old Hundredth.

L.M.

556

Or sus, serviteurs (Ps. 134).

L. BOURGEOIS (?).
Genevan Psalter, 1551.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;

Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

1695. T. Ken.

557

Psalm cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

(581)

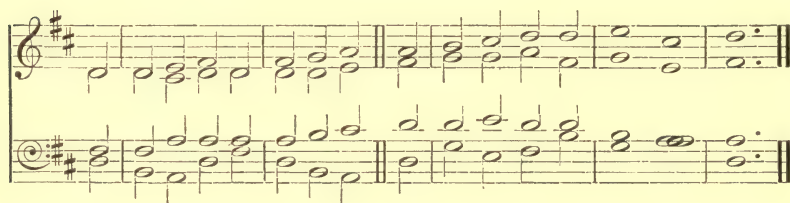
1719. I. Watts.

St. John.

66.66.88.

558

The Parish Choir, 1851.



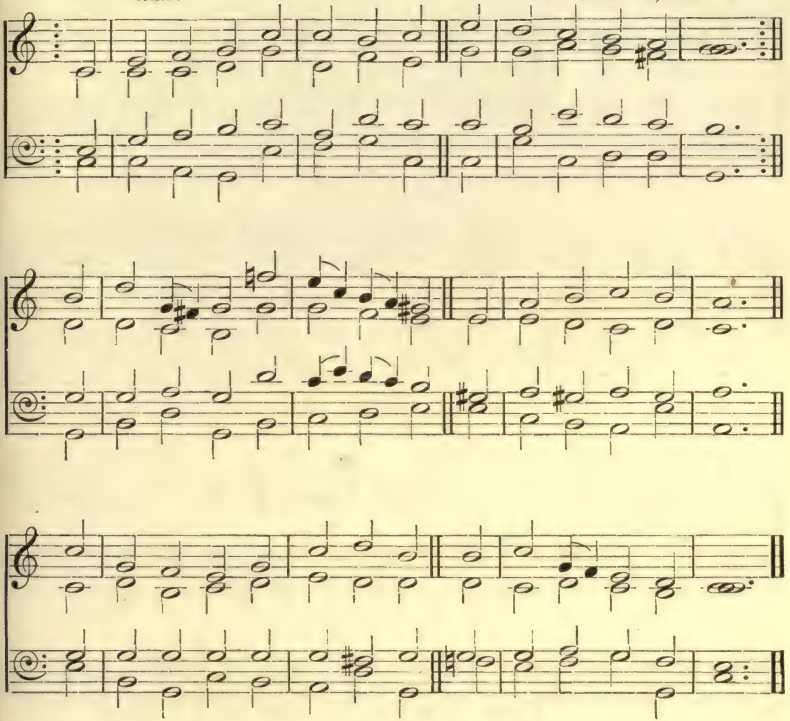
NOW to the King of heaven
Your cheerful voices raise ;
To him be glory given,
Power, majesty, and praise ;
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue,
In endless strains.

P. Doddridge, d. 1751, a.

Christ, the Good Shepherd.
C.M.D.

559

Tunes for the Hymns, etc.
JAS. HUTTON, 1742—4.



FATHER of angels and of men.
Saviour, who us hast bought,
Spirit, by whom we're born again,
And sanctified, and taught:—
Thy glory, holy three in One,
Thy people's song shall be,
Long as the wheels of time shall run,
And through eternity.

1779. J. Newton.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Wachet auf.

898.898.66.4.448.

560

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

P. NICOLAI (?).

Freudenspiegel, 1599.

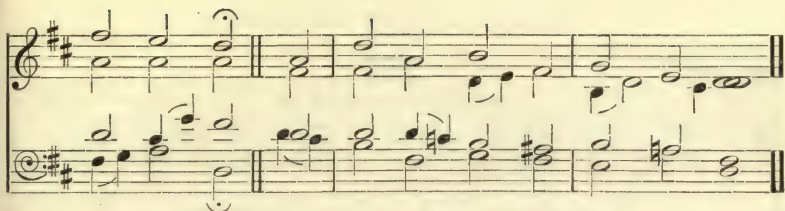
A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music consists of a single system with a repeat sign at the beginning and end. The melody is simple and catchy, with a chorus that repeats. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in the left hand.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The accompaniment consists of quarter and eighth notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music consists of several measures, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The score includes a key signature change from D major to D minor (three sharps) for the final section. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the treble staff.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two voices, Soprano and Alto, and a Piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef, and the Alto part with an alto clef. The Piano accompaniment is written for the right hand with a treble clef and for the left hand with a bass clef. The music features a simple melody with a repeat sign and a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the final measure.



[A simpler setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 389 (in C) and at Hymn 684 (in D).]

PRAISES, thanks and adoration,
 Be given to God without cessation,
 To Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord ;
 For his mercy, love and favour,
 To us, his flock, endure for ever ;
 Bless, bless his name with one accord :
 To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, three in one,
 Hallelujah ;
 In highest strain
 Praise the Lamb slain :
 Let heaven and earth reply, Amen.

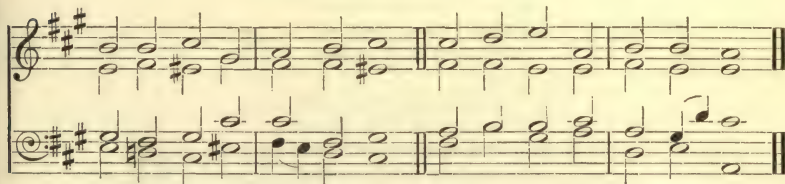
1789. *J. Swertner.*

Nun das alte Jahr ist bin.

561

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704.

77.77.77.



NOW, with angels round the throne,
 Cherubim and seraphim,
 And the Church which still is one,
 Let us swell the solemn hymn ;
 Glory to the great I AM,
 Glory to the victim Lamb.

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
 And dominion infinite,
 To the Father of our Lord,
 To the Spirit, and the Word ;
 As it was all worlds before,
 Is, and shall be evermore.

1824. *J. Conder.*

U*

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

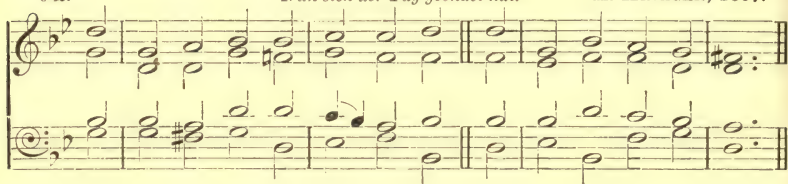
Krieger.

562

C M.

Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.

A. KRIEGER, 1667.



O LORD, turn not away thy face
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate ;

2 Which gate thou openest wide to those
That do lament their sin :
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to mine account
How I have lived here :
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appear.

4 So come I to thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Requiring mercy for my sin
To heal my deadly wound.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit :
Lord, let thy mercy come.

1560. J. Marckant.

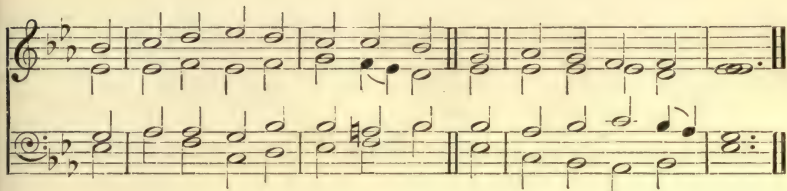
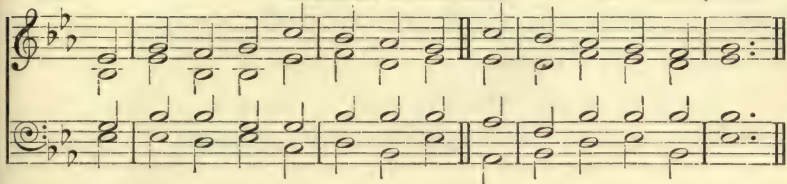
Vulpus.

563

C.M.

Christus der ist mein Leben.

M. VULPIUS, 1609.

*Ach bleib mit deiner Gnade. 1628. J. Stegmann.*

ABIDE among us with thy grace,
 Lord Jesus, evermore,
 Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
 Nor grieve him we adore.

2 Abide among us with thy word,
 Redeemer, whom we love;
 Thy help and mercy here afford,
 And life with thee above.

3 Abide among us with thy ray,
 O Light that lighten'st all;
 And let thy truth preserve our way,
 Nor suffer us to fall.

4 Abide with us to bless us still,
 O bounteous Lord of peace;
 With grace and power our spirits fill,
 Our faith and love increase.

5 Abide among us as our shield,
 O Captain of thy host;
 That to the world we may not yield,
 Nor e'er forsake our post.

6 Abide with us in faithful love,
 Our God and Saviour be,
 Thy help in need O let us prove,
 And keep us true to thee.

1858. Catherine Winkworth

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Innsbruck.

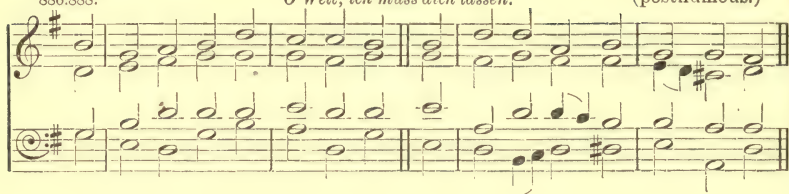
886.888.

564

O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.

H. ISAAC, 1539.

(posthumous.)



(1, 4) *Mit einem zarten Sehnen.* 1741. } N. L. v. Zinzendorf.
(2, 3) *Du grosser Hoherpriester.* 1736. }

O CHRIST the Church's Head and Lord!
To us thy saving light afford,
Thy Spirit be our guide ;
Grant us the glad and childlike heart
To take in faithful service part,
And may we ever thine abide.

2 Our hands for blessing hallowed be,
Our bodies temples unto thee,
Our souls enjoy thy peace ;
Thy word divine our spirits cheer,
Grant us the still small voice to hear,
That bids our anxious care to cease.

3 Give us an inward listening ear
For all thou hast to teach us here,
A single eye and will ;
Right priestly lips to tell thy praise,
And feet, earth's rugged, weary ways
To traverse without fearing ill.

4 With thy own oil our heads anoint,
Our pilgrim path do thou appoint,
No peril may we shun,
Shrink from no labour, fear no foe,
But onward persevering go,
Until our Master's work be done.

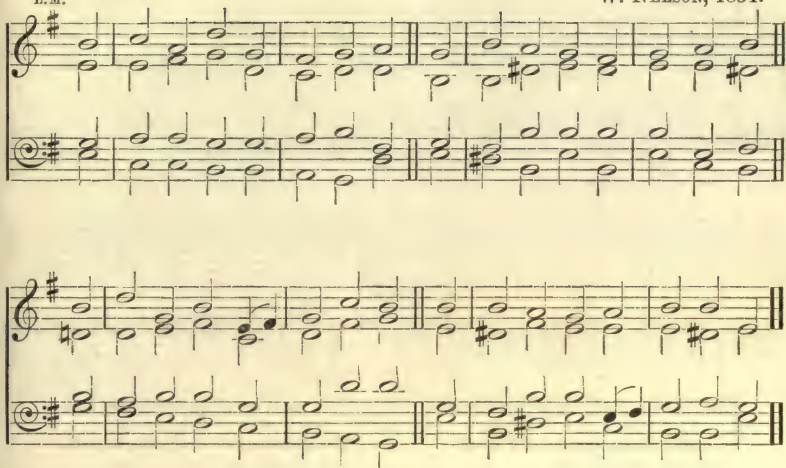
(1, 4) 1742. *J. Gambold, a.* (2, 3) 1741. *M., a.*

Nelson.

565

W. NELSON, 1854.

L. M.



ATTEND, O Saviour, to our prayer ;
 All things by thy appointment are ;
 The world O govern for the best ;
 Saviour of all be thou confest.

2 Those under suffering always share
 Thy tender, providential care ;
 Thou who on earth the sick didst heal,
 And to the poor sweet grace reveal,

3 Nearer and nearer draw us still ;
 Might all but know thy heart and will,
 And stubbornness sink down, and pride,
 In love of Jesus crucified.

4 Keep those by thy most gracious aid,
 Who now have thee their refuge made ;
 Grant that in all things free from blame,
 In meekness they may praise thy name.

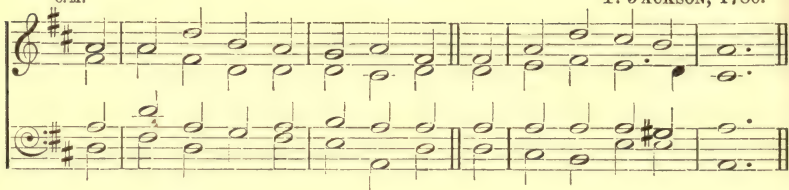
1741. *J. Gambold.*

Byzantium.

C. M.

566

T. JACKSON, 1780.



FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this
Sincere petition rise :

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

1760. Anne Steele.

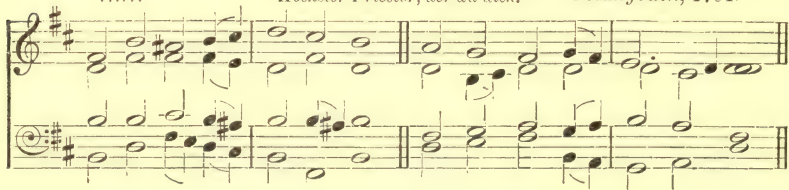
Höchster Priester.

77.77.

567

Höchster Priester, der du dich.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704.



COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow ;
O do not my suit dislain ;
None shall seek thy face in vain.

1779. J. Newton.

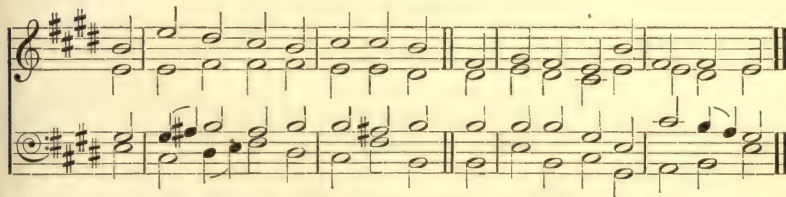
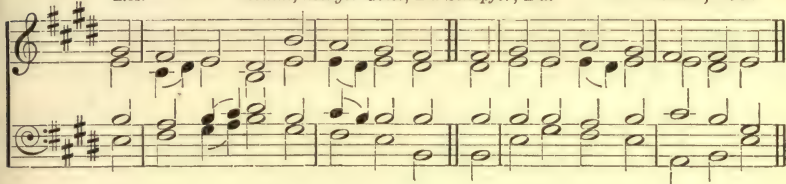
568

Komm, heil'ger Geist.

L. M.

Komm, heil'ger Geist, Du Schöpfer, Du.

G. JOSEPH, 1668.



1.

AND dost thou say, 'Ask what thou wilt' ?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour ;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2.

More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear ;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3.

Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength ;
To have thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height, and breadth and length.

4.

Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign,
Living, or dying, rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

1779. J. Newton.

Abbey.

C.M.

569

J. TURLE, 1862.



LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see ;
 True penitence impart ;
 Then let a kindling glance from thee
 Beam hope upon the heart. •

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign,
 And not a thought our bosom share
 That is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

1802. *J. D. Carlyle.*

570

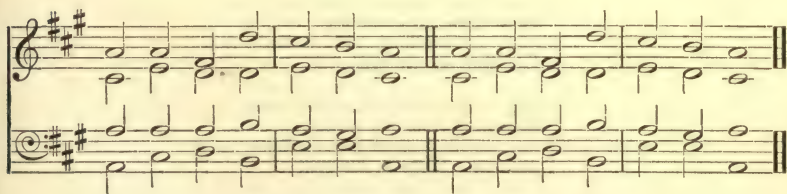
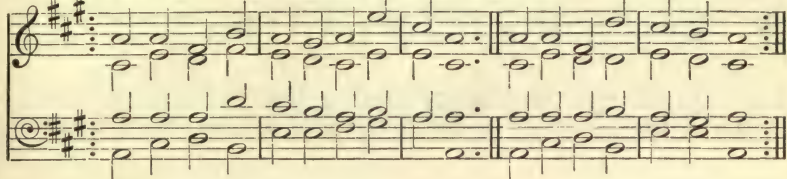
Herr und Ältster.

10.7.10.7.10.10.77.

Herr unä Ältster deiner Kreuzgemeinde.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.) c. 1748.

From an Aria.



BLESS, O Lord, we pray, thy congregation,
 Bless each home and family ;
 Bless the youth, the rising generation,
 Bless the children dear to thee ;
 Bless thy servants, grant them help and favour ;
 Thee to glorify be their endeavour :
 Lord, on thee we humbly call,
 Let thy blessing rest on all.

1805. S. T. Benade.

St. Bernard.

571

Tochter Sion, 1741.

C. M.

Arranged by J. RICHARDSON (?).



PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

5 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

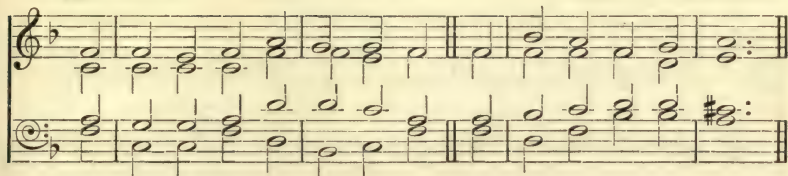
1818. *J. Montgomery.*

St. Flavian.

572

DAY'S *Psalms*, 1562.

C.M.



LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear;
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
 O grant us power to pray;
 And when to meet thee we prepare,
 Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
 In weakness, want and woe,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Lord, whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace, we come to thee,
 With broken, contrite hearts;
 Give what thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts:—

5 Give deep humility;—the sense
 Of godly sorrow give;
 A strong, desiring confidence,
 To hear thy voice and live:—

6 Faith in the only sacrifice
 That can for sin atone;
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
 On Christ, on Christ alone:—

7 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay;
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee though thou slay:—

8 Give these,—and then thy will be done;
 Thus strengthened with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit through thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

1818. *J. Montgomery, a.*

Swabia.

S. M.

Ach wachet, wachet auf.



'The Lord's Prayer.'—Matthew vi. 9-13.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now ;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour
And guide us to the end.

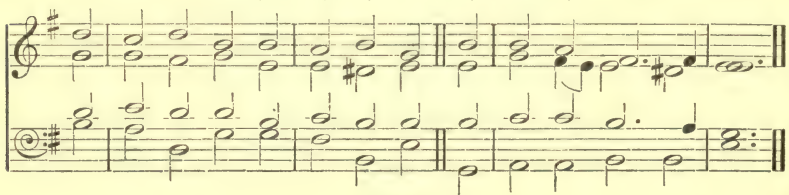
5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth be thine.

6 Thus, humbly, taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
All for his sake be done.

1825. *J. Montgomery.*

Clinton.

C. M.



O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesus, from on high,
We know no help but thee ;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

1827. H. H. Milman.

Meiningen.

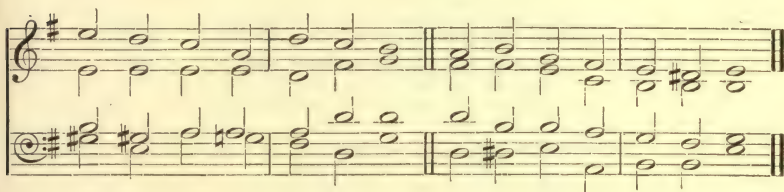
77.77.77.

575

Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr.

Meiningen

Gesangbuch, 1693.



SON of God, to thee I cry ;
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me !

2 Lamb of God, to thee I cry ;
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs to us unknown,
By thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me !

3 Prince of life, to thee I cry ;
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me !

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky !
With thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform thy will ;
Then thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

1828. R. Mant, a.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

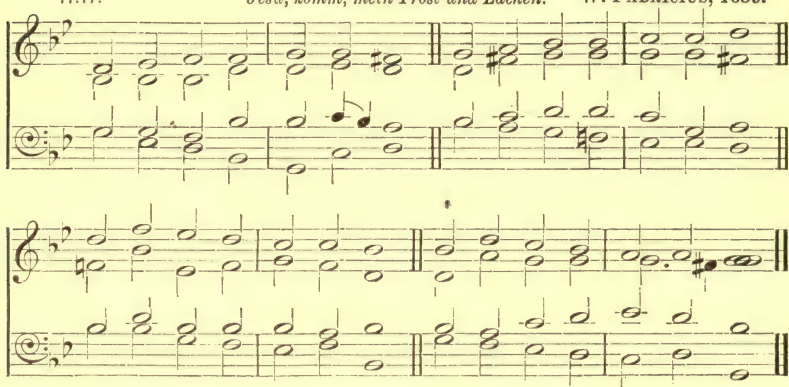
Jesu, komm.

77.77.

576

Jesu, komm, mein Trost und Lachen.

W. FABRICIUS, 1659.



H EAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

- 2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Save me from his treacherous wiles,
Arm me against pleasure's smiles;
Give me, for my spirit's health,
Neither poverty nor wealth.
- 4 All I ask for is—enough;
Only, when the way is rough,
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.
- 5 Lord, uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.
- 6 Help thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain,
That my sole reproach may be
Following Christ and fearing thee.
- 7 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify thy name.
- 8 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God.

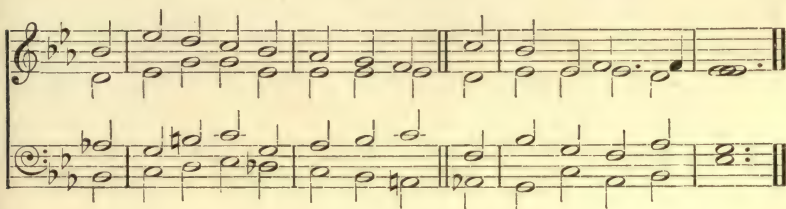
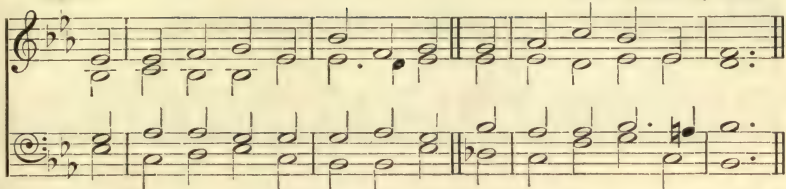
1836. J. Conder.

St. Hugh.

577

C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1862.



WHEN cold our hearts, and far from thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

2 Too vile to venture near thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice thy Spirit's groan,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek thy face,
Unless thou lead the way ;
We have no words, unless thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on thy altar lay ;
And when our souls have caught thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray !

1837. J. S. B. Monsell.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Leoni.

66.84. D.

578

Jewish Melody.
Probably 17th cent.



O THOU who hearest prayer,
The God of power and might,
To seek thy face be all our care,
Our whole delight.
O God of grace and love,
Regard us from thy throne ;
Send down to us the heavenly Dove,
Seal us thine own.

2 We have no other trust,
But thy dear sacrifice ;
Our hope, thou Holy One and Just,
Do not despise :

Sinful, we plead thy blood,
Weak, we implore thy power ;
Saviour, remember us for good
In danger's hour.

3 Come with thy saving strength,
With healing virtue come,
And let thy guiding hand at length
Conduct us home ;
Till, saved from all annoy
Of earthly fear and strife,
We enter into endless joy
And heavenly life.

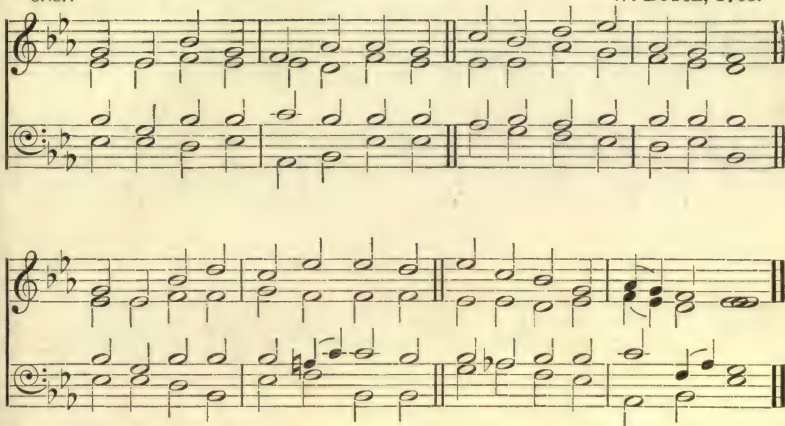
1829. W. Edwards.

Sharon.

579

87.87.

W. Boyce, 1765.



LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering, full and free,—
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some drops descend on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be!
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to thee!
 I am longing for thy favour;
 When thou comest, call for me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
 Long been slighting, grieving thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 O forgive and rescue me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
 Magnify them all in me.

1860 Elizabeth Codner.

When the weary.

580

G. J. ELVEY, 1892.

75.75.75.75.88.





WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To thy goodness flee;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on thee;
 When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On thy name shall call;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At thy feet shall fall:

*Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.*

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To his Father's love;
 When the proud man from his pride
 Stoops to seek thy face;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To thy throne of grace:

3 When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend;
 When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee;
 When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to thee:

4 When the man of toil and care,
 In the city crowd,
 When the shepherd on the moor,
 Names the name of God;
 When the learned and the high,
 Tired of earthly fame,
 Upon higher joys intent,
 Name the blessed name:

1866. *H. Bonar.*

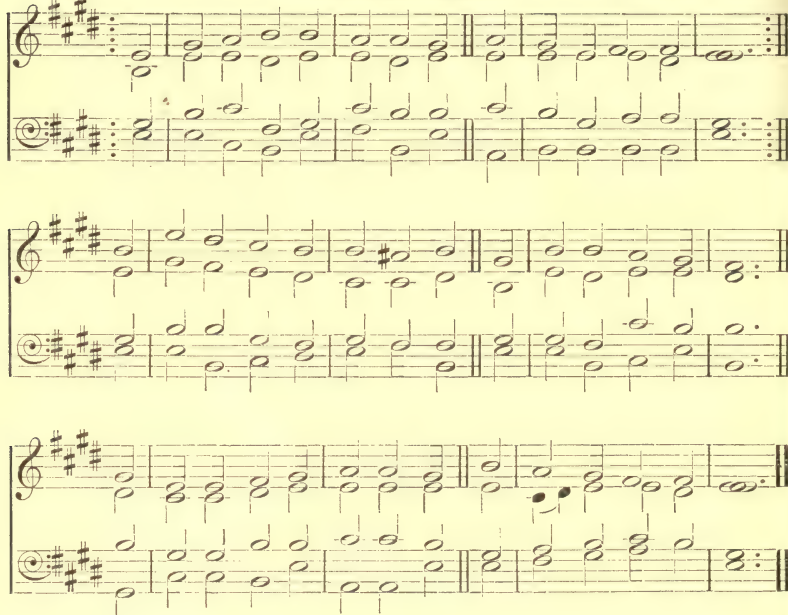
St. Simon.

581

C. M. D.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen.

J. CRÜGER, 1653.



BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
 From daily tasks set free,
 And met within thy holy place
 To rest awhile with thee.
 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
 Of business, toil and care,
 And scarcely can we turn aside
 For one brief hour of prayer.

2 Yet these are not the only walls
 Wherein thou may'st be sought ;
 On homeliest work thy blessing falls
 In truth and patience wrought.
 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
 The wealth of land and sea,
 The worlds of science and of art,
 Revealed and ruled by thee.

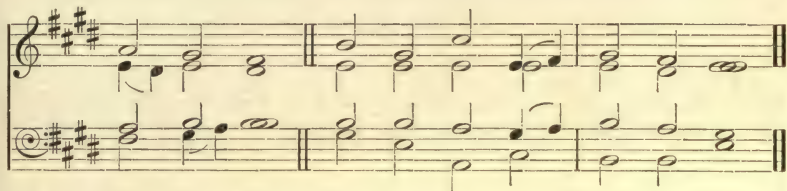
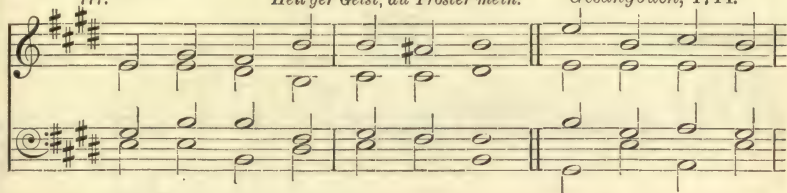
3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
 In all we do and know,
 And claim the kingdom of the earth
 For thee, and not thy foe.
 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought,
 As thou wouldst have it done,
 And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
 Itself with work be one.

1870. J. Ellerton.

Heil'ger Geist.

777.

582

*Heil'ger Geist, du Tröster mein.*J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1714.

JESUS, with thy Church abide;
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried.

- 2 Keep her life and doctrine pure;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in thy promise sure.
- 3 All her fettered powers release;
Bid our strife and envy cease;
Grant the heavenly gift of peace.
- 4 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in thee.
- 5 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind.
- 6 Save her love from growing cold;
Make her watchmen strong and bold;
Fence her round, thy peaceful fold.
- 7 May her lamp of truth be bright;
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night.
- 8 May she thus all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright, and worthy thee.

1875. T. B. Pollock.

BENEDICTIONS.

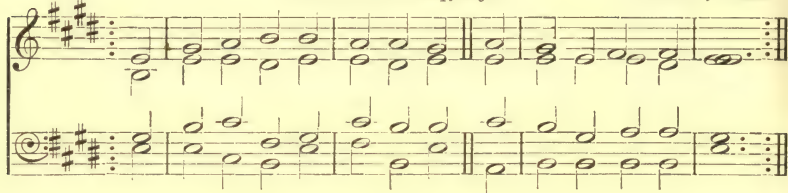
St. Simon.

583

C. M. D.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen.

J. CRÜGER, 1653.



1 Thess. v. 23.

NOW may the very God of peace
Us wholly sanctify,
And grant us such a rich increase
Of blessing from on high,
That spirit, soul and body may,
Preservèd free from stain,
Be blameless until thy great day,
Lord Jesus Christ: Amen.

1659. W. Barton, a.

Selle.

584

TH. SELLE, 1655.

10.7.10.7.10.10.77.

Du bist ja, Jesu, meine Freude.

Adapted.

[May also be sung to *Herr und Ältster*, No. 570.]*Dein Verdienst und deine liebe Nähe.* 1767. C. Gregor.

WITH thy presence, Lord, our Head and Saviour,
 Bless us all, we humbly pray;
 Our dear heavenly Father's love and favour
 Be our comfort every day;
 May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding
 Favour us with his most gracious leading:
 Thus shall we be truly blest,
 Both in labour and in rest.

1789. J. Swertner a.

Der Sabbath.

86.86.88.86.

Der Sabbath ist ums Menschen will'n.

D. J. GRIMM's *Choralbuch* (MS.), 1755.
From a popular melody.



Nun Herr, der du im Thränenthal. 1778. C. Gregor.

O FORM us all, while we remain

On earth, unto thy praise,
That each one fully may attain

Thy blessèd aim through grace :
Till we in heaven thy face shall see
May spirit, soul and body be
Preserved by thee against that day

Blameless, O Lord, we pray.

1793. *Moravian Liturgies.*

I will rejoice.

586

Moravian Tune Book, 1790.

98.98.99.664.

Slow.

HIGH-PRIEST of thy church-dispensation,
 Lift up, we pray, thy piercèd hand,
 And bless thy ransomed congregation,
 In every place by sea or land :
 Before thy Father's throne remember
 By name each individual member ;
 Thy face upon us shine,
 Grant us thy peace divine,
 For we are thine.

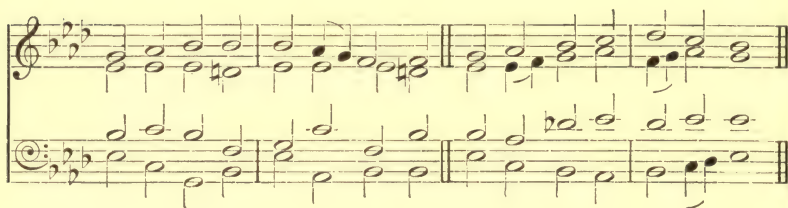
L. T. Nyberg, d. 1792.

♫ **gesegnetes Regieren.**

87.87. D.

Herrnhut *Choralbuch* (MS.), 1735—45.

From a popular melody.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 512.]

2 Corinthians xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

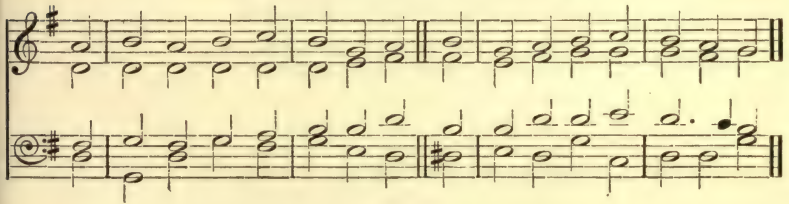
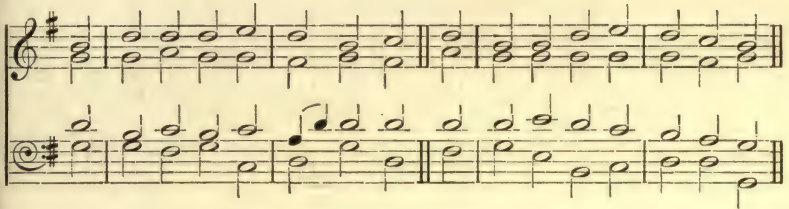
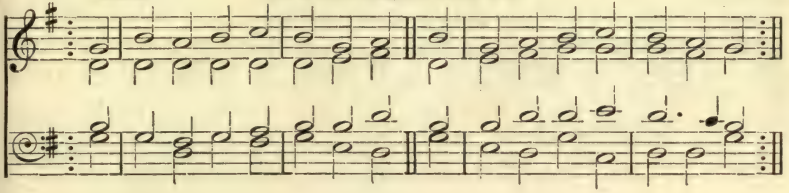
1779. J. Newton.

588

Die Wanderschaft.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.), 1735—45.

L. M. D.

Die Wanderschaft in dieser Zeit.*Phil. iv. 7.*

THE peace which God alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the believer feels,
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts;
 And may the holy Three in One,
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,
 Pour an abundant blessing down
 On every soul assembled here.

1779. J. Newion.

THE LORD'S DAY.

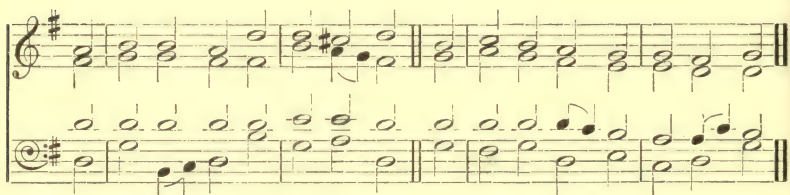
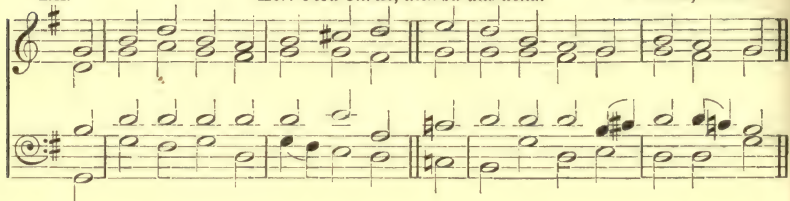
Görlitz.

589

Pensum Sacrum,
Görlitz, 1648.

L. M.

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend.



Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend. 1651. Wilhelm of Sachse-Weimar.

LORD Christ, reveal thy holy face,
And send the Spirit of thy grace,
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
To learn thy truth, and do thy will.

2 Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell thy praise ;
Increase our faith, and raise the same,
To taste the sweetness of thy name :

3 Till we with angels join to sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King ;
Till we behold thy face most bright,
In joy and everlasting light.

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

1722. *J. C. Jacobi, a.*

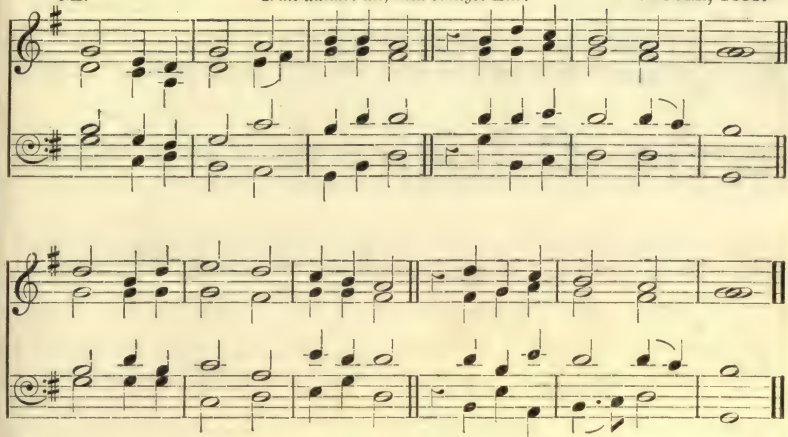
Gräfenberg.

590

C.M.

Nun danket all, und bringet Ehr.

J. CRÜGER, 1653.

*Psalm cxviii. 24-26.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son ;
 Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The Church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens in which he reigns
 Shall give him nobler praise.

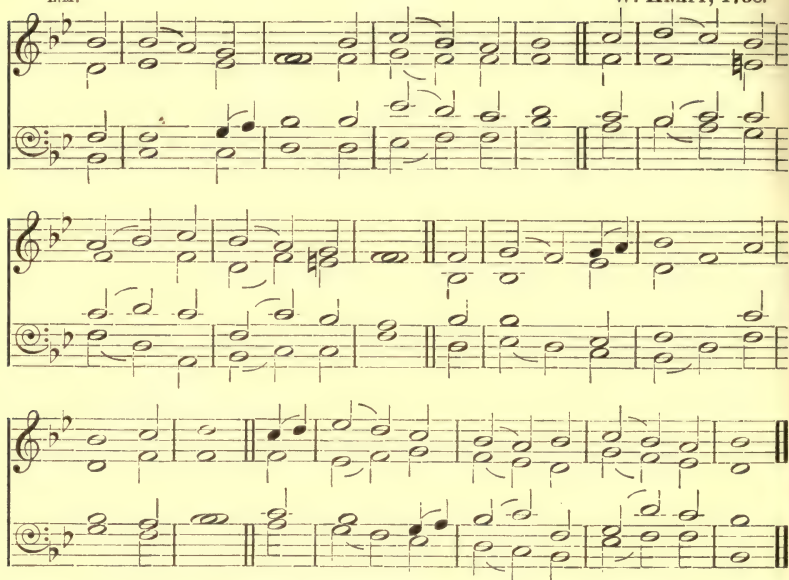
1719. I. Watts.

Wareham.

L.M.

591

W. KNAPP, 1738.

*Psalm xcii. 1-11.*

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

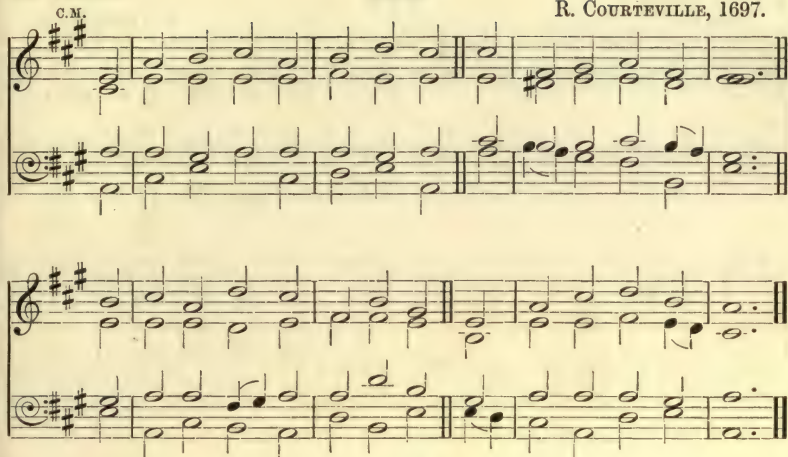
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine ;
How deep thy counsels, how divine.
- 4 For I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

1719. I. Watts.

St. James.

592

R. COURTEVILLE, 1697.



COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove,
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke,
 Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
 Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night ;
 On our disordered spirits move,
 And let there now be light.
- 4 Open the hearts of all who hear,
 To make the Saviour room ;
 Now let us find redemption near,
 Let faith by hearing come.
- 5 God, through himself, we then shall know,
 If thou within us shine,
 And sound, with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

1740. C. Wesley.

Croft's 148th.

593

66.66.88.

W. CROFT, 1709.



SERVANTS of God, awake,
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosanna rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

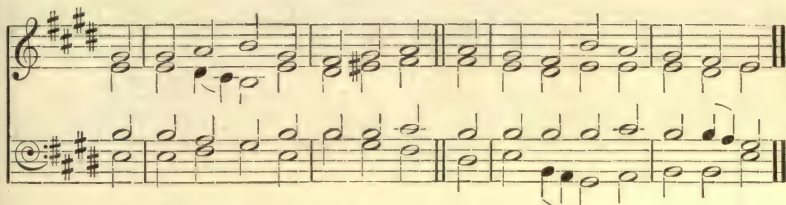
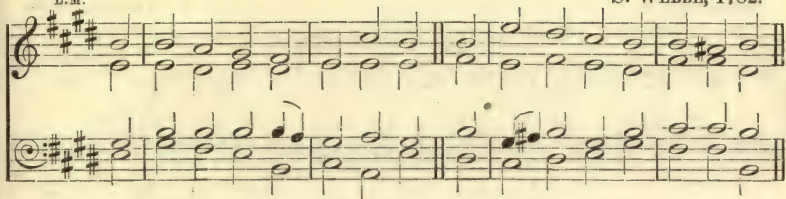
1760. *Elizabeth Scott*; recast 1810. *T. Cotterill*.

Melcombe.

594

S. WEBBE, 1782.

L. M.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 604.]

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

1769. W. Cowper.

HawkrIDGE.

86.86 88.86.

595

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



THIS day is holy to the Lord,
 This day the Lord hath made ;
 We will rejoice with one accord,
 And in his name be glad :
 Come, let us worship and bow down,
 With thanks appear before his throne ;
 He to our songs of praise and prayer
 Will lend a gracious ear.

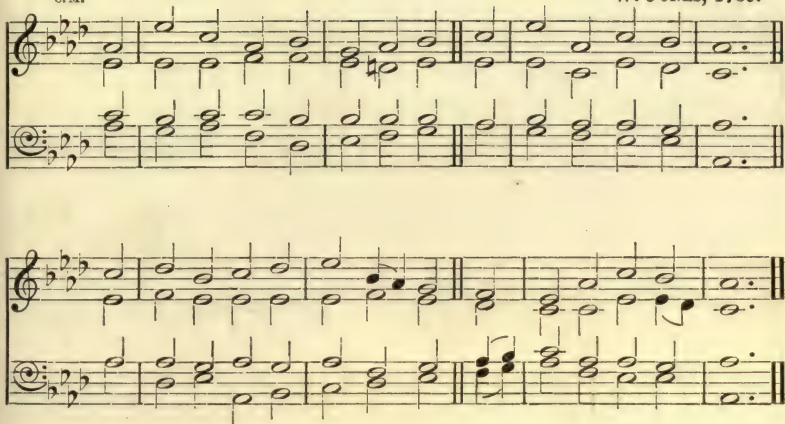
1808. *F. W. Foster.*

St. Stephen.

596

C.M.

W. JONES, 1789.



ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
 Like seed into the ground ;
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove,
 But give it root in every heart,
 To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy,
 But let it yield a hundred-fold,
 The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Let not thy word so kindly sent
 To raise us to thy throne,
 Return to thee, and sadly tell
 That we reject thy Son.

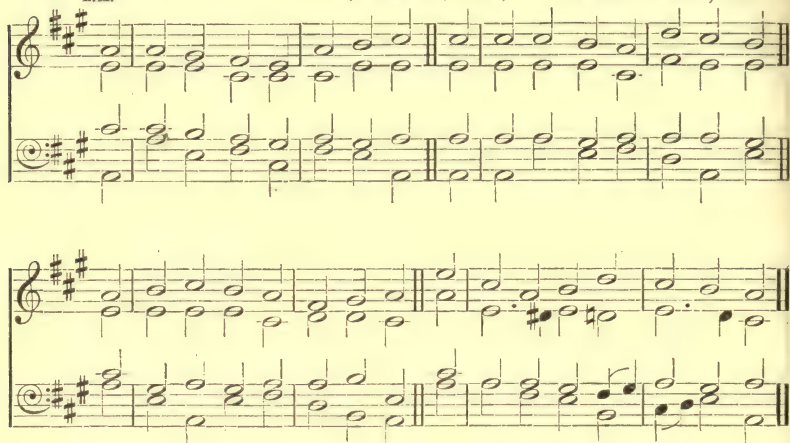
5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quickening grace bestow,
 That all, whose souls the truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.

1815. *J. Curwood, a.*

597

Old Hundredth.

L. M.

*Or sus, serviteurs (Ps. 134).*L. BOURGEOIS (?).
Genevan Psalter, 1551.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
 O God, on all assembled here ;
 Behold us with a Father's love,
 While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus Lord,
 May we thy true disciples be ;
 Speak to each heart the mighty word,
 Say to the weakest, ' Follow me.'

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
 Spirit of truth, and fill the place
 With wounding and with healing power,
 With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
 One true, eternal God confest !
 May nought in life or death divide
 The saints in thy communion blest.

5 With thee and these for ever found,
 May all the souls who here unite,
 With harps and songs thy throne surround,
 Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

1816. *J. Montgomery.*

Ramoth.

598

77.77. D.

J. B. CALKIN, 1869.

*Psalm lxxvii.*

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O my spirit longs and fain
 For the converse of thy saints,
 For the brightness of thy face,
 King of glory, God of grace.

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round thine altars, O Most High;
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast:
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

- 3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
 Even in this vale of woe;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies:
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach thy throne at length,
 At thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
 Guide me through a world of sin;
 Keep me by thy saving grace;
 Give me at thy side a place.
 Sun and Shield alike thou art,
 Guide and guard my erring heart;
 Grace and glory flow from thee,
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Winchester New.

L.M.

599

Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 42.]

O THOU, who didst the temple fill
With thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.

2 In us, and round about us, shine,
Here cause us to behold thy face ;
O make this tabernacle thine,
O sanctify this lowly place.

3 Now send the promised unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire ;
Lord Jesus, make thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

4 Work with them, and confirm thy word
To all who worship in this place ;
O pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

5 So shall thy servants' hopes be crowned,
And glory to thy name be given ;
While this Bethesda shall be found
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

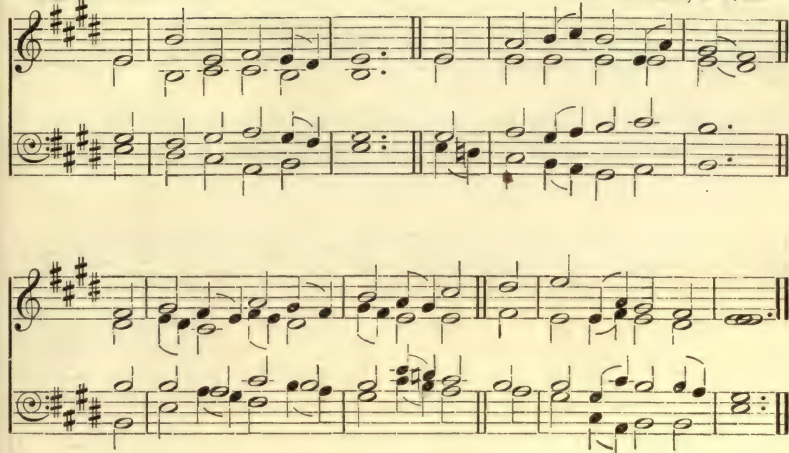
1836. *Anon. in 'Congregational Hymn Book.'*

Carlisle.

600

S.M.

C. LOCKHART, c. 1769.



REVIVE thy work, O Lord,
 Thy mighty arm make bare;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And make thy people hear.

2. Revive thy work, O Lord,
 Disturb the sleep of death :
 Quickened the smouldering embers now
 By thine almighty breath.
3. Revive thy work, O Lord,
 Create soul-thirst for thee ;
 And hungering for the bread of life,
 O may our spirits be !
4. Revive thy work, O Lord,
 Exalt thy precious name ;
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For thee and thine inflame.
5. Revive thy work, O Lord,
 And give refreshing showers ;
 The glory shall be all thine own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

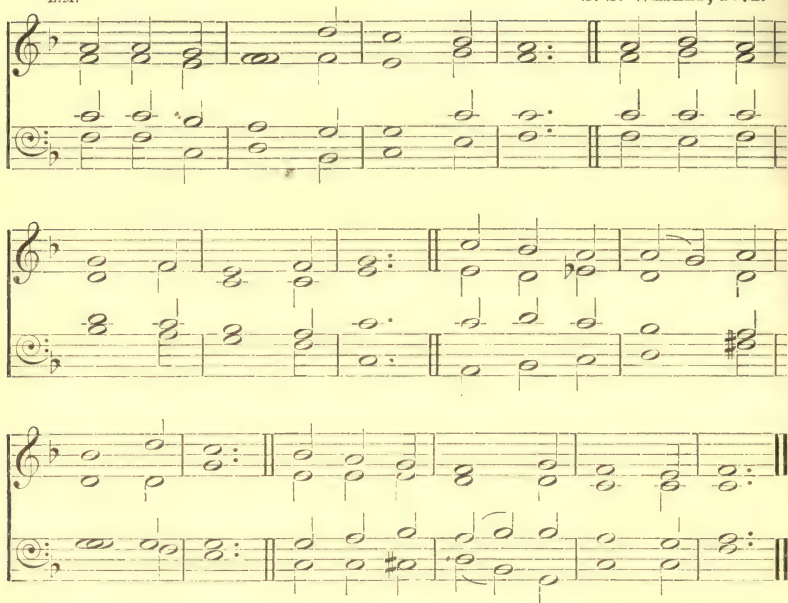
1858. *A. Midlane.*

Wainscott.

601

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

L.M.



A GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burdens and the care.

3 O God, our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

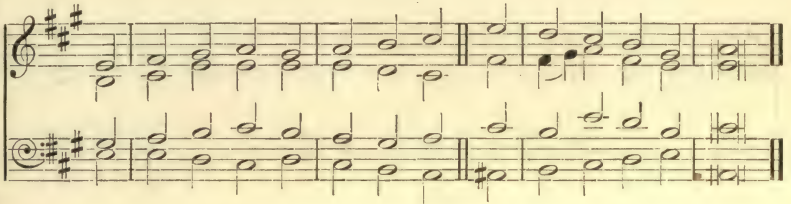
1859. *S. Longfellow.*

Dominica.

602

H. S. OAKELEY, 1875.

S.M.



THIS is the day of light :
 Let there be light to-day ;
 O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest :
 Our failing strength renew ;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace :
 Thy peace our spirits fill ;
 Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer :
 Let earth to heaven draw near ;
 Lift up our hearts to seek thee there,
 Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days :
 Send forth thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of death !

1867. J. Ellerton.

St. Constantine.

603

65.65.

W. H. MONK, 1861.



JESUS, stand among us
In thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

2 Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart;
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We'll pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning



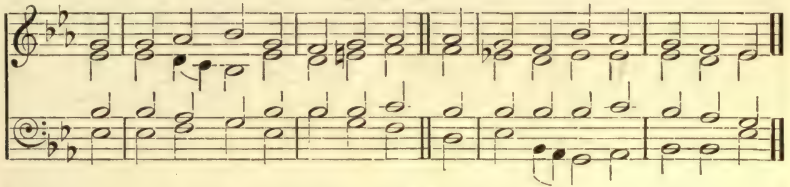
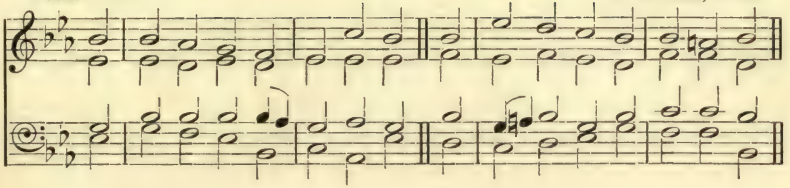
1872. W. Pennefather.

Melcombe.

604

L. M.

S. WEBBE, 1782.



BE with us, gracious Lord, to-day,
 Assembled here to worship thee ;
 O hear thy servants as they pray,
 And let thine ear attentive be.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 Let love and truth be always found ;
 May burdened hearts find sweet release,
 And souls with richest grace be crowned.

3 May here be heard the suppliants' sigh,
 The weary enter into rest ;
 Here may the contrite to thee cry,
 And waiting souls be richly blest.

4 Here, when the gospel sound is heard,
 And here proclaimed thy saving name,
 May hearts be quickened, moved and stirred,
 And souls be kindled into flame.

5 Here may the dead be made to live,
 The dumb to sing, the deaf to hear ;
 And do thou to the humble give
 Pardon and peace instead of fear.

6 Make this, O Lord, thine own abode ;
 Thy presence in these courts be given ;
 Be this indeed 'the house of God,'
 And this in truth 'the gate of heaven.'

1873. C. D. Bell, a.

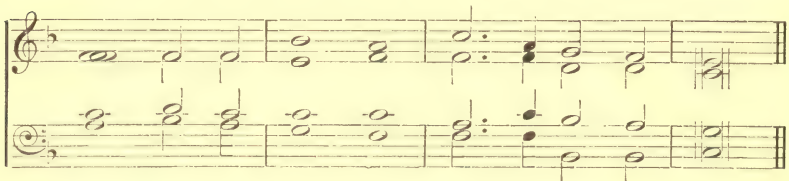
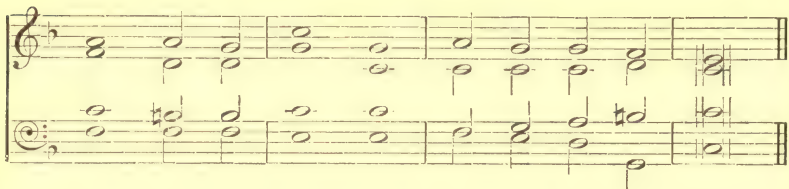
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

St. Agnes (*First Tune*).

10.10.10.10.

605

J. LANGRAN, 1861.



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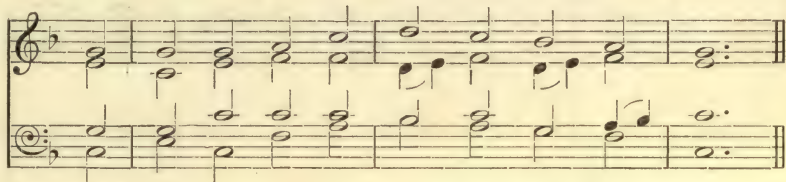
Du Geist des Herrn (*Second Tune*).

10.10.10.10.

Du Geist des Herrn, der du von Gott ausgehst.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704.





BREAK thou the Bread of Life, dear Lord, to me,
 As thou didst break the loaves beside the sea :
 Beyond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord ;
 My spirit pants for thee, O living Word !

2 Thou art the Bread of Life, O Lord, to me,
 Thy holy word the truth that saveth me :
 Give me to eat and live with thee above ;
 Teach me to love thy truth, for thou art love.

3 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, to me—to me—
 As thou didst bless the bread by Galilee :
 Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
 And I shall find my peace, my all-in-all.

1880. *Mary A. Lathbury.*

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

Tytberton.

606

S.M.

L. R. WEST, 1790.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 533.]

1.

ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name ;
Record his mercies, every heart ;
Sing every tongue the same.

2.

Let us upon his word
Still live, and feed, and grow ;
Let us go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

1762, *J. Hart, a.*

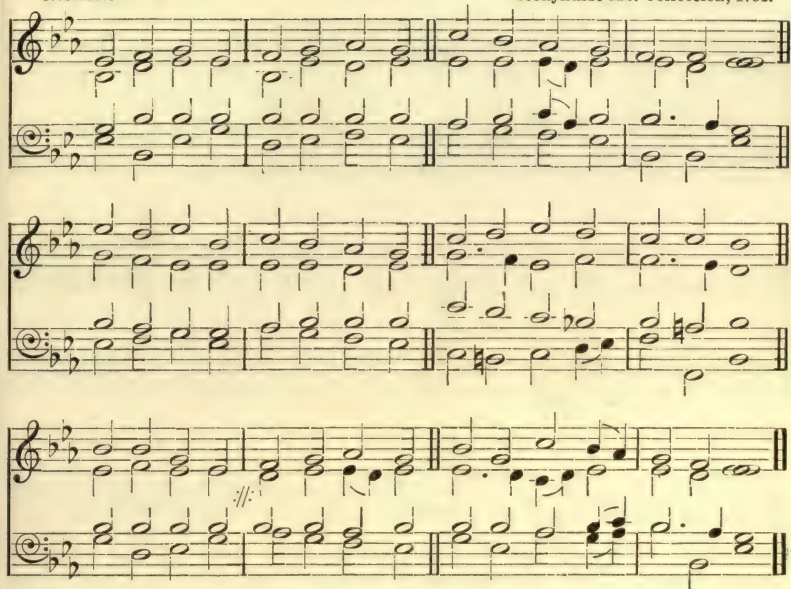
St. Thomas.

607

Early 18th cent. (?).

Stonyhurst MS. Collection, 1751.

87.87.447.



LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

1773. *J. Fawcett*; a. 1776. *A. M. Toplady*.

Carshalton.

608

66.66.88.

J. BEAN, 1806.



ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

2 To thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

3 O grant that all of us,
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear,
And follow thee to heaven, our home:
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

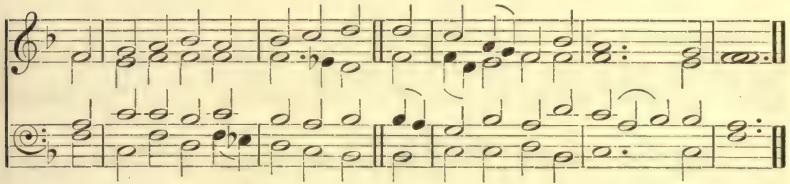
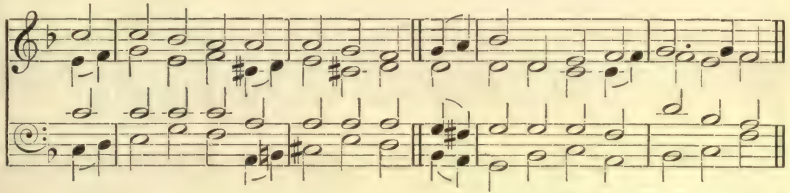
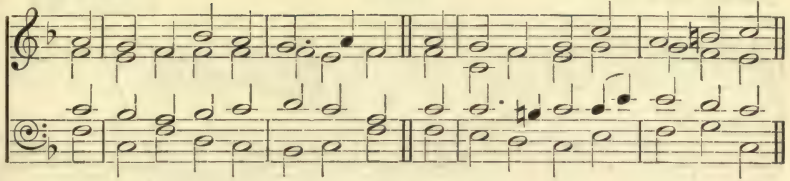
1779. J. Newton.

St. Matthias.

609

88.88.88.

W. H. Monk, 1861.



SWEET Saviour ! bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instil ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.

*Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our light.*

2 The day is done, its hours have run,
 And thou hast taken count of all ;
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord ! from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
 Sweet fear and sober liberty ;
 And simple hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like thee.

5 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
 And care is light, for thou hast cared ;
 Let not our works with self be soiled,
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful—unto thee we call ;
 O let thy mercy make us glad :
 Thou art our Jesus, thou our All.

1852. F. W. Faber.

Gilboa.

65.65. D.

610

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



ON our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love !
Is there grief or sadness ?
Thine it cannot be :
If our sky be clouded,
Clouds are not from thee.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing all we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing,
Gladly let us go,
Victor is the Leader !
Vanquished is the foe !
Christ without—our safety !
Christ within—our joy !
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy ?

4 Unto God the Father !
Joyful songs we sing ;
Unto God the Saviour !
Thankful hearts we bring ;
Unto God the Spirit !
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Ever, evermore !

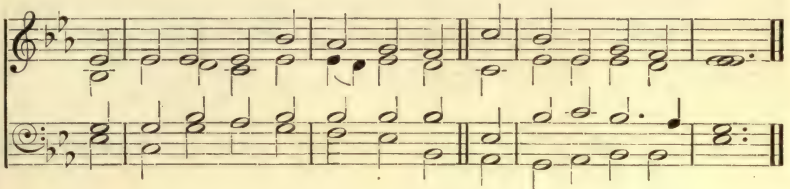
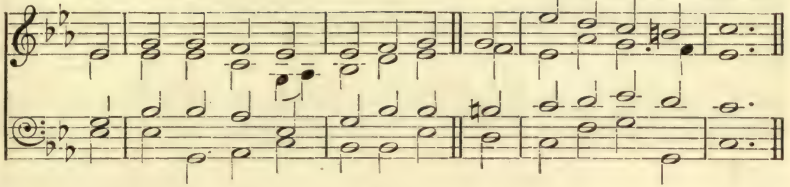
1863, J. S. B. Monsell.

Weybridge.

611

W. H. SANGSTER, 1868.

C. M.



AND now the wants are told that brought
 Thy children to thy knee;
 Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
 But simply worship thee.

- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
 Absorbs not all the heart
 That gives thee glory, love, and praise
 For being what thou art.
- 3 For thou art God, the One, the Same,
 O'er all things high and bright;
 And round us, when we speak thy name,
 There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
 On excellence divine,
 To know that nought in man can tell
 How fair thy beauties shine!
- 5 O thou above all blessing blest,
 O'er thanks exalted far,
 Thy very greatness is a rest
 To weaklings as we are;
- 6 For, when we feel the praise of thee
 A task beyond our powers,
 We say, 'A perfect God is he,
 And he is fully ours.'

1865. W. Bright.



SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

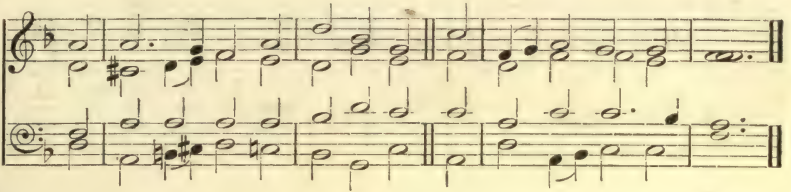
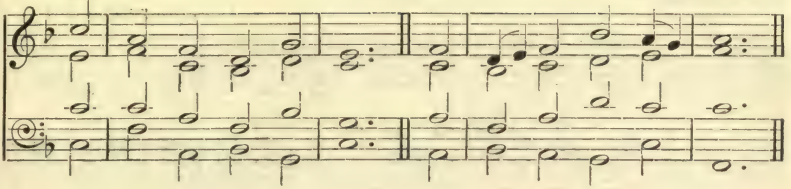
1866. J. Ellerton.

Day of Praise.

S. M.

613

C. STEGGALL, 1869.



OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lighten'st all.

- 2 Around the throne on high,
 Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
 Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here ;
 Too soon of praise we tire ;
But O the strains, how full and clear,
 Of that eternal choir !
- 4 Yet, Lord, to thy dear will,
 If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
 May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
 Of glory to thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
 Shall come the glorious end,
And songs of angels and of men
 In perfect praise shall blend.

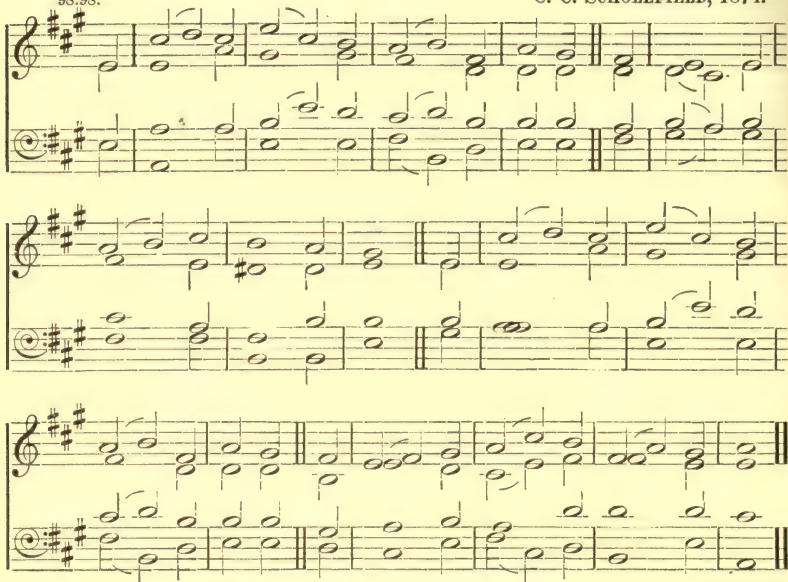
1868. *J. Ellerton.*

St. Clement.

614

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, 1874.

98.98.



THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest ;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord ; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

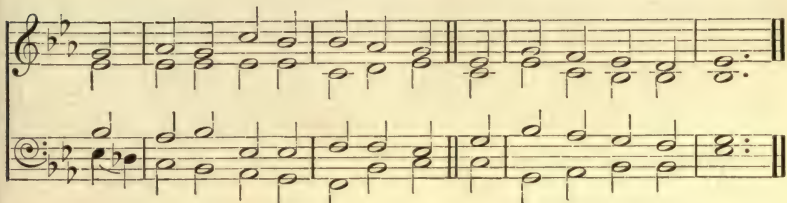
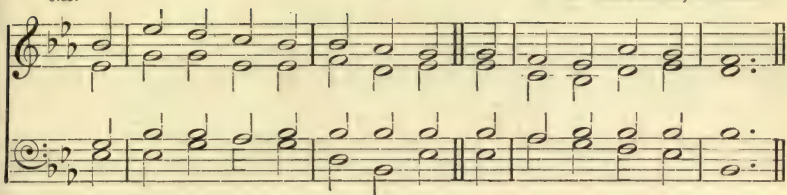
1870. J. Ellerton.

St. Peter.

C.M.

615

A. R. REINAGLE, c. 1830.



THE Lord be with us as we bend
 His blessing to receive ;
 His gift of peace upon us send
 Before his courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
 Along our homeward road ;
 In silent thought, or friendly talk,
 Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
 Enfold our day of rest ;
 Be he of every heart the Light,
 Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
 His watch he still shall keep,
 Crown with his grace his own blest day,
 And guard his people's sleep.

1870. *J. Ellerton.*

OFFERTORY.

Franconia.

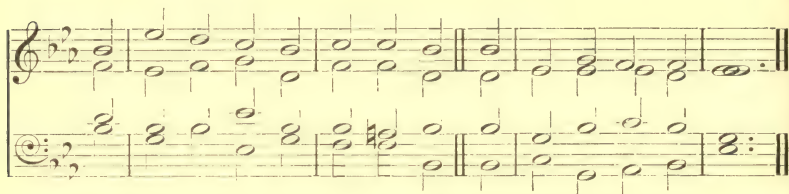
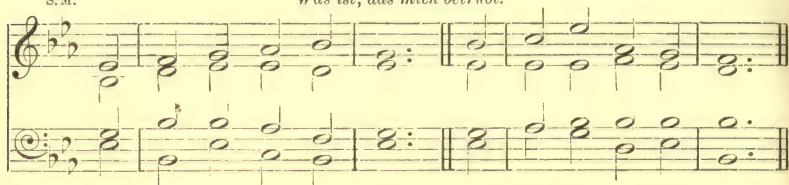
S. M.

616

J. B. KÖNIG's *Liederschatz*, 1738.

Adapted by W. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.

Was ist, das mich betrübt.



WE give thee but thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be ;
 All that we have is thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from thee.

- 2 May we thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as thou blestest us,
 To thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
 And homes are bare and cold,
 And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
 Are straying from the fold !

- 4 To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,
 It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be ;
 What'er we do for thine, O Lord,
 We do it unto thee.

1858. W. W. How.

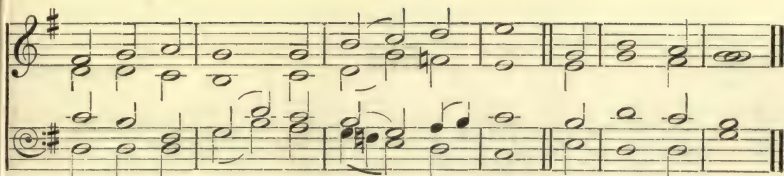
Almsgiving (First Tune).

888.4.

617

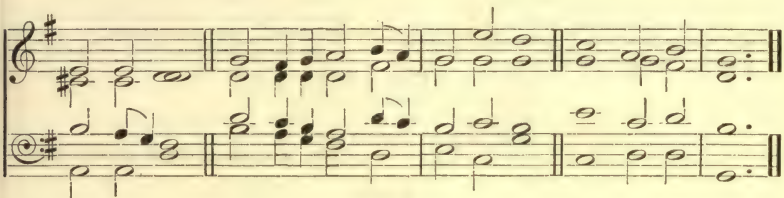
J. B. DYKES, 1865.



**Zennor** (*Second Tune*).

888.4.

J. TURLE, 1870.



O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits thy love declare ;
Where harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all,

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessed One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost his sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to thee be given,
Who givest all ?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all,—

8 To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
O may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all.

HOLY BAPTISM.

Welcombe.

618

L.M.

S. WEBBE, 1782.



THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity ;
Shield *him* from sin and threatening wrong,
And in thy love *his* life prolong.

2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
His willing soul to keep thy law ;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with *his* dawning youth.

3 We, too, O God, thy children are ;
And if our feet have wandered far,
Recall us to our Father's home,
And keep us that no more we roam.

1823. S. Gilman. (from the German.)

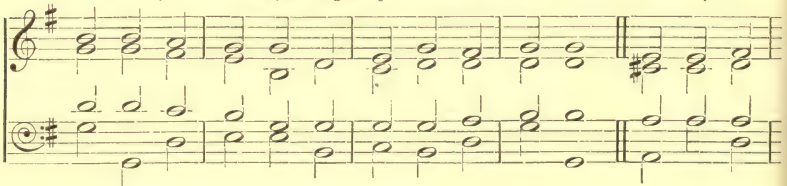
Jesu, du Hoffnung.

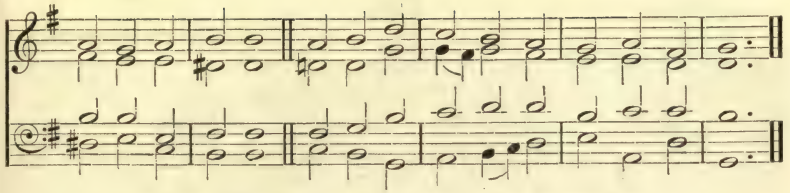
619

11.10.11.10. Dactylic.

Jesu, du Hoffnung all deiner Geliebten.

G. JOSEPH, 1657.





WHAT thou hast given us, Lord, here we bring thee,
Life that is dear to us, far beyond gold,
Feet which must follow thee, lips which must sing thee,
Hands which must toil for thee ere they grow old.

2 What thou hast given us, Lord, here we tender,
Life of our own life, the child of our love ;
Take *him*, yet leave with us, till we shall render
Count of the precious charge, kneeling above.

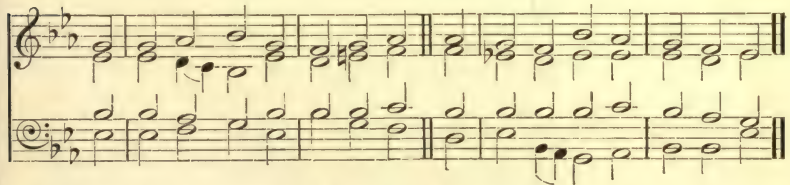
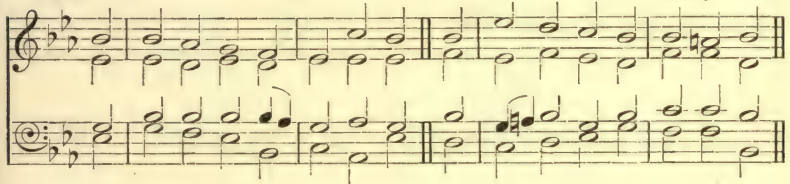
1848. C. Kingsley, a.

Melcombe.

620

L. M.

S. WEBBE, 1782.



A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still his name,
And angels worshipped as he lay
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
'Let little children come to me.'

3 We bring *them*, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name *them* thine ;
Their souls with saving grace endow ;
Baptize *them* with thy Spirit now.

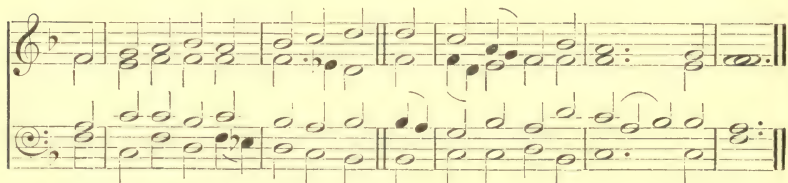
1861. W. Robertson.

St. Matthias.

88.88.88.

621

W. H. MONK, 1861.



O FATHER, in thy Father's heart
We know our children have their part;
We sign them in thy threefold name,
And by the sprinkled water claim
Thy covenant, in Christ revealed,
To us and to our children sealed:—

2 Name of the Father! pledge that we
Our inmost being draw from thee;
Name of the Son! whereby we know
The Father's love to men below;
Name of the Spirit! blessed sign
That now we share the life divine.

3 Fulfil thy covenant of love;
Baptize our children from above!
Thy blest, thy highest gift impart,
The blessing of a childlike heart,
And mould them through life's strain and stress,
To the full growth of perfectness.

1887. Ella S. Armitage.

RECEPTION AND CONFIRMATION.

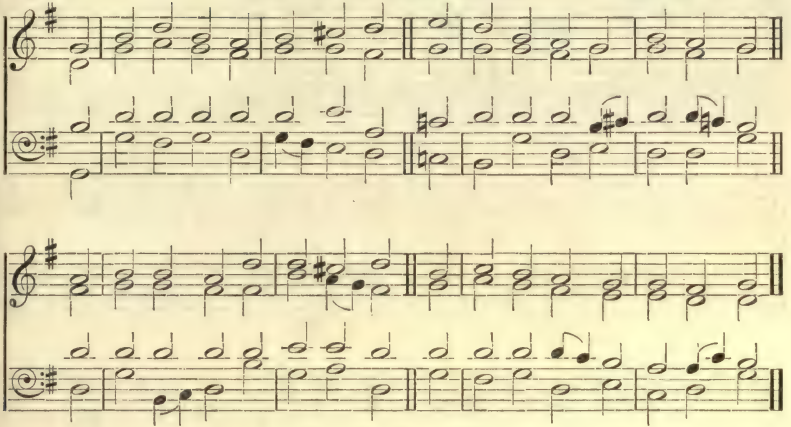
Görlitz.

L. M.

622

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend.

*Pensum Sacrum,
Görlitz, 1648.*



Im Namen des Herrn Jesu Christ. 1770. H. von Bruiningk; a. C. Gregor.

HERE in the name of Christ our Lord,
The Church's Head by all adored,
This Brethren's congregation now
Into her fold receiveth you :

2 With us in Jesus to be one,
To follow him, and him alone,
To know his faithful shepherd-care,
And his reproach and joy to share.

3 With heart and hand you now we own ;
The Lord, to whom your heart is known,
Cause your whole walk with us to be
His joy and your felicity.

4 The God of peace you sanctify
And bless you richly from on high,
That spirit soul and body may
Be blameless till his perfect day.

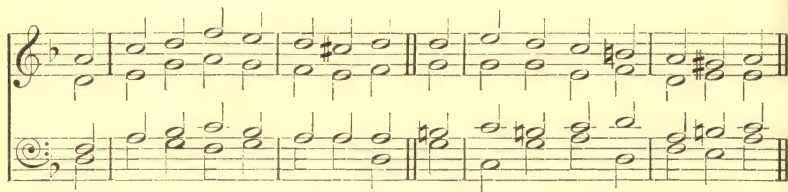
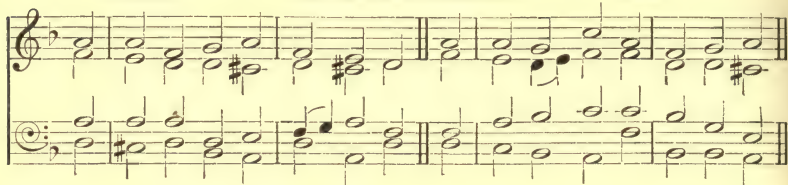
1772. B. La Trobe, a.

Water Unser (*First Tune*).

88.88.88.

Vater unser im Himmelreich.

M. LUTHER (?).
WALTHER'S MS. Part-Book,
1530.

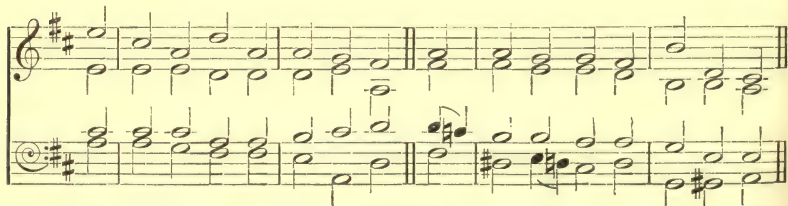
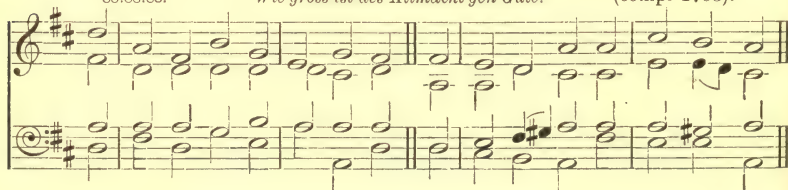


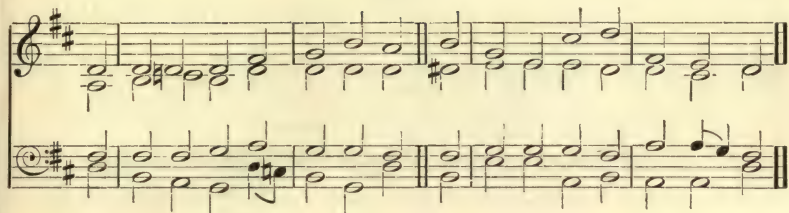
Biberach (*Second Tune*).

88.88.88.

Wie gross ist des Allmäch't'gen Güte.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799
(comp. 1793).





LORD, shall thy children come to thee?
 A boon of love divine we seek ;—
 Brought to thy arms in infancy,
 Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak,
 Thy children pray for grace that they
 May come themselves to thee to-day.

2 Lord, shall we come? and come again,
 Oft as we see yon table spread,
 And—tokens of thy dying pain—
 The wine poured out, the broken bread?
 Bless, bless, O Lord, thy children's prayer,
 That they may come and find thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone
 At holy time or solemn rite,
 But every hour, till life be flown,
 Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
 Come to thy throne of grace, that we
 In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be?

4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again?
 Thy children ask one blessing more ;
 To come, not now alone, but then,
 When life and death and time are o'er,
 Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
 Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by thee.

1834. *S. Hinds.*

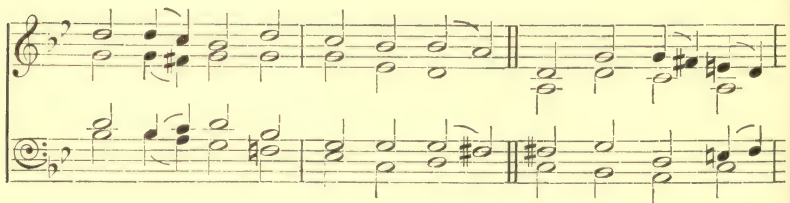
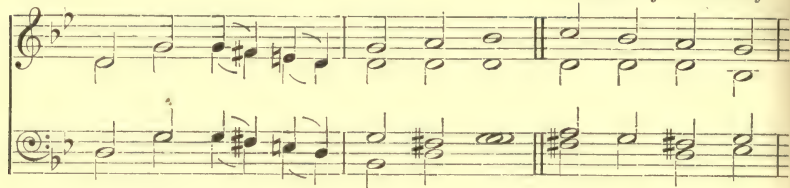
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Airfon.

77.77.77.

624

Welsh Hymn Melody.



[May also be sung to *Heathlands*, No. 266.]

WHEN thy soldiers take their swords
 When they speak the solemn words,
 When they kneel before thee here,
 Feeling thee, their Father, near;
 These thy children, Lord, defend,
 To their help thy Spirit send.

2 When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
 When they hear the battle-cry,
 When they rush into the fight,
 Knowing not temptation's might;
 These thy children, Lord, defend,
 To their zeal thy wisdom lend.

3 When their hearts are lifted high
 With success or victory,
 When they feel the conqueror's pride—
 Lest they grow self-satisfied—
 These thy children, Lord, defend,
 Teach their souls to thee to bend.

4 When the vows that they have made,
 When the prayers that they have prayed,
 Shall be fading from their hearts,
 When their first warm faith departs;
 These thy children, Lord, defend,
 Keep them faithful to the end.

5 Through life's conflict guard us all,
 Or if, wounded, some should fall
 Ere the victory be won,
 For the sake of Christ, thy Son,
 These thy children, Lord, defend,
 And in death thy comfort lend.

1872. *Frances M. Owen.*

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Liebster Jesu, liebstes Leben. 625

877 8.877.3.877.12.14.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.

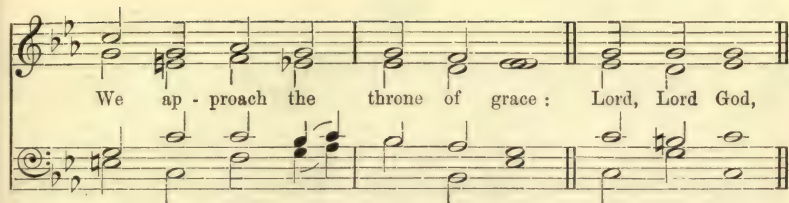
Liebster Jesu, liebstes Leben. 1692. J. W. Petersen.

Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Hear thy peo - ple's

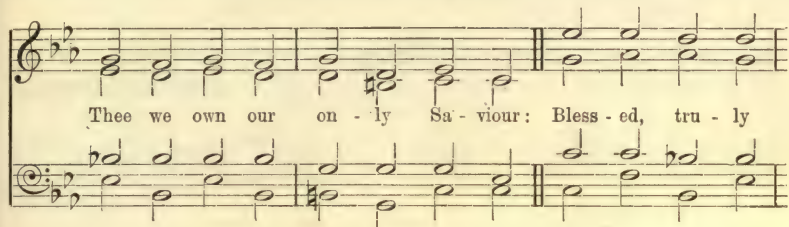
fer - vent prayer, Us to meet thee now pre - pare :

We with awe ap - pear be - fore thee, Long - ing to en -

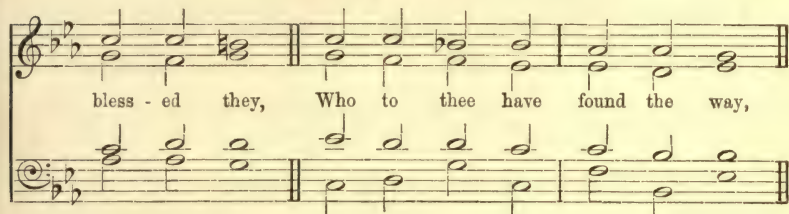
- joy thy fa - vour ; In this con - se - cra - ted place



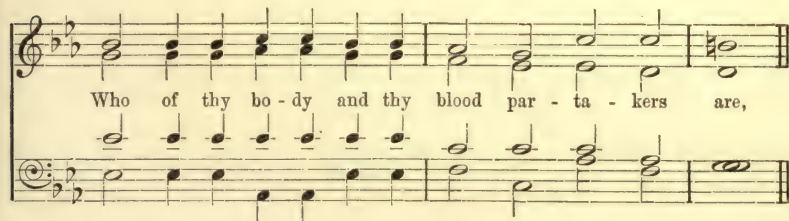
We ap - proach the throne of grace : Lord, Lord God,



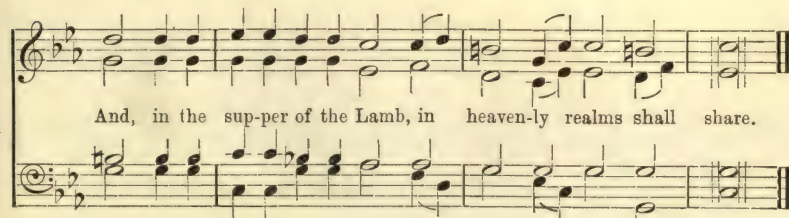
Thee we own our on - ly Sa - viour : Bless - ed, tru - ly



bless - ed they, Who to thee have found the way,



Who of thy bo - dy and thy blood par - ta - kers are,



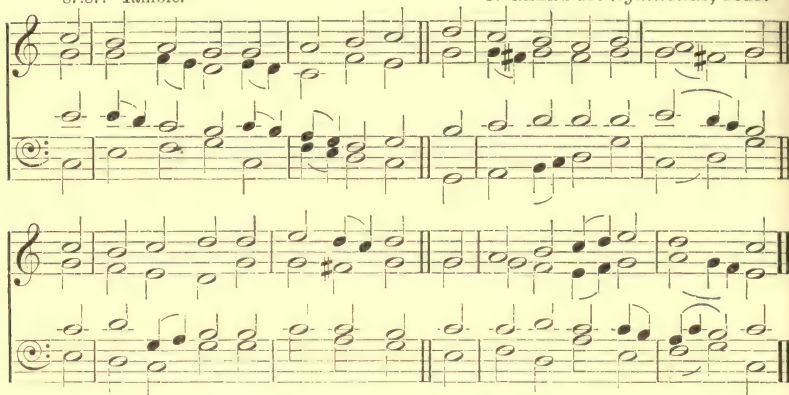
And, in the sup - per of the Lamb, in hea - ven - ly realms shall share.

Ach Gott und Herr.

87.87. Iambic.

626

C. GALL'S *As hymnodus*, 1625.



Ach komm, du süßer Herzensgast. 1698. L. Mencken.

COME be my heart's beloved guest,
My joy beyond all telling;
For only he on earth is blest
With whom thou hast thy dwelling.

2 O keep thy banquet, Lord, with me,
A sinner poor and needy,
Since thou invit'st me graciously,
'Come, all things now are ready.'

3 I open heart and soul to thee,
Lord Jesus, to receive thee;
For thee I long most ardently,
O may I never leave thee.

1754. M.; recast 1808.

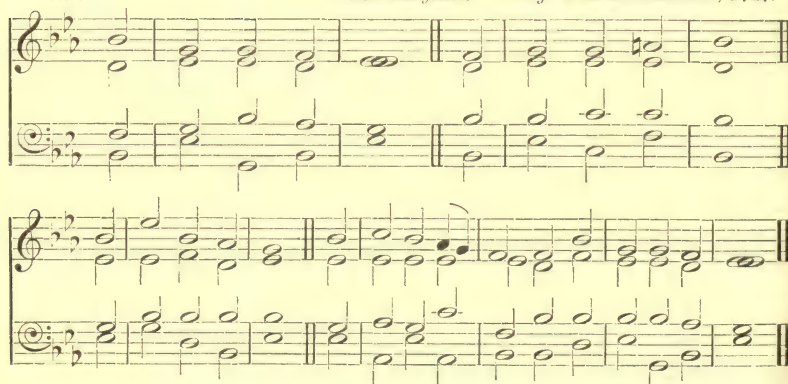
In Christo.

55.5.11.

627

ZINZENDORF'S

In Christo gelebt. Sing- und Betbüchlein, 1727.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 496.]

Verklärtes Haupt. 1734. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

<p>O GLORIFIED Head, Since mortals may tread The holiest of all, [fall;— And deeply abased 'fore the mercy-seat</p>	<p>2 Admit us, we pray, On this solemn day, To thee to draw nigh, And thy holy body and blood to enjoy.</p>
---	--

3 O Saviour and Friend,
 Thy Spirit now send,
 Our hearts to prepare,
 That we be found worthy thy supper to share.

1742. *M.*; recast 1801.

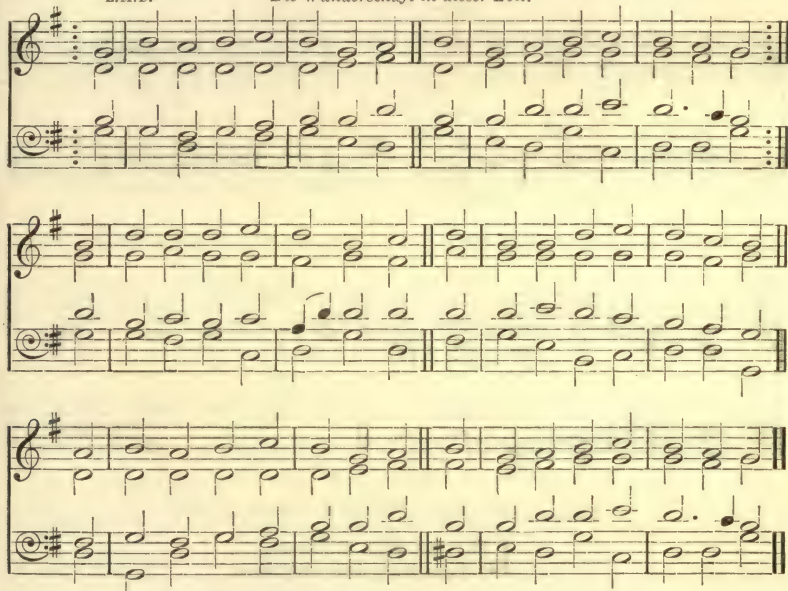
628

Die Wanderschaft.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.), 1735—45.

L.M.D.

Die Wanderschaft in dieser Zeit.



Weil unser göttlicher Monarch, st. 12. 1739. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

L ORD Jesus Christ, we pray be near,
 Forgive us all our trespasses:
 With joy divine our spirits cheer,
 Impart to us thy pardoning grace:
 As our High-priest lift up thy hand,
 That hand which once the nail pierced through;
 Thy mercy unto us extend,
 Rich blessings upon all bestow.

1742. *M.*; recast 1789. *J. Swertner.*

Berthelsdorf.

629

Herrnhut

65.65. D.

Das ist unbeschreiblich. Choralbuch (MS.), 1735—45.



Heil'ger Kirchenfürste. 1741. J. W. Zander ; a. 1778.

LIKE the King of Salem,
 Thou with wine and bread
 Com'st to meet thy people,
 Them to cheer and feed:
 O preserve the enjoyment
 Of thy blood and death
 To thy congregation,
 While we live by faith.

1789. *F. W. Foster.*

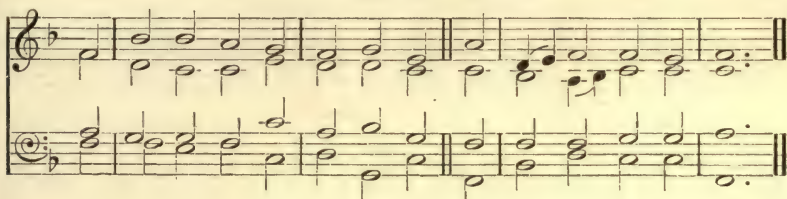
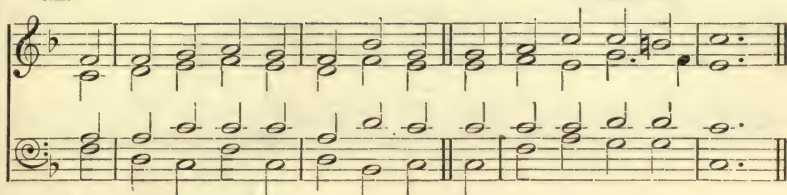
Farrant.

C.M.

630

Adapted from R. FARRANT (?)

c. 1530—80.



1.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2.

Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy redeeming blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are sons of God.

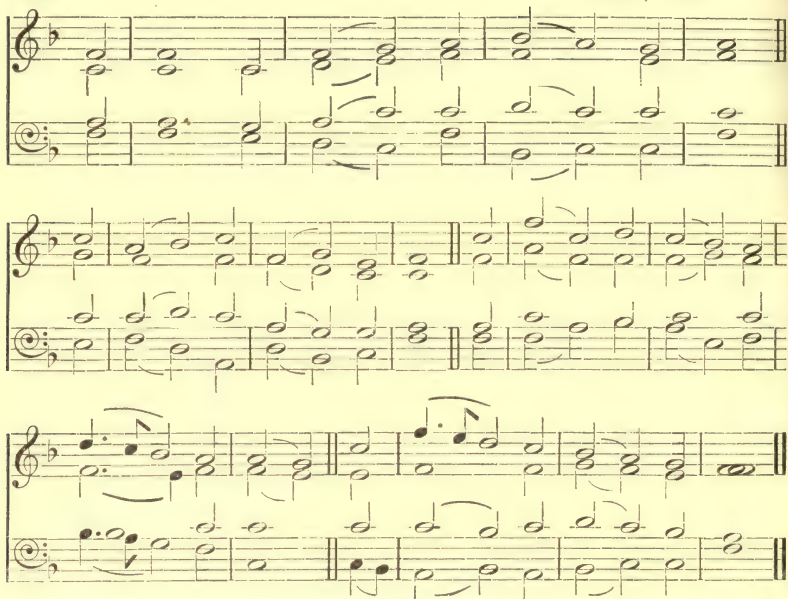
3.

Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love
Prepare us for this feast;
So shall we banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

1741. J. Cennick, a.

Irish.
C. M.

631

Hymns and Sacred Poems,
Dublin, 1749.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
 Thy chosen pilgrim-flock,
 With manna in the wilderness,
 With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
 As thou when here below,
 Our souls the joys celestial seek,
 That from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
 But by that word of grace,
 In strength of which we travel on
 To our abiding place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
 But do not then depart;
 Saviour, abide with us, and spread
 Thy table in our heart.

5 Then share with us in love divine;
 Thy body and thy blood,
 That living bread, that heavenly wine,
 Be our immortal food.

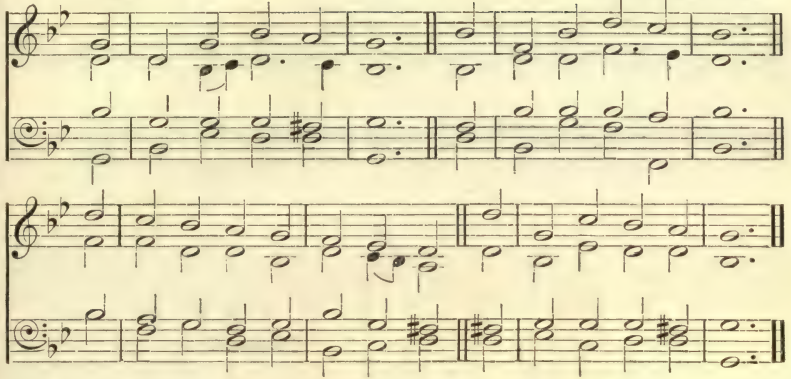
1825. *J. Montgomery, a.*

St. Bride (*First Tune*).

S.M.

632

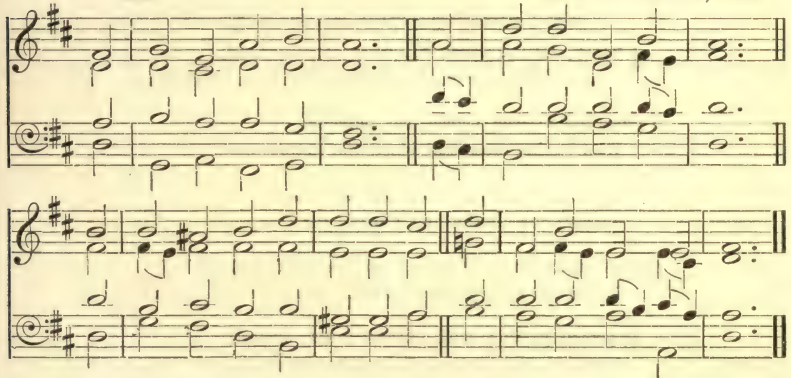
S. HOWARD, 1762.



Thamilton (*Second Tune*).

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.



- COME, thou blessèd Lord,
Meet thou thy waiting flock,
Spread thy best blessings on thy board,
Give water from the rock.
- 2 We look alone to thee
To bring thy heavenly store,
Food that through time our strength shall
And life for evermore. be,
- 3 'Tis vain the prayer to pour,
To lift on high the song,
Unless thou sanctify the hour,
And come thy flock among.

- 4 'Tis vain around to press,
How'er the board be spread,
Unless thou come thyself to bless,
Who art the Church's Head.
- 5 'Tis vain the bread to eat,
To drink the sacred wine,
Unless thou come thy guests to meet,
And pledge the power divine.
- 6 Come then, thou blessèd Lord,
Now meet thy waiting flock,
Distribute blessings from thy board,
Give water from the rock.

1850. J. A. La Trobe.

Lammas.

633

A. H. BROWN, 1868.

10.10.



Sancti venite, corpus Christi sumite. c 680.

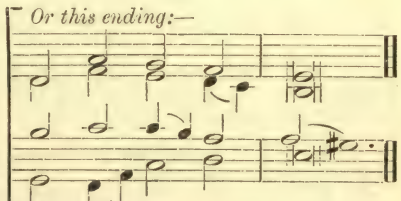
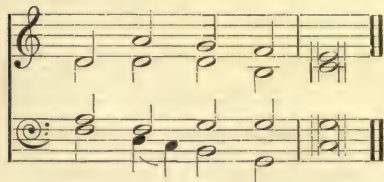
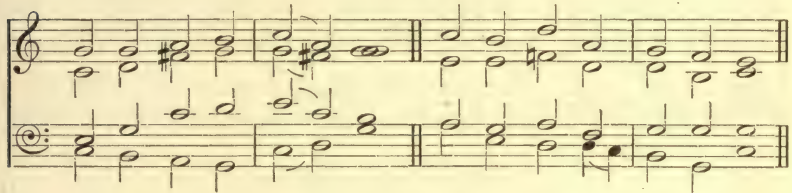
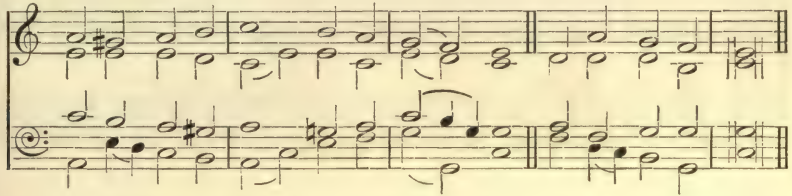
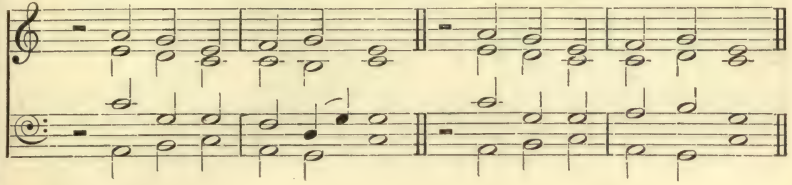
COME, take by faith the body of your Lord,
And drink the blood of Christ for you outpoured.

- 2 Salvation's Giver, Christ, the only Son,
Who by his cross and blood the victory won.
- 3 Offered was he for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and himself the Priest.
- 4 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Giveth his holy grace his saints to aid.
- 5 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the pledges of salvation here.
- 6 He, that his saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields.
- 7 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.
- 8 O Judge of all, our only Saviour thou,
In this thy feast of love, be with us now.

1851. J. M. Neale; a. 1876. E. H. Bickersteth.

Media vita (PART II.)

66.95.675.

634WALTHER'S *Gesangbüchlein*, 1524.*Mitten wir im Leben sind.* From a Latin Antiphon.*Or this ending:—**Media vita in morte sumus.* c. 900.*Mitten wir im Leben sind* (st. 3). 1524. *M. Luther.*

MOST holy Lord and God,
 Holy, Almighty God,
 Holy and most merciful Saviour,
 Thou eternal God ;
 Grant that we may never
 Lose the comforts from thy death :
 Have mercy, O Lord.

2 Most holy Lord and God,
 Holy, Almighty God,
 Holy and most merciful Saviour,
 Thou eternal God ;
 Bless thy congregation
 Through thy sufferings, death, and blood :
 Have mercy, O Lord.

(1) 1772. *M.* ; (2) 1808. *M.*



Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem. c. 1260. Thomas of Aquino.

ZION, to thy Saviour singing,
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,
Yet thou shalt not reach the measure
Of his worth, by all the treasure
Of thy most ecstatic lays!

2 Fill thy lips to overflowing,
With sweet praise, his mercy showing,
Who this heavenly table spread;
On this day so glad and holy,
To each hungering spirit lowly
Giveth he the living bread.

3 O Good Shepherd, Bread life-giving,
Us, thy grace and life receiving,
Feed and shelter evermore!
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
We in heaven with thee abiding,
With all saints will thee adore.

1883. A. R. Thompson.

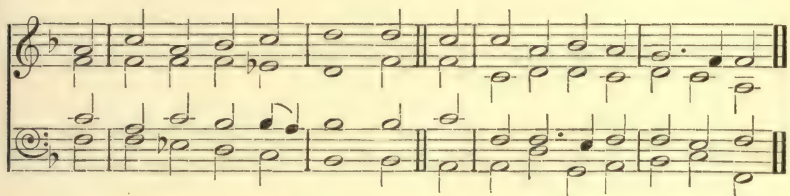
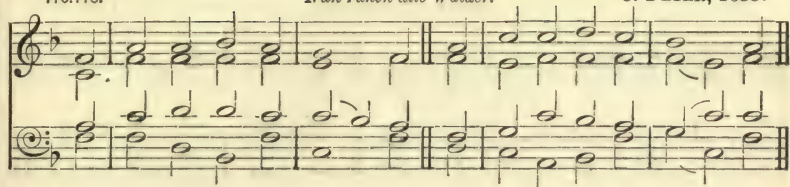
Run ruben.

636

776.778.

Nun ruhen alle Wälder.

C. PETER, 1655.

*O esca viatorum. 17th Cent.*

O BREAD of Life, from heaven
 To pilgrim saints now given,
 O Manna from above,
 The souls that hunger feed thou,
 The hearts that seek thee lead thou,
 Dear Lord, with thy sweet, tender love.

2 O fount of grace redeeming,
 O river ever streaming
 From Jesus' holy side!
 Come thou, thyself bestowing
 On thirsting souls, and flowing
 Till all their wants are satisfied.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 Thy word of truth believing,
 We thee unseen adore;
 Grant, when the veil is rended,
 That we, to heaven ascended,
 May see thy glory evermore.

1869. *P. Schaff, a.*

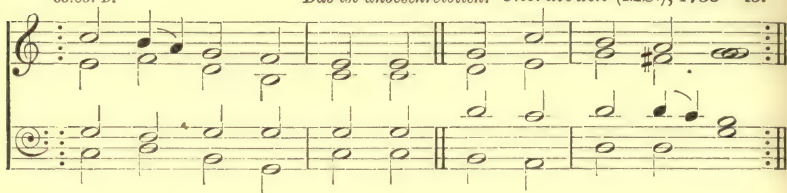
Bertelsdorf.

637

Herrnhut

65.65. D.

Das ist unbeschreiblich. Choralbuch (MS.), 1735—45.



Jesus Christus, nostra salus. c. 1409. J. Hus.

Jesus Christus, unser Heiland. 1524. M. Luther.

JESUS CHRIST our Saviour,
From eternal wrath,
By his bitter suffering
Us redeem'd hath.
He, lest we forget him,
Gave his blood and flesh ;
We thereof partaking
May our souls refresh.

2 Bless and praise the Father,
That he feeds us thus,
That his Son was given
Unto death for us.
Trust and be not fearful,
'Tis the sick soul's food,
To the contrite bringing
Everlasting good.

3 It was for the sinner
Christ the Lord was slain ;
Shall his bless'd dying
For us be in vain ?
Let not fruit be wanting !
Others we will love,
That they in our living
Learn of God above.

1754. M. ; recast, 1911.

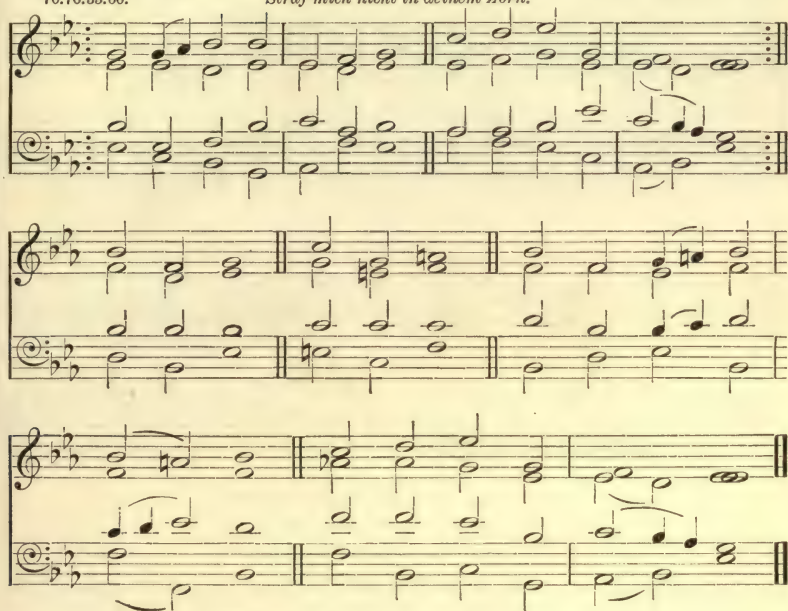
638

J. ROSENMÜLLER (?),

Hundert Arien, 1694 (comp. 1655 ?).

Württemberg.

76.76.33.66.

Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn.

Cerne lapsum servulum. 1697. J. W. Petersen.
Siehe, ich gefallner Knecht. 1704. L. A. Gotter.

JESUS cometh to fulfil
 All thy heart desireth,
 Doth himself to thee reveal,
 Thee with love inspireth :
 His blood spilt
 All thy guilt
 Will erase for ever,
 And thy sins will cover.

2 Lamb of God, all praise to thee,
 Thou hast victory gainèd,
 And upon the cross for me
 Endless bliss obtainèd :
 Thou art mine,
 I am thine :
 May my whole demeanour
 To thy name give honour.

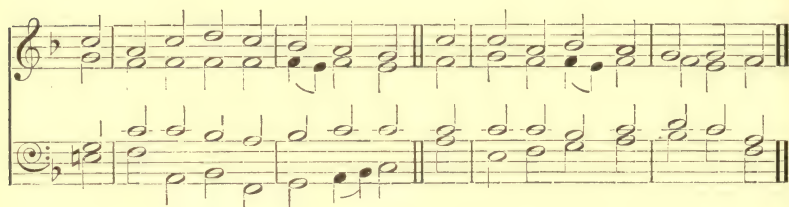
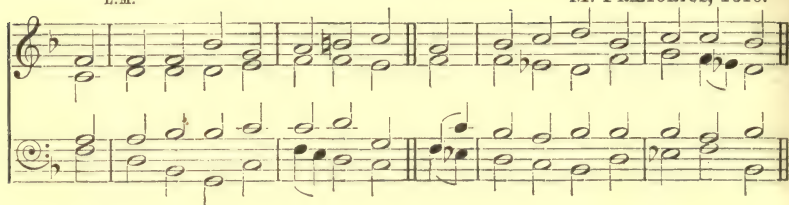
1754. *M., a.*

Ich dank dir schon.

L.M.

639

16th century (?).
M. PRÆTORIUS, 1610.



ON that last night amidst his own
Our ever-loving Lord we see ;
He breaks the bread with solemn word
‘In doing this, remember me.’

2 Yes, Lord, we will remember thee ;
Thy love till death, love all divine ;
How can we e’er thy cross forget
Which made thee ours and made us thine ?

3 Our right hand first shall lose its art,
Our tongues forget to speak or move,
Ere we’re unmindful of thy wounds,
Those everlasting marks of love.

4 We thus commemorate thy death,
Till thou appear on earth again ;
And, Lord, remember us, we pray,
Make haste to take thy power and reign.

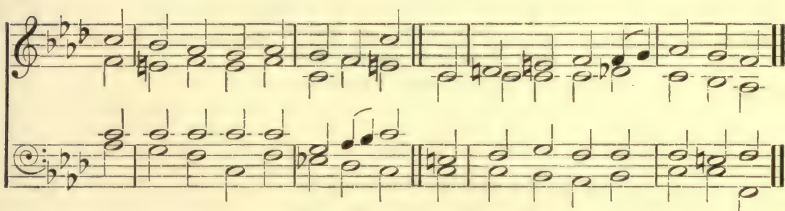
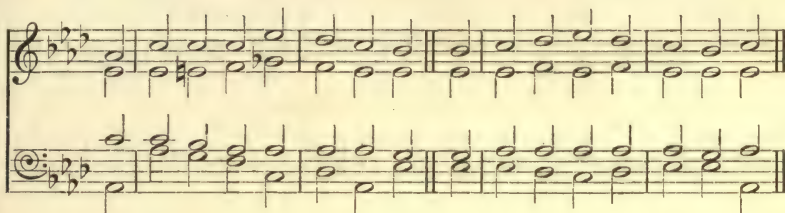
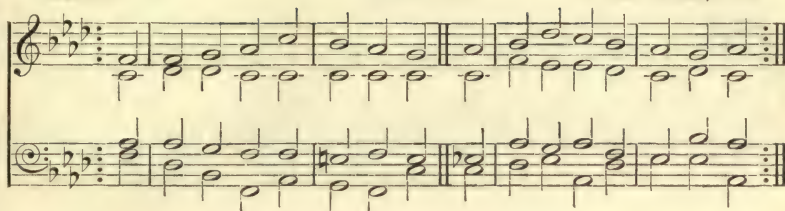
1697. J. Stennett, a.

Ely Place.

L.M.D.

640

P. LA TROBE, 1826.



JESUS, thy feast we celebrate,
 We show thy death and sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb :
 In memory of our dying Lord
 The Church on earth, till time shall end,
 Meets at his table to record
 The love of her departed Friend.

1707. I. Watts, a.

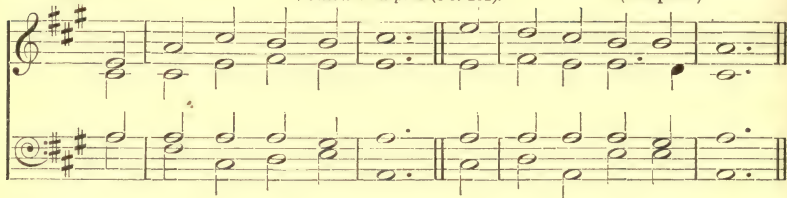
St. Michael.

641

Genevan Psalter, 1551
(adapted).

S. M.

Vouloir m'a pris (Ps. 101).



1.

COME, O my soul, and sing
How Jesus thee hath fed ;
How Jesus gave himself to thee,
The true and living Bread.

2.

For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favour, matchless grace
Of our incarnate God.

3.

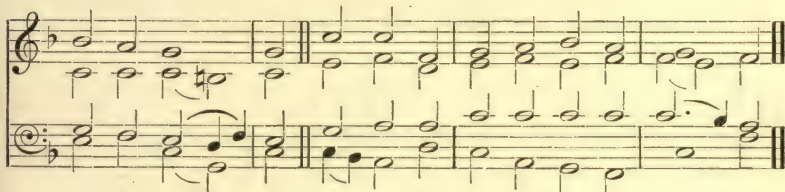
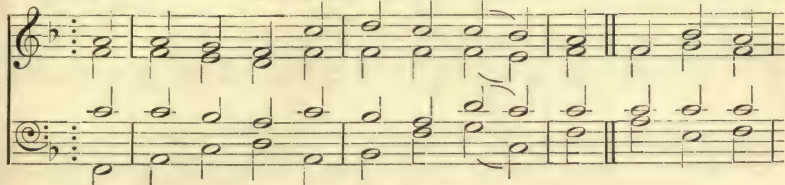
This holy bread and wine
Confirms us in the faith,
In love and union with our Lord,
And we show forth his death.

(1) 1741. *J. Cennick* ; (2, 3) 1709. *I. Watts, a.*

Mein Jesu.

642

98.98.99.

*Mein Jesu, der du vor dem Scheiden.*C. GREGOR'S
Choralbuch, 1784.*Mein Jesu, der du vor dem Scheiden. 1719. J. J. Rambach.*

LORD Jesus, who before thy passion,
Distressed and sorrowful to death,
To us the fruits of thy oblation
Didst in thy testament bequeath ;
Accept our praise, thou bounteous Giver
Of life to every true believer.

2 As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
Each sacred token doth declare
Thy dying love, all thought surpassing ;
And while we thee in memory bear,
At each returning celebration,
We shew thy death for our salvation.

3 That bond of love, that mystic union,
By which to thee, our Head, we're joined,
Is closer drawn at each communion ;
By love inspired, we know thy mind,
And, feeding on thy death and merit,
Are rendered one with thee in spirit.

4 Lord, by thy flesh the soul is nourish'd,
When faint, thy blood doth us revive ;
And, while our faith thereby is cherish'd,
To serve thee and thy house we strive :
We, by this food invigorated,
Are to good works anew created.

5 While thus thou feed'st the poor and needy,
Life from thy death pervades the whole ;
And the true members of the body,
In thee, their Head, one heart and soul,
For whom one bread and cup sufficed,
Into one spirit are baptizèd.

1808. W. Okely, a.

Rambach.

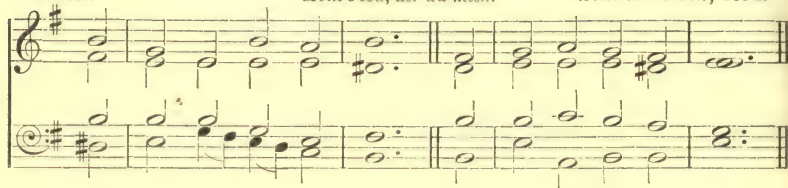
665.665.

643

Mein Jesu, der du mich.

C. T. Rango's

Sendschreiben, 1694.



Auf, Seele, schicke dich. 1719. J. J. Rambach.

ARISE, my soul, to meet
Thy Lord, and at his feet
Fall down before him :
The Lord of earth and skies
For thee a feast supplies,
Praise and adore him.

2 Lord, of thy wondrous love
That brought thee from above
Thou gav'st this token :
O may it constantly
Unite my heart to thee
In bonds unbroken.

3 Grant me but this firm faith,
That with thee by thy death
I am united :
To cheer and make me whole,
Thou hast my sin-sick soul
Freely invited.

4 Thy body slain for me,
My food, my foretaste be
Of heaven's fruition ;
And by its power may I,
While I the world deny,
Gain there admission.

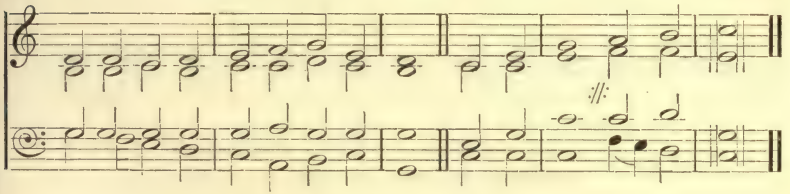
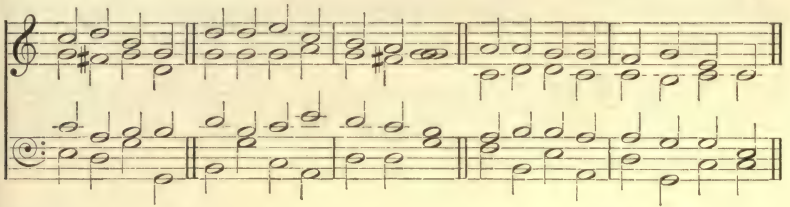
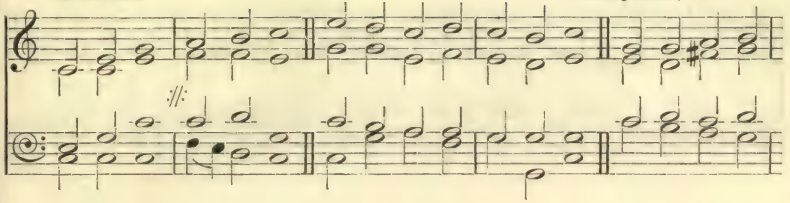
1789. C. I. La Trobe, a.

Fabre fort, Zion.

33.78.78.933.

644

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704.



Hebe an, Zion (st. 12, Tüglich Brod.). 1731. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

BBREAD of Life,
Christ, by whom alone we live,
Bread, that cam'st to us from heaven,
My poor soul can never thrive,
Unless thou appease its craving;
Lord, I hunger only after thee,
Feed thou me.

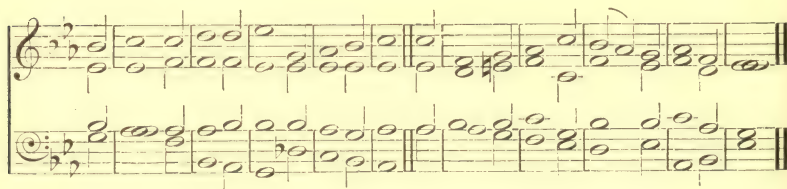
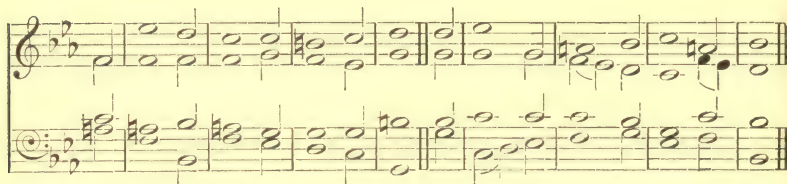
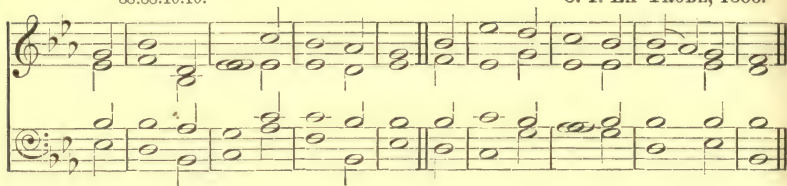
1789. M.

How sweet Thy Dwellings.

645

88.88.10.10.

C. I. LA TROBE, 1806.



Der Odem, der die Todten regt. 1737. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

THE Breath which makes the dead to live,
And to the Church new life doth give,
In all our souls and spirits move,
And fill us with the Saviour's love;
The cup of blessing here with life runs o'er,
Which springs from Jesus' blood for evermore.

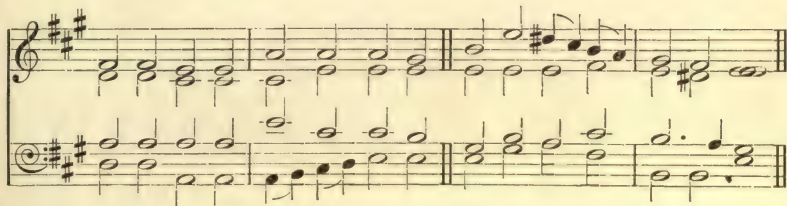
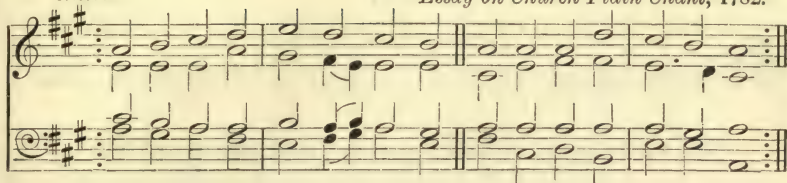
2 O Church of God, lift up thy heart,
The Vine his power doth impart:
Thy King himself is present here,
With royal gifts thy soul to cheer;
Take, drink the blood, the blood so freely spilt
For mine, for thine, and every sinner's guilt.

1743. M., a.

Tantum Ergo.

646

87.87. D.

Essay on Church Plain Chant, 1782.(1) *Könnt ich recht von Lieben sagen.* 1736. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.(2) *O erfüllte Jesu Liebe.* 1770. H. Louise von Hayn.

O COULD we but love that Saviour,
 Who loves us so ardently,
 As we ought, our souls would ever
 Full of joy and comfort be:
 If we, by his love incited,
 Could ourselves and all forget,
 Then, with Jesus Christ united,
 We should heaven anticipate.

2 O that Jesus' love and merit
 Filled our hearts both night and day!
 Might the unction of his Spirit
 All our thoughts and actions sway:
 Then should we be ever ready
 Cheerfully to testify
 How our spirit, soul and body
 Do in God our Saviour joy.

P. H. Molther, d. 1780, a

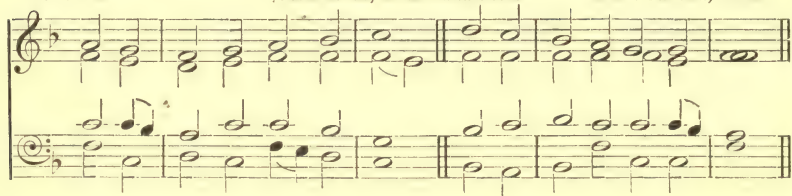
Jesu Kreuz.

647

77.77. D.

Jesu Kreuz, Leiden und Pein.

M. VULPIUS, 1609.



Seligs Volk der Zeugenwolk (st. 8, 10). 1739. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

1.

EAT and rest at this great feast,
 Then to serve him freely go,
 As it is for pilgrims fit,
 As disciples ought to do :
 We, when Jesus we shall see
 Coming in his majesty,
 Shall the marriage-supper share
 If we his true followers are.

2.

Then will be of ransomed souls
 An innumerable throng ;
 'Lamb once slain, to thee pertain
 Thanks and praise,' will be their song ;
 'Hallelujah,' will they cry,
 Singing in sweet harmony,
 'Midst all trials we o'ereame
 Only by thy blood, O Lamb.'

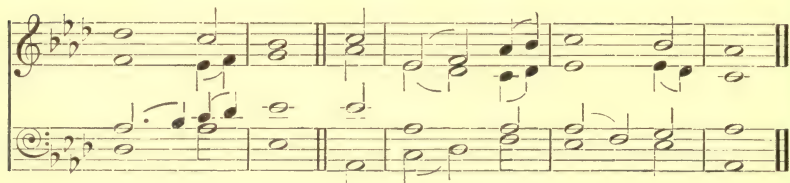
1741. *C. Kinchin, a.*

Martyrdom.

648

C.M.

H. WILSON, c. 1810.



FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy piercèd side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

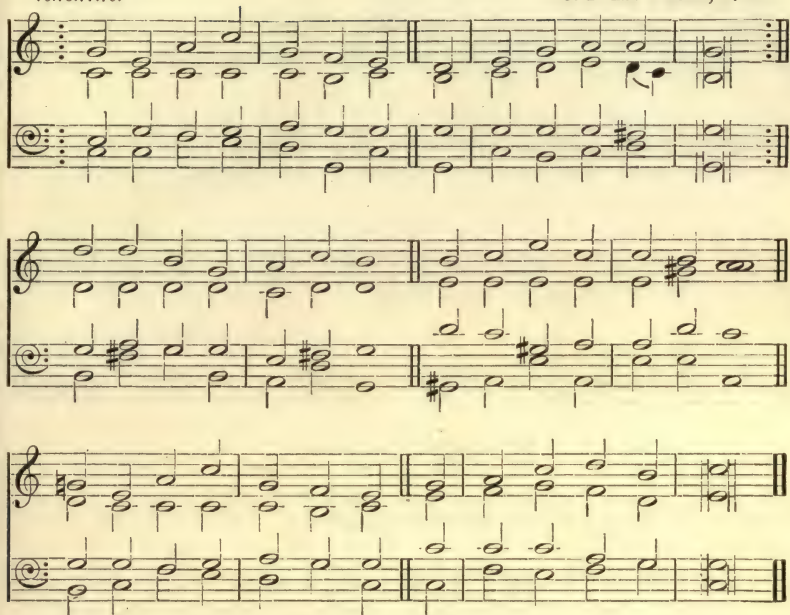
1740. C. Wesley.

Sinner, bear.

649

C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.

76.76.77.76.



LAMB of God, whose dying love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find ;
 Think on us who think on thee ;
 Every burdened soul release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away ;
 Burst our bonds, and set us free ;
 From iniquity release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

3 Let thy blood by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal ;
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

1745. C. Wesley.

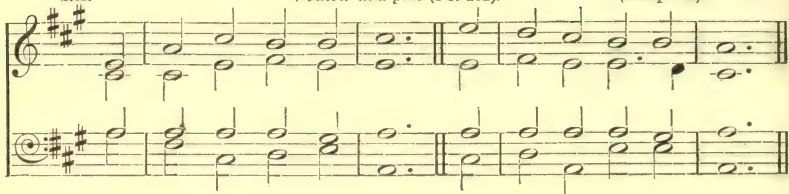
St. Michael.

650

Genevan Psalter, 1551
(adapted).

S. M.

Vouloir m'a pris (Ps. 101).



MY Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord, who died ;
With all that's truly good I am
Most plenteously supplied.

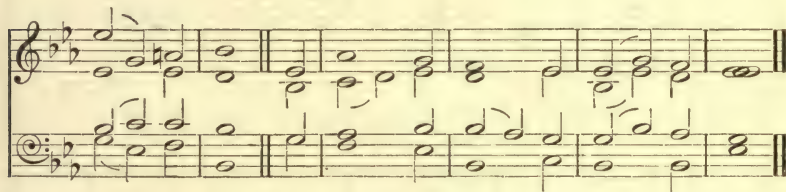
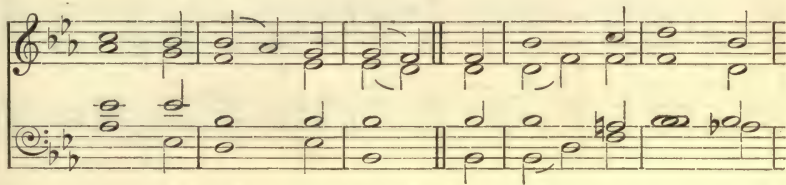
- 2 He richly feeds my soul
With manna from above,
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of everlasting love.
- 3 My table he doth spread
With choicest fare, and I
Behold the Lamb, the living Bread,
And eat most joyfully.
- 4 He makes my cup run o'er,
Anointeth me with oil ;
I shall enjoy for evermore
The merits of his toil.
- 5 Then I my Shepherd's care
Shall praise, and him adore,
And in his father's house shall share
True bliss for evermore.

J. Beaumont, d. 1750, a.

Rockingham,
L.M.

651

Psalmody in Miniature,
Supplement II, 1783.
Adapted by E. MILLER, 1790.



MY God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 O let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Refresh thy thirsting people, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's love alone can give.

P. Doddridge, d. 1751, a.

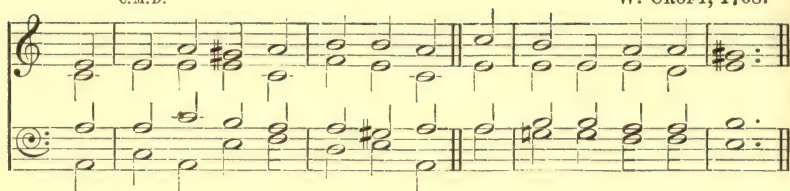
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

All Saints (*First Tune*).

C.M.D.

652

W. CROFT, 1708.

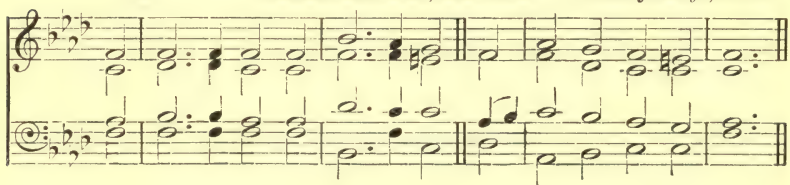


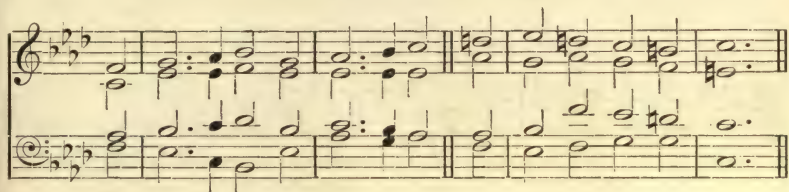
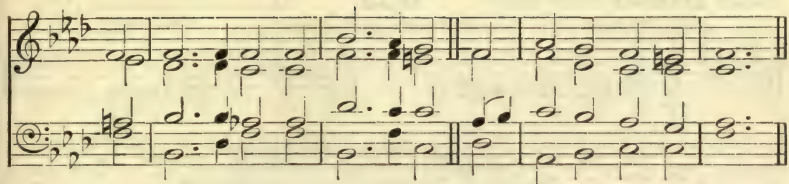
Atonement (*Second Tune*).

C.M.D.

Nun seht und merket, lieben Leut.

Bohemian Brethren,
Kirchengesänge, 1566.





IN that same night before his death,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Did almost with his latest breath
 This solemn feast ordain :
 To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
 And to remember thee ;
 Help each poor sinner to repeat,
 'For me he died, for me,'

2 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
 To our remembrance brings ;
 We feed upon thy love divine,
 Forget all earthly things :
 O tune our voices, and inflame
 Our hearts with love to thee,
 That each may gratefully proclaim,
 'The Saviour died for me.'

1762. *J. Hart, a.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Jesus Christus (*First Tune*).

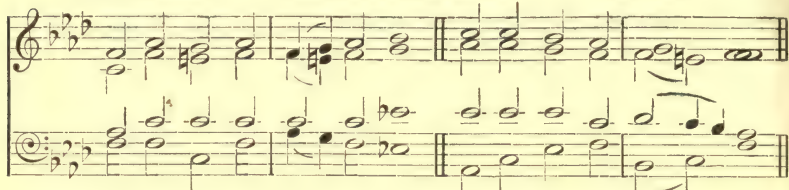
76.76. Trochaic.

653

Jesus Christus, blick dich an.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.),

1735—45.

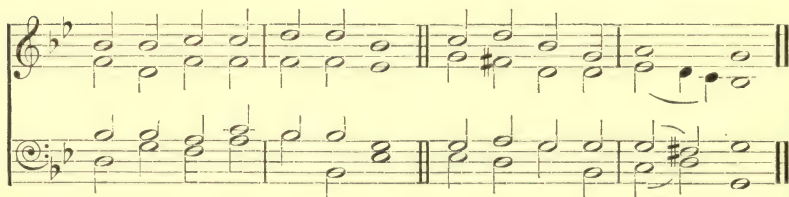
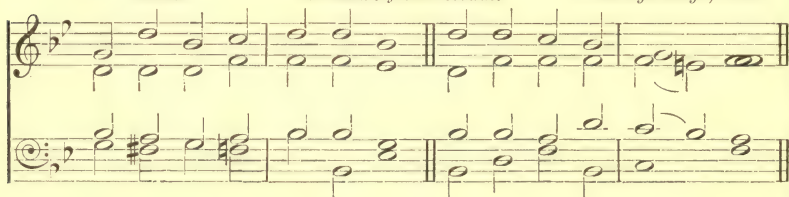


Ich werd' erfreut (*Second Tune*).

76.76. Trochaic.

Ich werd' erfreut überaus.

Bohemian Brethren,
Kirchengesänge, 1566.



1.

SUFFERING Saviour, Lamb of God,
 How hast thou been usèd ;
 With the sin-avenging rod
 Soul and body bruised.

2.

Pardon all our baseness, Lord ;
 All our weakness pity :
 Guide us safely by thy word
 To the heavenly city.

3.

O sustain us on the road
 Through this desert dreary ;
 Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
 When we're faint and weary.

4.

Bid us call to mind thy cross,
 Our hard hearts to soften ;
 Often, Saviour, feed us thus,
 For we need it often.

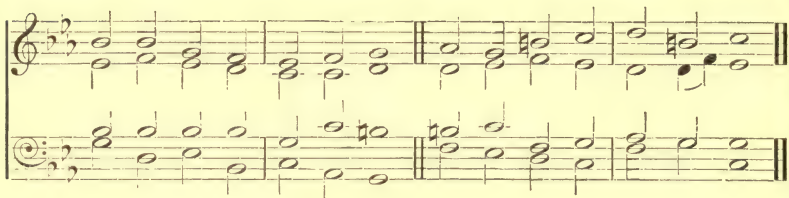
1762. *J. Hart, a.*

La Trobe (*First Tune*).

77.77.77.

654

C. I. LA TROBE, 1790.

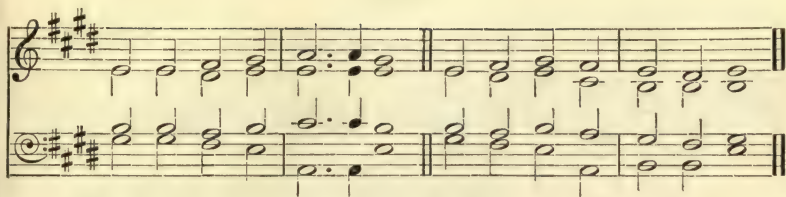


Petra (Redhead 76) (*Second Tune*).

77.77.77.

R. REDHEAD, 1853.





1.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2.

Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone :
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

3.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

1776. *A. M. Toplady.*

Nicht so traurig (*First Tune*).

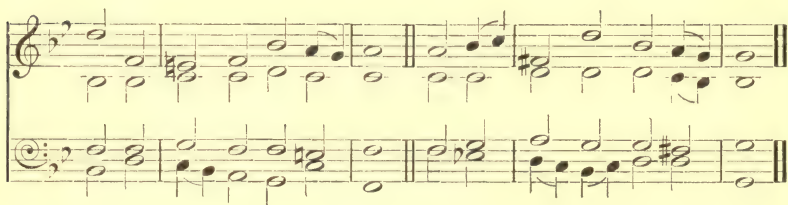
77.77.77.

655

J. S. BACH (?)

Choralgesänge, 1769 (posthumous).

Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr.

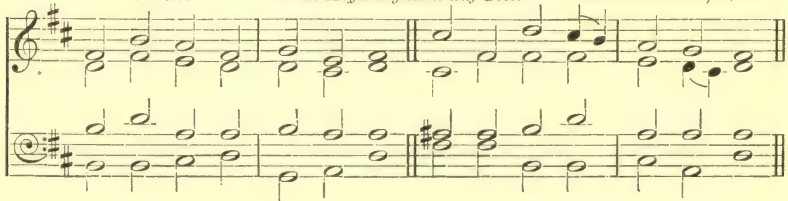


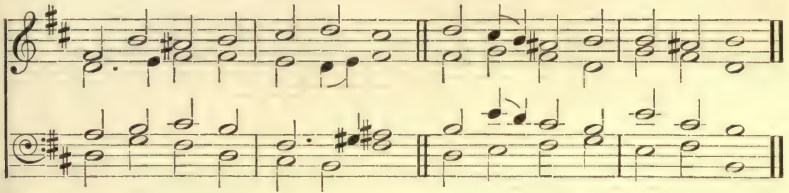
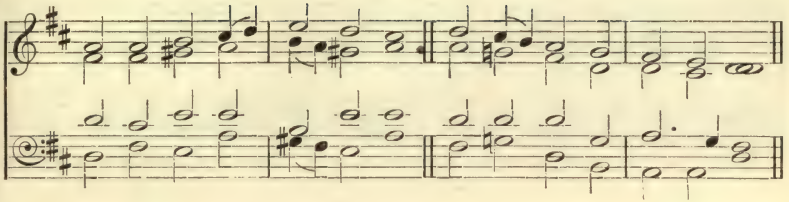
Meine Hoffnung (*Second Tune*).

77.77.77.

Meine Hoffnung steht auf Gott.

Dresden MS., 1752.





1.

BBREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
 Ever may our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread ;
 Day by day with strength supplied
 Through the life of him who died.

2.

Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
 To thy cross we look and live ;
 Thou our life, O let us be
 Grafted, rooted, built on thee.

1824. *J. Conder, a.*

Weil die Worte.

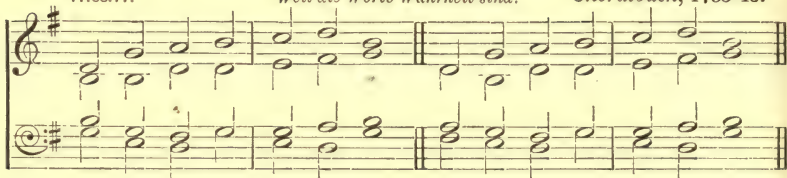
656

Herrnhut

77.88.77.

Weil die Worte Wahrheit sind.

Choralbuch, 1735-45.



Weil ich Jesu Schüflein bin. 1776. H. Louise von Hayn.

JESUS makes my heart rejoice,
I'm his sheep, and know his voice ;
He's a Shepherd, kind and gracious,
And his pastures are delicious ;
Constant love to me he shows,
Yea, my worthless name he knows.

2 Trusting his mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace ;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of his grace in richest measure ;
When, athirst, to him I cry,
Living water he'll supply.

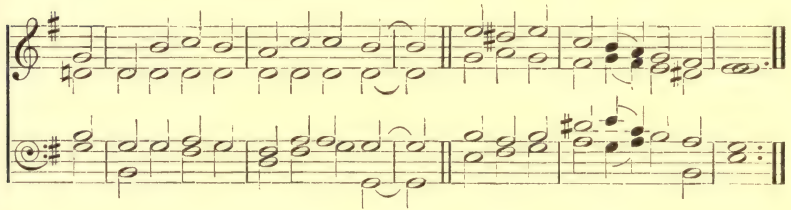
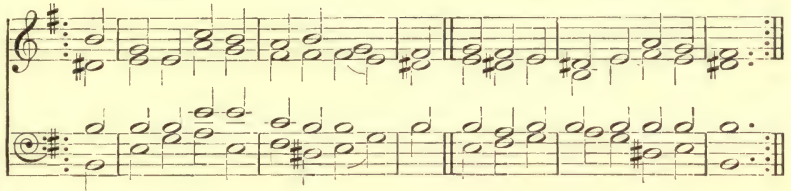
3 To be his such joy doth bring
That I here must ever sing ;
And when these blest days are over
To the arms of my dear Saviour
I shall be conveyed to rest :
Yea, my lot indeed is blest.

1789. F. W. Foster, a.

657

Ich seh in bangen Bussideen.

98.98. D.

D. J. GRIMM'S
Choralbuch (MS.), 1755, App.*O heil'ges Blut des Lebensfürsten.* 1778. H. Louise von Hayn.

SEE from the rock the waters bursting
 In copious streams at God's command,
 His people to refresh, when thirsting,
 With drought parched in a barren land.
 Thus plenteous flowed on Calvary's mountain
 The blood from Jesus' healing wounds ;
 Here is for sin an open fountain,
 Here everlasting life abounds.

1789. F. W. Foster ; recast 1826.

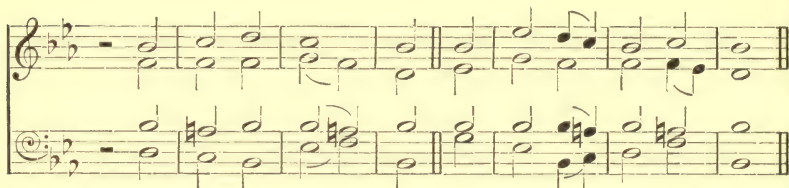
658

Aj jak sou milí.

56.56.26.

O wie sehr lieblich.

Bohemian Brethren, 1561.



O welche Triebe gegen sein' Erlösten. 1778. H. Louise von Hayn.

WITH deep devotion
We in Christ's sufferings trace
The unfathomed ocean
Of his abounding grace ;
He gave
Himself, our souls to save.

2 His body broken
Upon the shameful cross,
As he hath spoken,
Was given to death for us :
We feed
On everlasting bread.

3 The Lord draws near us,
Let us to meet him haste ;
He comes to cheer us,
His flesh is our repast,
His blood
Our drink and highest good.

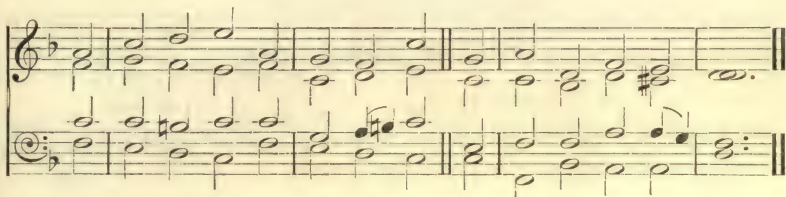
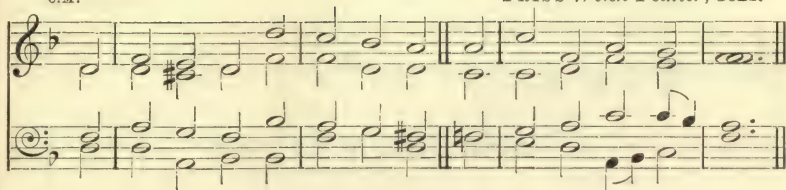
4 In sweet communion
With Christ, our Paschal Lamb,
And holy union
With all who love his name,
May we
Abide continually.

1808. W. Okely.

St. Mary.

C.M.

659

PRY'S *Welsh Psalter*, 1621.[May also be sung to *Farrant*, No. 630.]

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember thee :—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

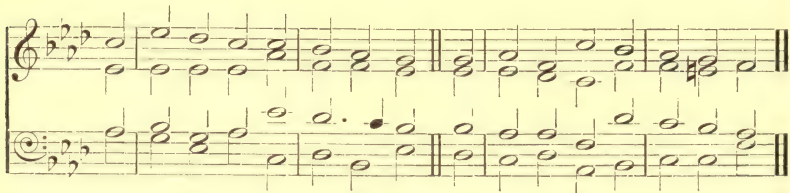
1825. *J. Montgomery.*

Uffingham (St. Luke).

L.M.

660

J. CLARK, 1701.



COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In him to have my lot and part,
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from his heart;

2 To feed by faith on Christ, my bread,
His body broken on the tree,
To live in him, my living Head,
Who died and rose again for me ;

3 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine ;
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

4 From thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love ;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

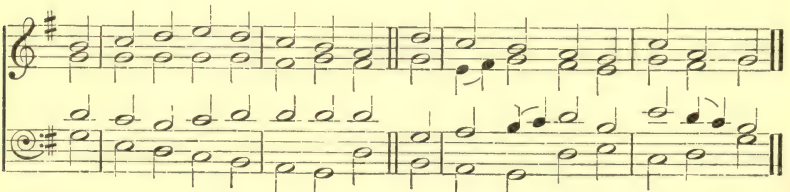
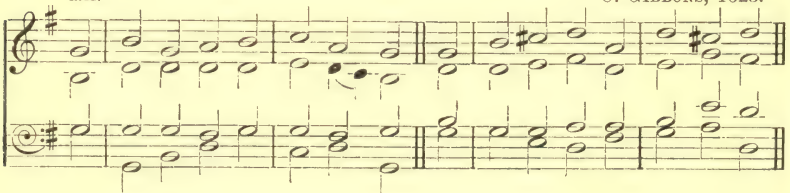
1825. J. Montgomery.

Angels' Song.

L.M.

661

O. GIBBONS, 1623.



1.

THE peace of God, surpassing thought,
From heaven into our hearts come down,
That peace on earth which Jesus brought
When, for the cross, he left his crown:—

2.

That peace with God, which Jesus made,
Our Daysman and our Surety he,
Whose outstretched hands on both were laid,
The sinner and the Deity:—

3.

That peace be ours; so shall we prove,
As faith and hope and love increase,
That Christ's disciples live and move
In the pure element of peace.

4.

Assembling here, a humble band,
Our covenantal pledge to take,
We pass the cup from hand to hand,
From heart to heart, for his dear sake.

5.

Jesus, thyself to us draw nigh,
And speak thy salutation-word,
Say, 'Peace be with you,' while we cry,
Like those of old, 'It is the Lord!'

1838. *J. Montgomery.*

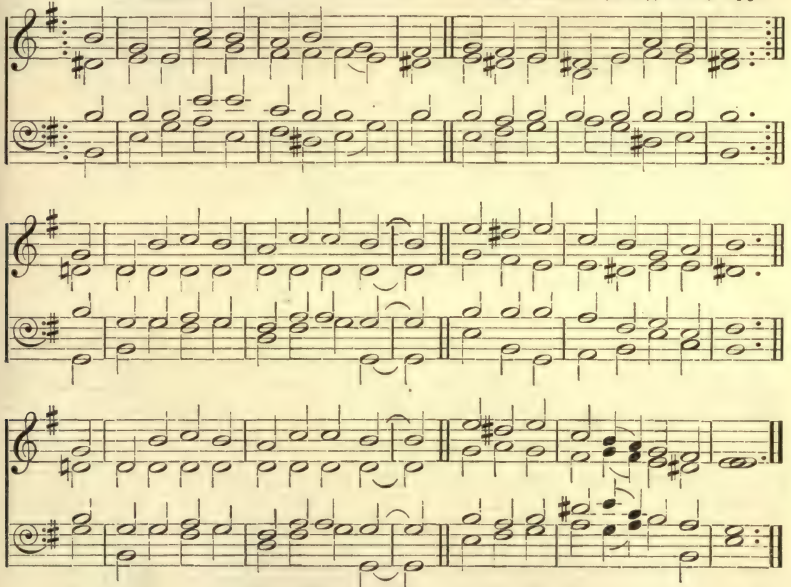
662

Jcb seb in bängen Bussideen.

98.98. D.

D. J. GRIMM'S

Choralbuch (MS.), 1755, App.



BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead,
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

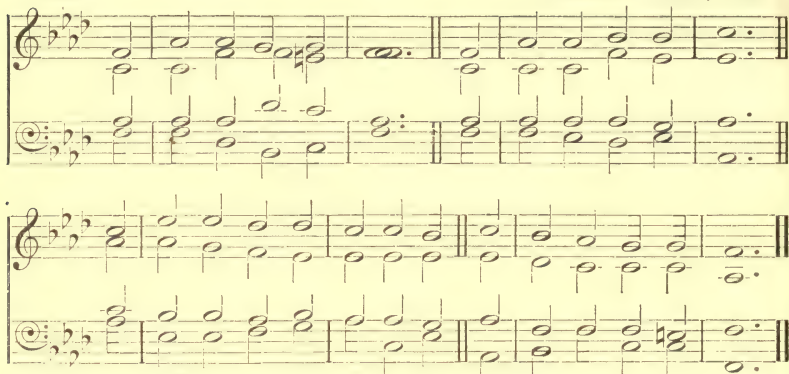
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Southwell.

S.M.

663

DAMON'S *Psalms*, 1579.



SWEET feast of love divine ;
 'Tis grace that makes us free
 To feed upon this bread and wine,
 In memory, Lord, of thee.

2 Here conscience ends its strife,
 And faith delights to prove
 The sweetness of the bread of life,
 The fulness of thy love.

3 The blood that flowed for sin
 In symbol here we see,
 And feel the blessed pledge within,
 That we are loved of thee.

4 O if this glimpse of love
 Is so divinely sweet,
 What will it be, O Lord, above,
 Thy gladdening smile to meet !

5 To see thee face to face,
 Thy perfect likeness wear,
 And all thy ways of wondrous grace
 Through endless years declare !

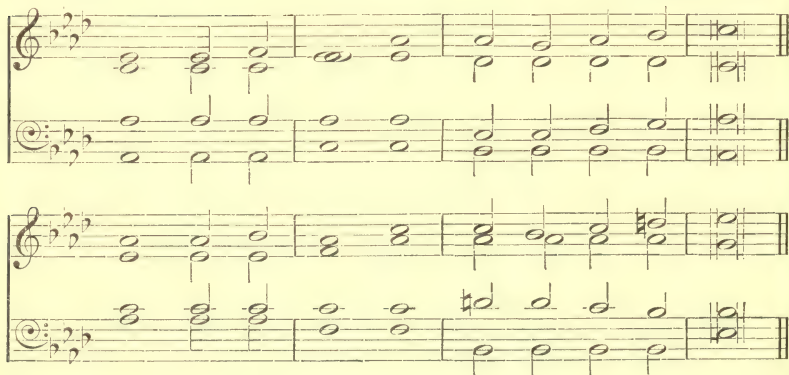
1839. *E. Denny.*

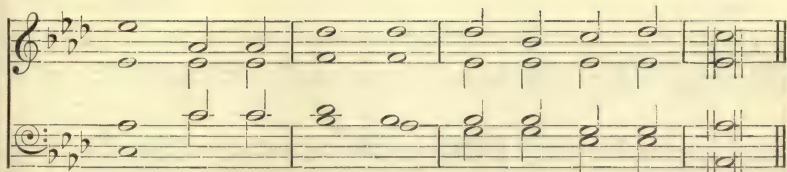
Ellers.

10.10.10.10.

664

E. J. HOPKINS, 1869.





HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
 Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
 Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
 Another arm save thine to lean upon;
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
 My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
 Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
 Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

5 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
 This is the heavenly table spread for me;
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 The brief, bright hour of fellowship with thee.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
 Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

1855. H. Bonar.

Abridge.

C.M.

665

I. SMITH, c. 1770.



MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give praise and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

2 Now the frail vessel thou hast made
No hand but thine shall fill ;
For waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsting still.

3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

4 And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set ;
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

5 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see ;
The hand, that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

6 My heart is resting on thy truth,
Who hast made all things mine ;
O draw my captive will to thee,
And make it one with thine.

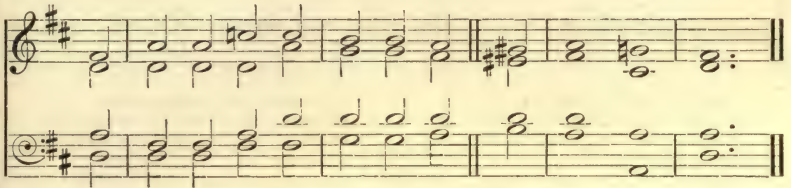
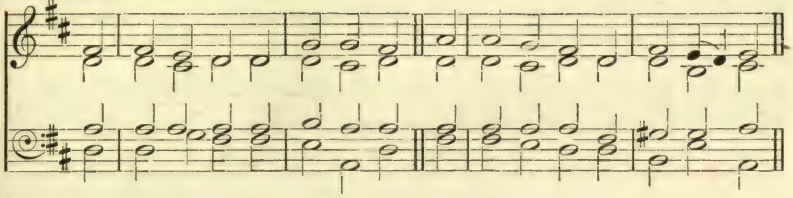
1854. *Anna L. Waring.*

In Memoriam.

666

F. C. MAKER, 1876.

888.4.

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BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
 We keep the memory adored,
 And show the death of our dear Lord,
 Until he come ;

2 And thus that dark betrayal night
 With the last advent we unite,
 By one blest chain of loving rite,
 Until he come ;

3 Until the trump of God be heard,
 Until the ancient graves be stirred,
 And with the great commanding word,
 The Lord shall come.

4 O blessed hope ! with this elate,
 Let not our hearts be desolate,
 But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
 Until he come.

1857. *G. Rawson*.

Heil'ger Geist.

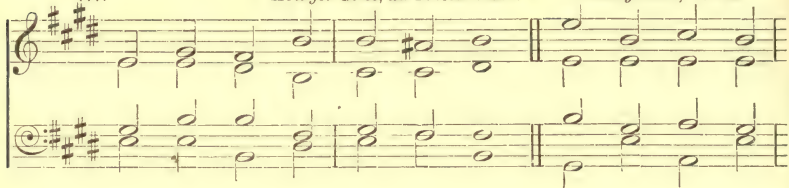
777.

Heil'ger Geist, du Tröster mein.

667

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S

Gesangbuch, 1714.



JESUS, to thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 While upon thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

3 Draw us to thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide ;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

4 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase ;
Lamb of God, grant us thy peace.

5 Lead us by thy piercèd hand,
Till around the throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

1864. R. H. Baynes.

Erskine.

88.86.

668

W. H. GLADSTONE, 1882.



O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And thy exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er ;
The love unbought is all thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

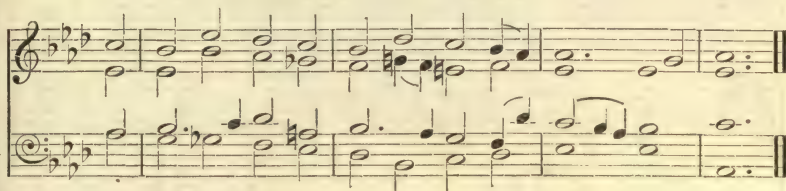
Jane Crewdson, d. 1863.

Eccles (First Tune).

66.66. Iambic.

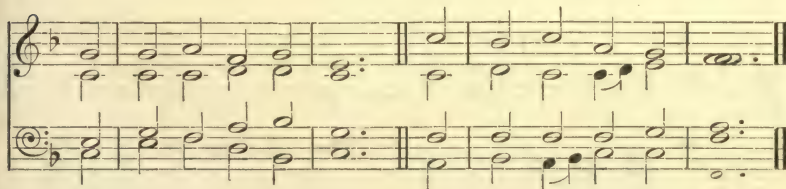
669

B. LUARD-SELBY, 1904.

**Psalm 32 (Second Tune).**

66.66. Iambic.

H. LAWES, 1638.



I HUNGER and I thirst ;
 Jesus, my manna be :
 Ye living waters, burst
 Out of the rock for me.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
 My life-long wants supply ;
 As living souls are fed,
 O feed me, or I die.

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
 Let me thy sweetness prove ;
 Renew my life with thine,
 Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
 Since first their course began ;
 Feed me, thou Bread of God ;
 Help me, thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
 My fainting soul before ;
 O living waters rise,
 Within me evermore.

1866. J. S. B. Monsell.

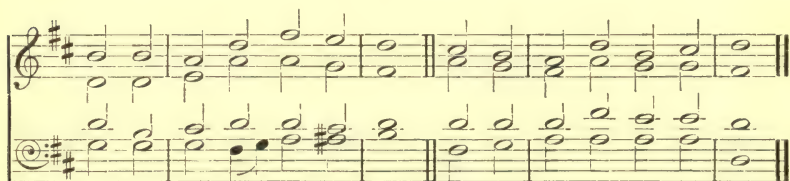
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Beverley.

87.887.77.77.

670

W. H. MONK, 1875.



THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
 Thou art coming, O my King,
 In thy beauty all-resplendent,
 In thy glory all-transcendent ;
 Well may we rejoice and sing ;
 What an anthem that will be,
 Music rapturously sweet,
 Pouring out our love to thee
 At thine own all-glorious feet !

2 Thou art coming ; at thy table
 We are witnesses for this ;
 While remembering hearts thou meetest
 In communion clearest, sweetest,
 Earnest of our coming bliss,
 Showing not thy death alone,
 And thy love exceeding great,
 But thy coming, and thy throne,
 All for which we long and wait.

3 O the joy to see thee reigning,
 Thee, my own beloved Lord ;
 Every tongue thy name confessing ;
 Worship, honour, glory, blessing
 Brought to thee with one accord !
 Thee, my Master and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned,
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored and owned !

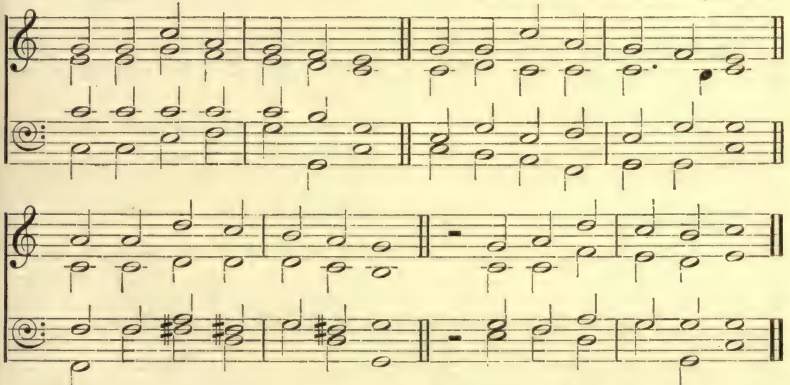
1873. *Frances R. Havergal.*

Alle Deine Gaben.

777.6.

671

C. GREGOR'S *Choralbuch*, 1784.



FOR the bread and for the wine,
 For the pledge that seals him mine,
 For the words of love divine,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

2 For the feast of love and peace,
 Bidding all our sorrows cease,
 Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

3 For the words that turn our eye
 To the cross of Calvary,
 Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

4 Till he come we take the bread,
 Type of him on whom we feed,
 Him who liveth and was dead ;
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

5 Till he come, we take the cup ;
 As we at his table sup,
 Eye and heart are lifted up,
 We give thee thanks, O Lord.

1874. *H. Bonar.*

Wie schön leuchtet.

672

P. NICOLAI (?).

887.887.22.4448.

Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.

Freudenspiegel, 1599.



Mein Jesu, süsse Seelenlust. c. 1694. J. C. Lange.

BE this our happy destiny,
 Lord Jesus, to be one with thee;
 Grant, through thy Spirit's leading,
 That we may gain yet firmer root
 In thee, and bear abundant fruit,
 From grace to grace proceeding:
 From thee
 Daily
 Strength receiving,
 To thee cleaving,
 Blessèd Jesus:
 Thus we shall show forth thy praises.

1826. F. W. Foster.

Der Sabbath.

86.86.88.86.

D. J. GRIMM's *Choralbuch* (MS.), 1755.
From a popular melody.*Der Sabbath ist ums Menschen will'n.*
Ihr Kinder des Höchsten (st. 6). 1700. C. A. Bernstein.

WE in one covenant are joined,
 And one in Jesus are;
 With voices and with hearts combined,
 His praise we will declare:
 In doctrine and in practice one,
 We'll love and serve the Lord alone;
 With one accord sound forth his praise,
 Till we shall see his face.

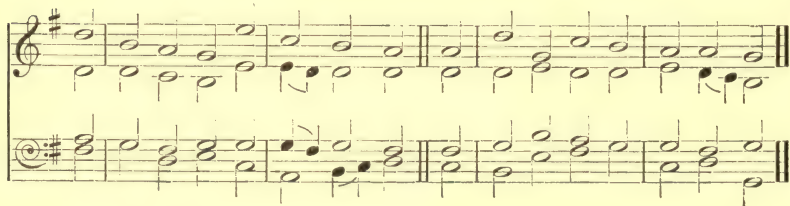
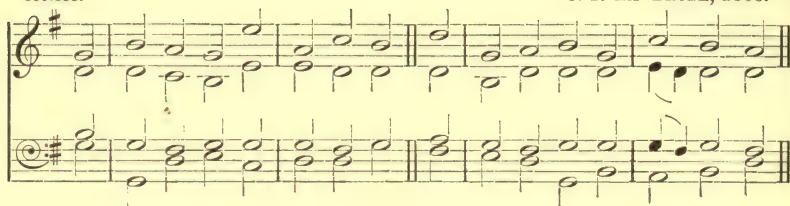
1789. J. Swertner.

Taunton.

886.888.

674

C. I. LA TROBE, 1806.



Zufriedene Gemeinde (st. 20). 1737. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

WITH gladness we will follow thee ;
 We vow-allegiance, bend the knee
 To thee, our Lord and Head :
 We'll venture freely everything,
 At thy command, O Christ, our King ;
 By thee alone we will be led.

1742. *M., a.*

675

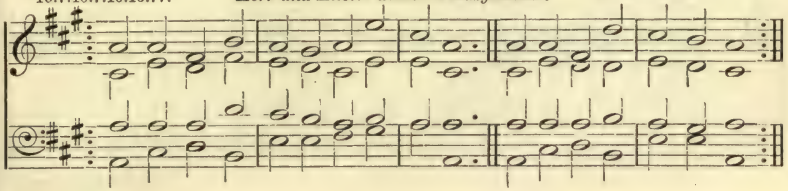
Herr und Ältster.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.) c. 1748.

10.7.10.7.10.10.77.

Herr und Ältster deiner Kreuzgemeinde.

From an Aria.



Marter Gottes, wer kann dich vergessen (st. 4). 1751. Chr. R. von Zinzendorf.

WE who here together are assembled,
 Joining hearts and hands in one,
 Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
 Christ to love and serve alone:
 O may our imperfect songs and praises
 Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord Jesus:
 Say, 'My peace I leave with you':
 Amen, Amen, be it so.

1789. M.

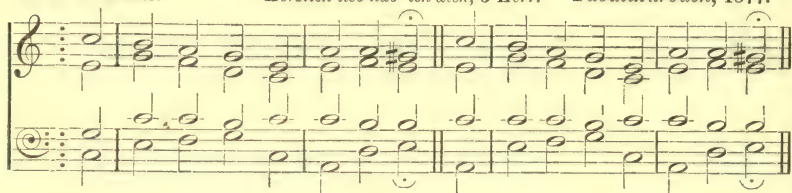
Herzlich lieb.

887.887.88.88.4448.

676

Herzlich lieb hab' ich dich, O Herr.

B. SCHMID'S
Tabulaturbuch, 1577.



NOW bless and praise the slaughtered
Lamb,
Extol the great Redeemer's name,
Thou favoured congregation,
Which at the table of our Lord
Didst eat and drink with one accord ;
Thou know'st thy destination
Is to abide in Christ by faith,

And to show forth our Saviour's death :
Walk then as children of the light ;
Live to his praise by day and night :
O Lamb once slain,
We vow again
Thine to remain ;
Confirm our promises : Amen.
1789. *J. Swertner, a.*

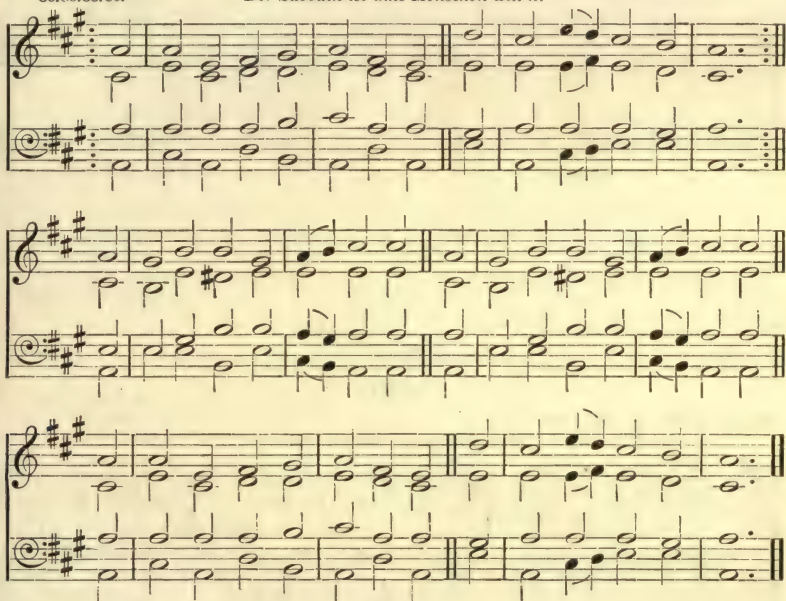
677 AND 678

Der Sabbath.

86.86.88.86.

Der Sabbath ist ums Menschen will'n.

D. J. GRIMM's *Choralbuch* (MS.), 1755.
From a popular melody.



677

WE covenant with hand and heart,
To follow Christ, our Lord ;
With world and sin and self to part,
And to obey his word :
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity,
And under cross, reproach and shame,
To glorify his name.

1792. *S. T. Benade.*

678

WE now return, each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart,
And from our solemn covenant
Through grace will ne'er depart :
Once more we pledge both heart and hand,
As in God's presence here we stand,
To live to him, and him alone,
Till we surround his throne.

1801. *J. Hartley.*

Egdam.

S.M.

679

W. TURNER (?), 1651—1740.



A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 In self-forgetting love,
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

1858. A. R. Wolfe.

ORDINATION.

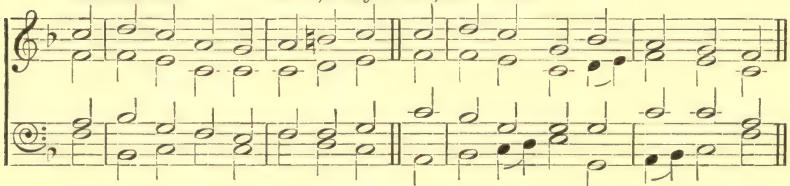
Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

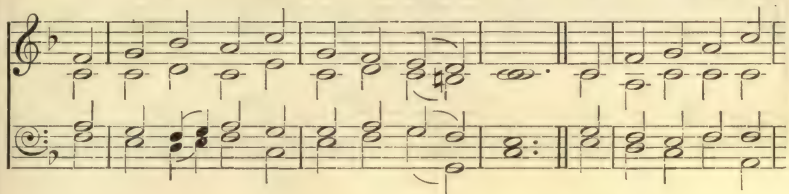
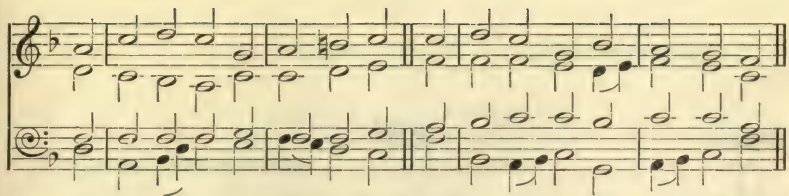
88.88,88.90.44.

Komm, heiliger Geist, Herre Gott.

680

WALTHER'S *Gesangbüchlein*, 1524.
Of pre-Reformation origin.





Veni, Sancte Spiritus, reple tuorum. c. 1000.

Komm, heiliger Geist, Herre Gott. 1524. M. Luther.

<p>COME, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God, 2 And shed thy heavenly gifts abroad On us, and unto every heart True faith and fervent love impart : O Lord, who by thy heavenly light Hast called thy Church from sinful night, Out of all nations, tribes, and places, To thee we render thanks and praises : Hallelujah.</p>	<p>Thou Light divine, most gracious Lord, Revive us by thy holy word, And teach thy flock in truth to call On God, the Father of us all : From all strange doctrines us preserve ; No other master may we serve But Christ, who is our only Saviour ; In him we will confide for ever : Hallelujah.</p>
---	---

3 O Holy Ghost, kind Comforter,
 Help us with watchfulness and prayer,
 'Midst various trials thee to obey,
 And never from the truth to stray :
 O Lord, by thy almighty grace,
 Prepare us so to run our race,
 That we, by thy illumination,
 May gain heaven's glorious habitation :

Hallelujah.

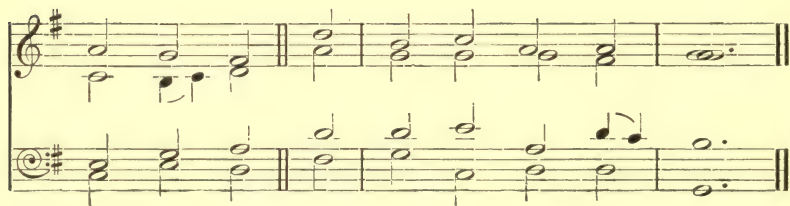
1722. J. C. Jacobi, a.

Bristol.

C.M.

681

RAVENS-CROFT'S *Psalms*, 1621.



1.

O GOD ! thy children gathered here,
 Thy blessing now await ;
 Thy servant, girded for his work,
 Stands at the temple gate.

2.

O Father ! keep his soul alive
 To every hope of good ;
 And may his life of love proclaim
 Man's truest brotherhood !

3.

O Father ! keep his spirit quick
 To every form of wrong ;
 And in the ear of sin and self
 May his rebuke be strong !

4.

O give him, in thy holy work,
 Patience to wait thy time ;
 And, toiling still with man, to breathe
 The soul's serener clime !

5.

And grant him many hearts to lead
 Into thy perfect rest :
 Bless thou him, Father, and his work ;
 Bless ! and they shall be blest !

1848. *S. Longfellow, a.*

J. BARNBY, 1872.

L.M.D.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, one for the treble clef and one for the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The first measure of the treble staff contains a half note G4, a half note A4, a half note B4, and a half note G4. The first measure of the bass staff contains a half note G3, a half note A3, a half note B3, and a half note G3. The second measure of the treble staff contains a half note G4, a half note A4, a half note B4, and a half note G4. The second measure of the bass staff contains a half note G3, a half note A3, a half note B3, and a half note G3.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The score includes a double bar line with repeat dots, indicating a repeat section. The music is written in a clear, legible font.

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree." It is divided into two parts: "UNISON." and "HARMONY." The "UNISON." part is written for a single voice or instrument, while the "HARMONY." part is written for multiple voices or instruments. The score is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and catchy, with a chorus that repeats. The harmony part provides a supporting accompaniment to the unison melody.

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree." It is divided into two parts: "UNISON." and "HARMONY." The "UNISON." part is written for a single voice or instrument, while the "HARMONY." part is written for a second voice or instrument. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody with a descending line in the second half. The score is presented on two staves, with the Unison part on the top staff and the Harmony part on the bottom staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a final cadence in the harmony part.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

ARM these thy servants, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith and Spirit's sword ;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world ;
And so at last receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home ;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, Lord, to thee ;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine,
With wisdom, light, and knowledge, bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

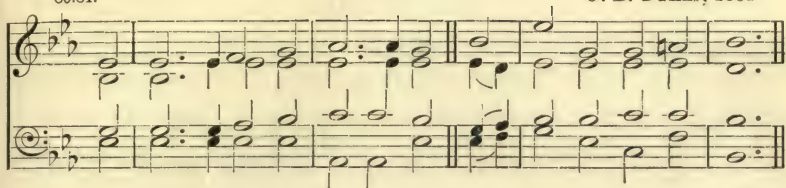
1862, C. Wordsworth, a.

St. Cuthbert.

683

86.84.

J. B. DYKES, 1861.



WE pray thee, Jesus, who didst first
 The sacred band ordain,
 In order due and holy life
 Thy Church sustain.

2 We pray thee, Jesus, with thy gifts
 Thy chosen servants bless,
 With doctrine incorrupt and pure,
 And righteousness.

3 We pray thee, Jesus, that their course
 May still be clothed with power,
 With miracles of love and strength,
 Meet for the hour.

4 O Holy Ghost, Anointer, come,
 Pastor and people fill,
 Till all the happy tribes of earth
 Shall do thy will.

5 Then to the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Ghost her praise
 One living, undivided Church
 Shall ever raise.

1863. G. Phillimore.

Special Seasons and Services.

FESTAL DAYS.

Wachet auf.

898,898,66,4,448.

684

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

P. NICOLAI (?).

Freudenspiegel, 1599.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The score includes a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bass staff.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The score includes a repeat sign and a double bar line with repeat dots.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many chords and some triplets. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The piece ends with a double bar line.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features two staves, a treble clef on the top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign and then a final measure. The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some rests.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 389 ; a more elaborate setting at Hymn 157.]

Kron und Lohn beherzter Ringer. 1722. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

JESUS, Lord most great and glorious,
 Reward and crown of the victorious,
 Restorer of lost paradise ;
 We appear with supplication,
 Before thee, God of our salvation,
 And send to thee our fervent cries :
 O Lord our righteousness,
 'Tis thy delight to bless ;
 We desire it,
 Come then, for we
 Belong to thee,
 And bless us inexpressibly.

2 Gracious Lord, who by thy passion
 And death hast gainèd our salvation,
 O may we all thy name confess ;
 May we be by faith united
 To thee, who hast us all invited
 To share eternal happiness :
 Constrain us by thy love,
 In all we do to prove
 Faithful followers,
 Dear Lord, of thee,
 And grant that we
 May ever love thee ardently.

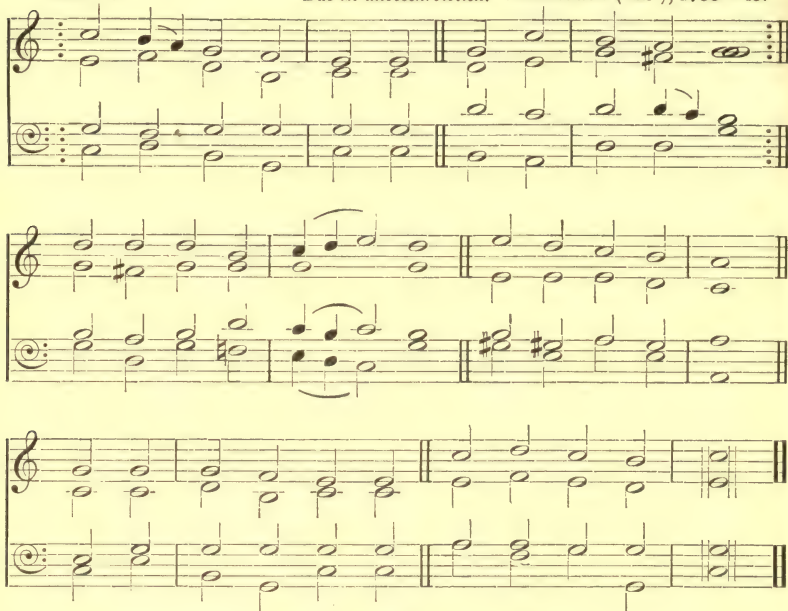
1754. *J. Gambold, a.*

Berthelsdorf.

65.65. D.

685

Herrnhut

Das ist unbeschreiblich. Choralbuch (MS.), 1735—45.*Da ist dein Gesinde. 1738. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.*

OWN thy congregation,
 O thou slaughtered Lamb ;
 We are here assembled
 In thy holy name ;
 Look upon thy people
 Whom thou by thy blood
 Hast in love redeemed
 And brought nigh to God.

2 Thou hast kindly led us
 Through these many years ;
 Now accept our praises
 And remove our fears.
 Grant us all with gladness
 To obey thy voice ;
 Let thy will and pleasure
 Be our only choice.

3 May thy Church arrayèd
 In the glorious dress
 Of her Lord and Saviour's
 Spotless righteousness,
 Be both now and ever,
 By thy blood kept clean,
 And in all her members
 May thy grace be seen.

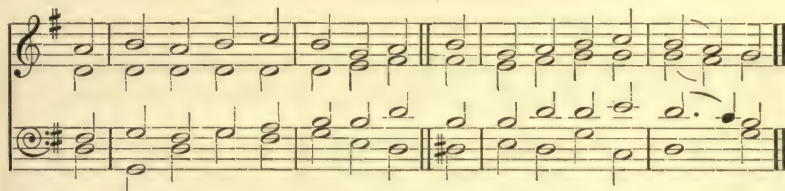
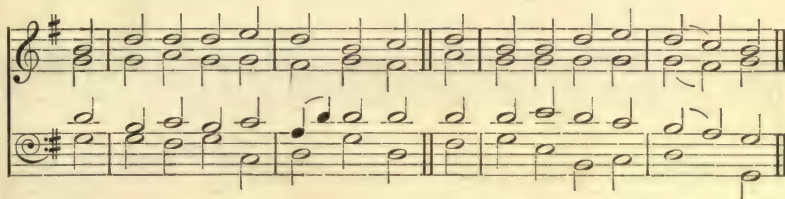
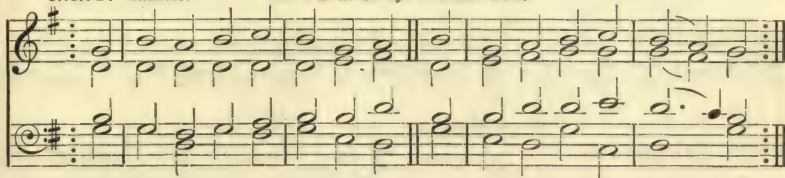
1746. *M.* ; recast 1789. *F. W. Foster.*

Die Wanderschaft.

87.87. D. Iambic.

Die Wanderschaft in dieser Zeit.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.), 1735—45.

*Willkommen unter deiner Schaar.* 1741. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

WE welcome thee with joyful heart,
 Our praise to thee we render,
 O thou who hast been, and who art
 Thy people's strong defender.
 Our fathers' doctrine of thy cross
 Abides our faith's foundation ;
 And unto thee who lovedst us
 We bring our adoration.

2 What though we cannot see thy face,
 This thought shall not distress us
 For from thy heavenly dwelling-place
 Thou day by day dost bless us ;
 And soon the darkness of the night
 Shall fade before the morning ;
 Meanwhile we walk by faith, not sight,
 And wait for thy returning.

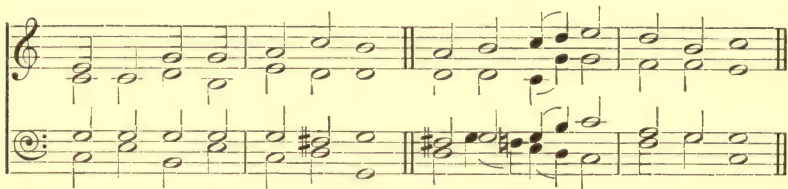
3 O thou who art the Church's Head,
 Redeemer of the nations,
 Who hast thy pilgrim people led
 Through all the generations,
 Direct us still, conforming each
 Entirely to thy pleasure,
 So that we finally may reach
 Thy stature's perfect measure.

1911. E. R. Hassé.

Dich, Jesu, loben wir.

66.77.77.

687

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1705.*Du unvergleichlichs Lamm.* 1741. *E. Dorothea von Zinzendorf.*

LORD, in thy name we meet
Before thy mercy-seat ;

Sacred may each moment be,
Spent in solemn worship here ;
May our incense rise to thee,
Songs of praise, the voice of prayer.

2 Here are we richly fed,
Refreshed and comforted ;
Nourished with celestial food,
Blest with streams from thee, the Rock,
We with humble gratitude
Praise thee, Shepherd of thy flock.

3 O grant us new displays
Of glory and of grace ;
Touch our lips with hallowed flame,
While, to sinners far and near,
Of salvation in thy name
Joyfully we witness bear.

4 Thou Lamb of God once slain,
Thy people's strength remain ;
O preserve us in thy love,
Us in thy pavilion hide ;
Ne'er thy hand from us remove,
Be in life and death our Guide.

1742-3. *M.* ; recast 1789. *F. W. Foster*,
and 1826. *T. Bird.*

♩ gesegnetes Regieren.

87.87. D.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.), 1735—45.

From a popular melody.

PEACE be to this congregation,
 Peace to every soul herein,
 Peace, the foretaste of salvation,
 Peace, the seal of cancelled sin ;
 Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver,
 Peace, to earthly minds unknown,
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Here erect its glorious throne.

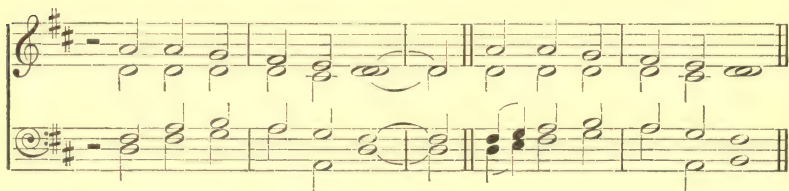
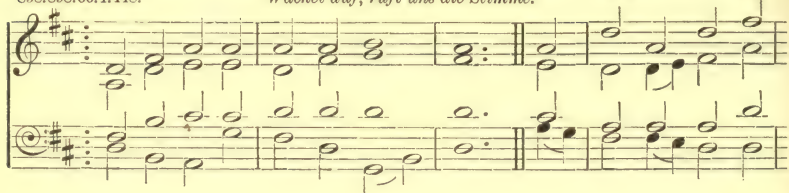
2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us,
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favoured souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

1749. C. Wesley, a.

Wachet auf.

689

893.893.66.4.448.

*Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.*P. NICOLAI (?).
Freudenspiegel, 1599.

[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 389 ; a more elaborate setting at Hymn 157.]

FROM thy holy habitation,
O God of grace and consolation,
Behold us, met before thy throne ;
Saviour, to believers precious,
With sanctified delights refresh us,
And us as thine in mercy own :

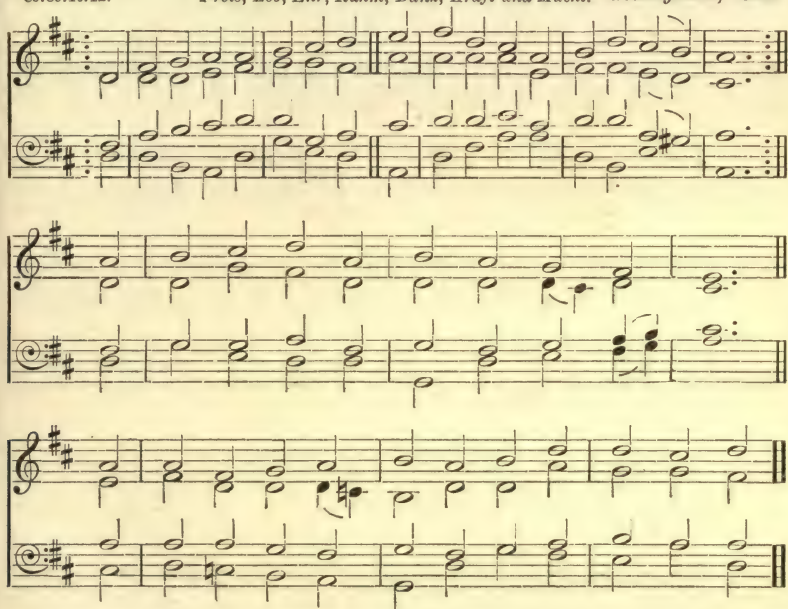
We humbly cry to thee,
Send now prosperity ;
Let thy beauty
On us appear,
Establish here
Our work, the work of praise and prayer.
1825. *R. Simpson.*

Preis, Lob.

690

Darmstadt

89.89.10.12.

Preis, Lob, Ehr, Ruhm, Dank, Kraft und Macht. Gesangbuch, 1698.

BEFORE thy throne we now appear,
Head of thy ransomed congregation ;
Unto our songs of praise give ear,
And listen to our supplication ;
Hear from the heavens, thy lofty dwelling-
place, [trespasses.
And when thou hear'st, forgive thy people's

2 In heaven and earth who is like thee ?
Thou keepest covenant for ever,
Maintain'st thy cause most gloriously,
And to thy servants showest favour :
In us, O Lord, thy word be verified,
That thou the Church's Head and Shepherd
wilt abide.

3 Now to the Lamb upon the throne,
Who by his precious blood hath bought us,
That he might claim us as his own,
And to his fold in mercy brought us,
All praise and honour evermore pertain :
Let all who love his name reply thereto, Amen.

1826. *F. W. Foster.*

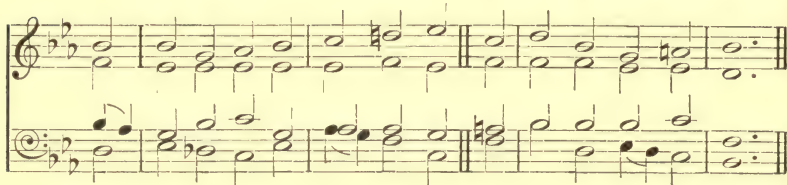
Hier liegt.

86.86.88.86.

691

Hier liegt vor deiner Majestät.

J. G. SCHICHT, 1819.



- ALL hail, our Church's Elder dear,
 Jesus, her glorious Head,
 To thy disciples now appear,
 As risen from the dead ;
 Let our rejoicing souls in thee
 The tokens of thy passion see,
 And hear thy gentle voice anew
 Say, ' Peace be unto you.'
- 2 Remembering what our fathers told
 Thou didst in their young day,
 This solemn festival we hold
 That we, as then did they,

Ourselves in covenant may bind, [mind,
 With soul and strength, with heart and
 Through life, in death, on land, o'er sea,
 Meekly to follow thee.

- 3 Revive thy work amidst the years ;
 Our brethren still employ,
 On heathen soils to sow in tears,
 With hope to reap in joy :
 Though wide the fields, the labourers few,
 If thou our failing faith renew,
 The weakest of thy servants, we
 Can all things do through thee.

1841. J. Montgomery.

Lur Eoi.

692

87.87. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

HAIL ! thou God of grace and glory,
 Who thy name hast magnified,
 By redemption's wondrous story,
 By the Saviour crucified :
 Thanks to thee for every blessing,
 Flowing from the fount of love ;
 Thanks for present good unceasing,
 And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
 Near thy bright and burning throne,
 We invoke thee, God most holy,
 Through thy well-belovèd Son ;

Send the baptism of thy Spirit,
 Shed the pentecostal fire ;
 Let us all thy grace inherit,
 Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind thy people, Lord, in union,
 With the sevenfold cord of love ;
 Breathe a spirit of communion
 With the glorious hosts above :
 Let thy work be seen progressing ;
 Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
 Till the world, the truth possessing,
 Celebrates its jubilee.

1844. T. W. Aveling.

Lob Gott.

76.76. D.

Lob Gott getrost mit Singen.[May also be sung to *Aurelia*, No. 464.]

- SAVIOUR, thy love hath guided
 Our fathers on their way,
 Thy watchful care provided
 Their manna day by day ;
 From youth to manhood growing,
 Thou led'st them up to age,
 Till death, full life bestowing,
 Ended their pilgrimage.
- 2 With faith and lowly meekness,
 With patient love and zeal,
 In ignorance and weakness,
 They wrought thy Church's weal ;
 Enriched with wealth unmeasured,
 Beyond all wisdom wise,
 In humble heart they treasured
 The Saviour's sacrifice.

- 3 For honest lips confessing
 High faith and simple creed,
 For lives this sad world blessing
 With kindly human deed ;
 For valiant hearts that bore them
 Full bravely in the fray,
 Thy cross, thy crown before them,
 We give thee thanks to-day.
- 4 Grant, Lord, the Church that gathers
 Within thy house this day,
 To thank thee for her fathers,
 May serve thee even as they,
 With hearts by love made willing,
 In works by faith made free,
 Till we our lot fulfilling,
 Shall rest with them and thee.

Lancashire.

76.76. D.

694

H. SMART, 1867 (comp. c. 1836).



WITH joyfulness and longing
 We look to thee, O Lord ;
 Receive us in thy mercy,
 And cheer us with thy word ;
 Crown us with lovingkindness,
 And promises of grace,
 And let thy benediction
 Reconsecrate this place.

2 The years have all been crowded
 With tokens of thy love,
 And many who here sought thee
 Now worship thee above ;
 But we, O Lord, still need thee,
 Our pilgrim feet to stay,
 For evil often triumphs
 As faith to fear gives way.

3 Teach us to know our calling,
 And make that calling sure ;
 Endow us with the guerdon
 Of those whose hearts are pure ;
 Then by the blood that bought us
 And by the grace that sought,
 Help us, in loving truly,
 To serve thee as we ought.

4 Lord, make thy people willing,
 In thy great day of power ;
 Call out recruits, great captains,
 And from this happy hour
 Lead on to fresh endeavour
 A people true and strong,
 Till, jubilant in glory,
 They swell the conqueror's song.

1899. F. Ellis.

NEW YEAR AND ANNIVERSARIES.

Westminster.

695

C.M.

J. TURLE, 1836.

*Lapsus est annus.* 1713.

THE year is gone beyond recall,
 With all its hopes and fears,
 With all its bright and gladd'ning smiles,
 With all its mourners' tears;

2 Thy thankful people praise thee, Lord,
 For countless gifts received;
 O may our country keep the faith
 Which saints of old believed!

3 To thee we come, O gracious Lord,
 The new-born year to bless;
 Defend our land from pestilence;
 Give peace and plenteousness;

4 Forgive this nation's many sins;
 The growth of vice restrain;
 And help us all with sin to strive,
 And crowns of life to gain.

5 From evil deeds that stain the past
 We now desire to flee,
 And pray that future years may all
 Be spent, good Lord, for thee.

6 O Father, let thy watchful eye
 Still look on us in love,
 That we may praise thee, year by year,
 As angels do above.

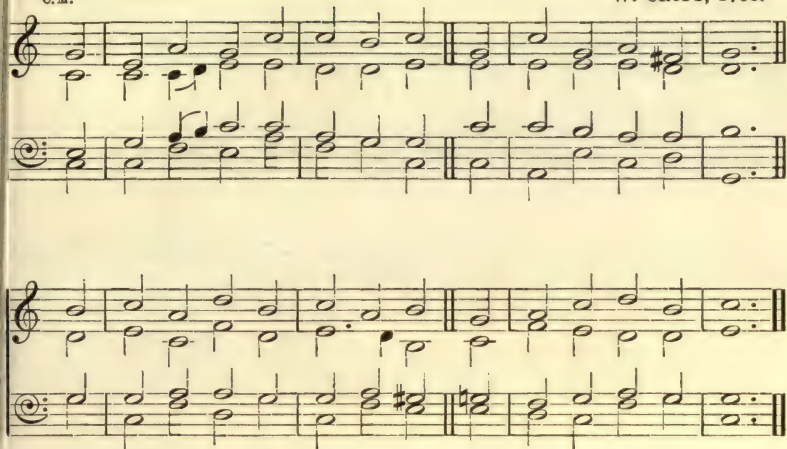
1861. *F. Pott, a.*

St. Anne.

696

C. M.

W. CROFT, 1708.

*Psalm xc.*

O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home ;

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone,
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

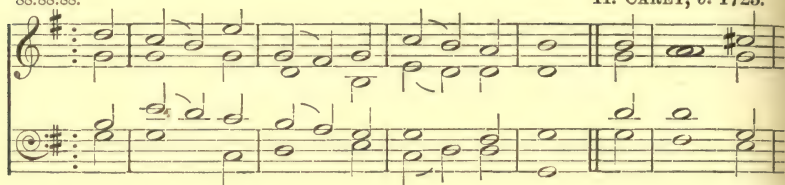
1719. I. Watts, a.

Surrey.

88.88.88.

697

H. CAREY, c. 1723.



- L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
 Of all that travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely,
 On thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight ;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light,
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.
- 3 Patient the appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind ;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The new Jerusalem to find :
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the new Jerusalem.
- 4 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven :
 That palace of our glorious King,
 We find it nearer while we sing.
- 5 Raised by the breath of love divine,
 We urge our way, with strength renewed ;
 The Church of the firstborn to join,
 We travel to the mount of God ;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

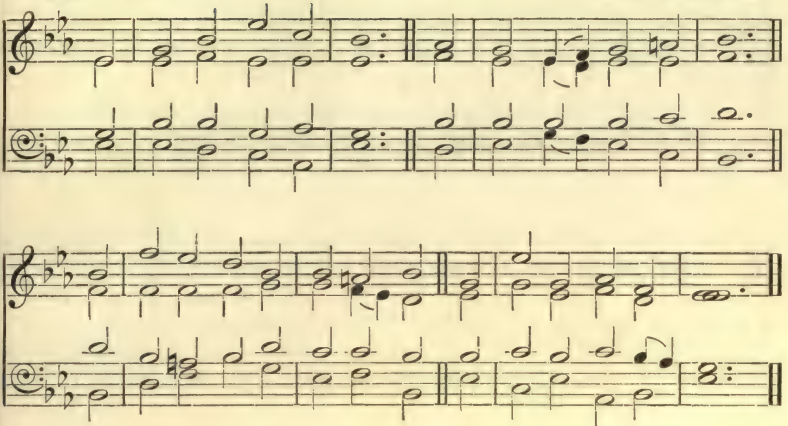
1747. C. Wesley.

Tythberton.

S.M.

698

L. R. WEST, 1790.



LET hearts and tongues unite,
 And loud thanksgivings raise ;
 'Tis duty mingled with delight,
 To sing the Saviour's praise.

- 2 E'er since his name we knew,
 How gracious has he been,
 What dangers has he led us through,
 What mercies have we seen !
- 3 Now, through another year
 Supported by his care,
 We raise our Ebenezer here,
 'The Lord hath helped thus far.'
- 4 Our lot in future years
 We cannot, Lord, foresee,
 But kindly, to prevent our fears,
 Thou sayst, 'Leave all to me.'
- 5 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
 Our cares upon thy breast ;
 Help us to praise thee for the past,
 And trust thee for the rest.

1779. J. Newton, a.

MOCCAS.

S.M.

699

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799—1877.



MY times are in thy hand ;
 My God, I wish them there ;
 My life, my friends, my soul I leave
 Entirely to thy care.

- 2 My times are in thy hand,
 Whatever they may be ;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 My times are in thy hand,
 Why should I doubt or fear ?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in thy hand,
 Jesus, the Crucified !
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
 Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in thy hand,
 I'll always trust in thee ;
 And after death at thy right hand
 I shall for ever be.

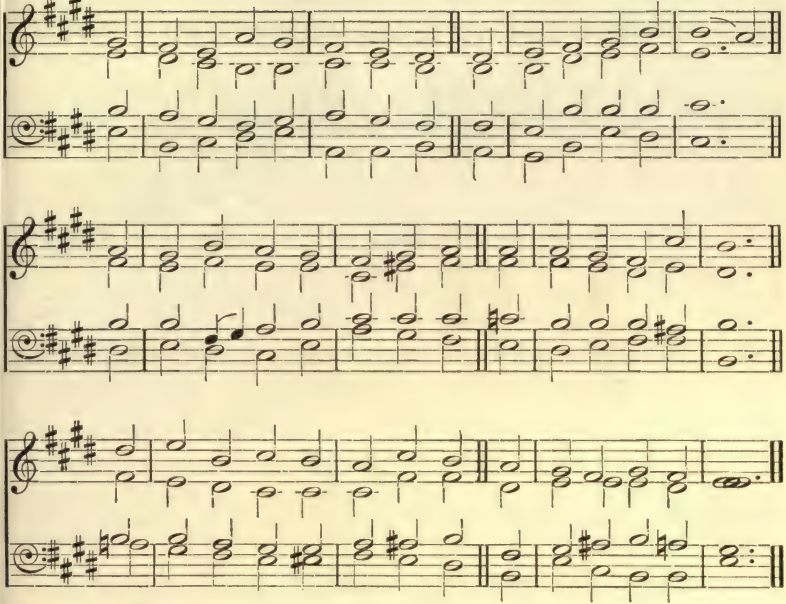
1841. W. F. Lloyd.

St. Silas.

86.86.86.

700

J. LANCASTER, 1868.



- F**ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see ;
I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts

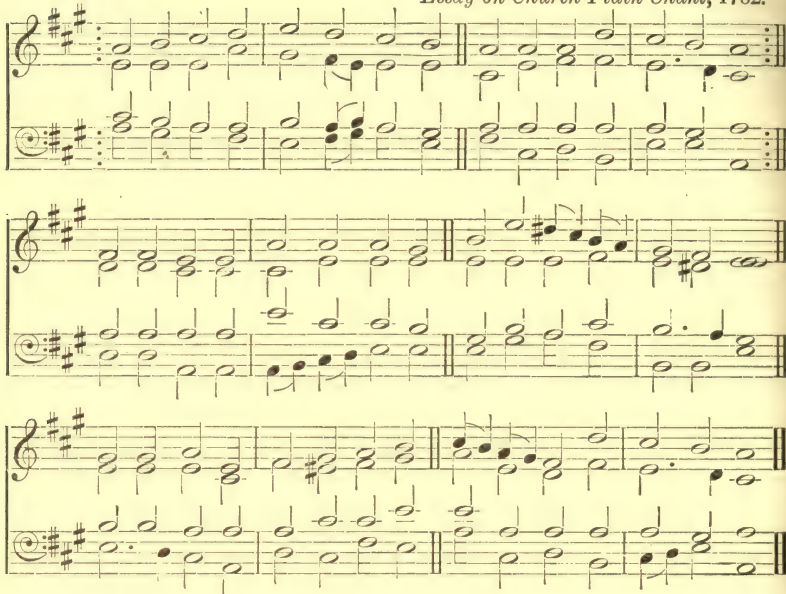
- To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.
- 6 Briers beset our daily path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer ;
But lowly hearts that lean on thee
Are happy anywhere.
- 7 In service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free :
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

1850. *Anna L. Waring, a.*

Tantum Ergo.

87.87. D.

701

Essay on Church Plain Chant, 1782.

AT thy feet, our God and Father,
 Who hast blessed us all our days,
 We with grateful hearts would gather,
 To begin the year with praise,—
 Praise for light so brightly shining
 On our steps from heaven above,
 Praise for mercies daily twining
 Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for thy love most tender,
 On the cross for sinners shown,
 We would praise thee, and surrender
 All our hearts to be thine own.

With so blest a Friend provided,
 We upon our way would go,
 Sure of being safely guided,
 Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter
 When thy gracious face we see ;
 Every burden will be lighter
 When we know it comes from thee.
 Spread thy love's broad banner o'er us ;
 Give us strength to serve and wait,
 Till the glory breaks before us,
 Through the city's open gate.

1861. J. D. Burns.

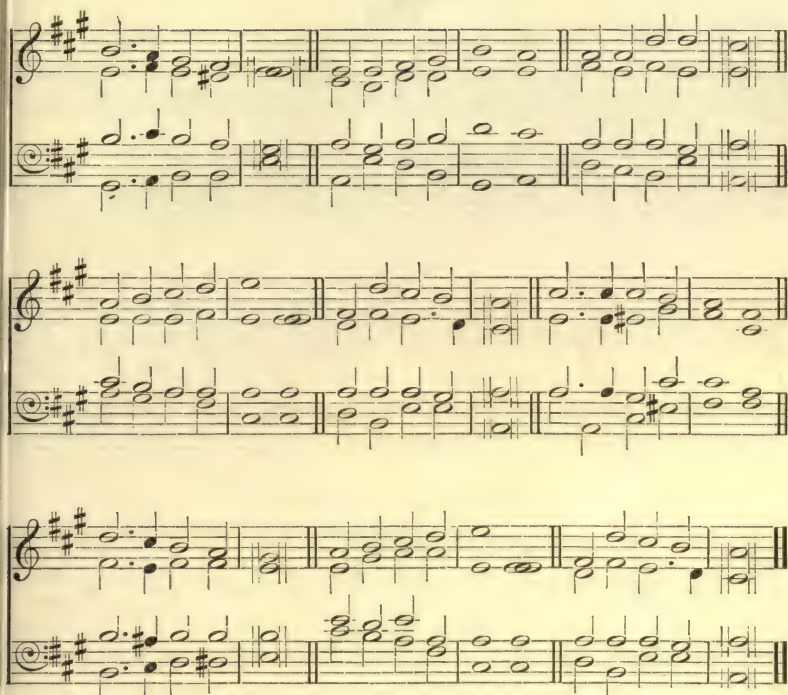
Thermas.

65.65. 12 lines.

702

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1871.





STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear,
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

*Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day,
For his word shall never,
Never pass away.*

- 2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid ;
I will help and strengthen ;
Be thou not dismayed ;
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand ;

Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand.'

- 3 For the year before us
O what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and sinful
Shall his grace abound,
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
- 4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake ;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on his promise,
What have we to fear ?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

1873. *Frances R. Havergal.*

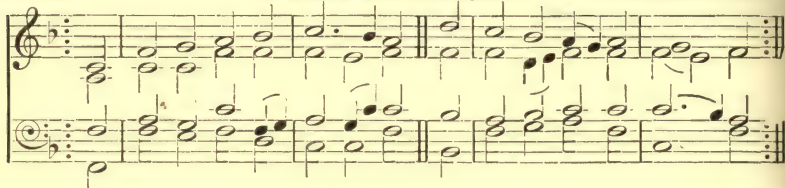
Baden.

87.87.887.

703

Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.

S. GASTORIUS, 1681.



ACROSS the sky the shades of night
 This winter's eve are fleeting :
 We come to thee, the Life and Light,
 In solemn worship meeting ;
 And as the year's last hours go by
 We lift to thee our earnest cry,
 Once more thy love entreating.

- 2 Before the cross subdued we bow,
 To thee our prayers addressing,
 Recounting all thy mercies now,
 And all our sins confessing,
 Beseeching thee this coming year,
 To hold us in thy faith and fear,
 And crown us with thy blessing.

- 3 We gather up in this brief hour
 The memory of thy mercies ;
 Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
 Our grateful song rehearses ;
 For thou hast been our strength and stay
 In many a dark and dreary day
 Of sorrow and reverses.

- 4 Then, O great God, in years to come,
 Whatever may betide us,
 Right onward through our journey home
 Be thou at hand to guide us ;
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,
 Safe from all peril, toil, and strife,
 Heaven shall unfold, and hide us.

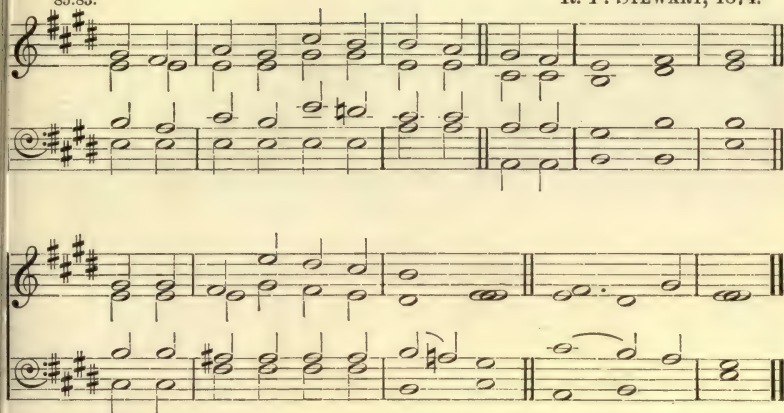
1880. J. Hamilton, a.

704

St. Helen's.

85.83.

R. P. STEWART, 1874.



NOW another stage of travel
 Doth the New Year bring;
 Brother pilgrims, be of courage—
 Christ is King!

2 All the way is rightly ordered
 Though in rugged guise;
 See, his presence points the pathway—
 Christ is wise!

3 Dark misgivings, doubts unanswered,
 Mistlike blind the view;
 Though in cloud he goes before us—
 Christ is true!

4 Storms may blast the heart's loved shelter,
 Where we dwelt so long;
 He will spread his wide wings o'er us—
 Christ is strong!

5 Night may darken, sorrow try us,
 Friends be called above;
 Lo! in light he goes before us—
 Christ is love!

6 Sad or joyous, Christian trust him,
 God's New Year will come,
 And with singing all his children
 Enter home!

1896. *W. Boyd Carpenter.*

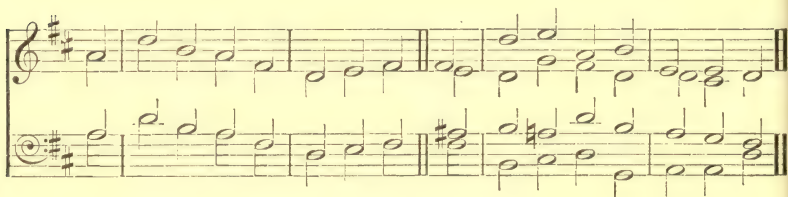
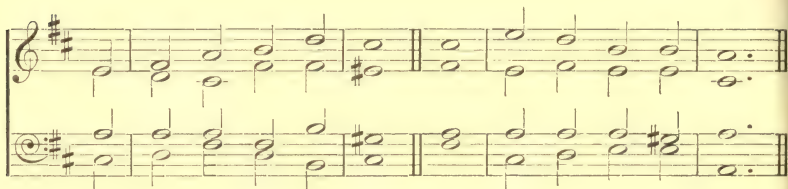
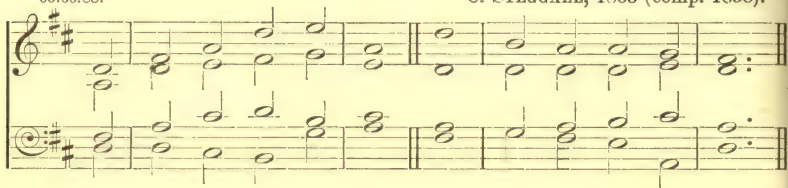
CHURCH BUILDING AND DEDICATIONS.

Christchurch.

705

66.66.88.

C. STEGGALL, 1865 (comp. 1858).

*Angulare fundamentum. 7th Cent.*

CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
 On him alone we build ;
 With his true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled ;
 On his great love
 Our hopes we place
 Of present grace
 And joys above.

- 2 O then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring ;
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing ;
 And thus proclaim
 In joyful song,
 Both loud and long,
 That glorious name.

- 3 Here, gracious God, do thou
 For evermore draw nigh ;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh ;
 In copious shower
 On all who pray
 Each holy day
 Thy blessings pour.

- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore,
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore,
 Until that day,
 When all the blest
 To endless rest
 Are called away.

1837. J. Chandler.

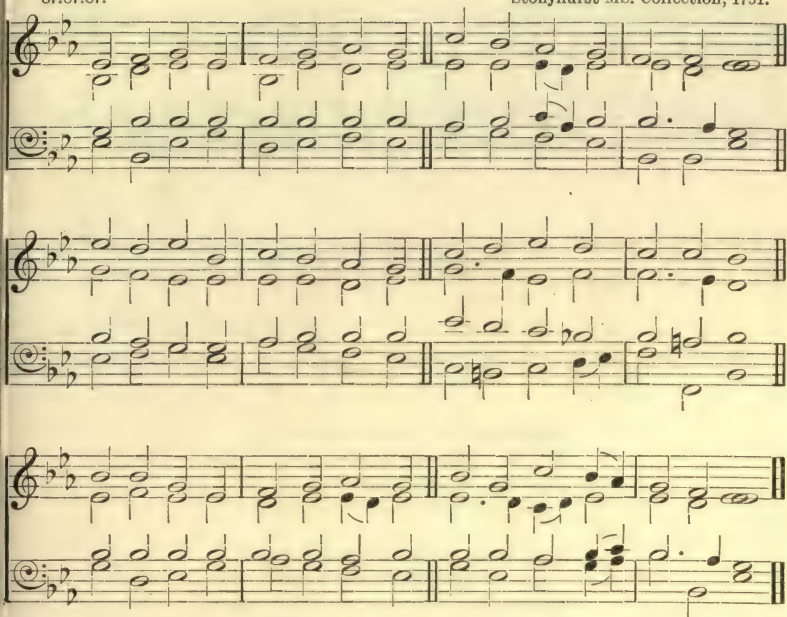
St. Thomas.

706

Early 18th cent. (?).

87.87.87.

Stonyhurst MS. Collection, 1751.

*Angulare fundamentum. 7th Cent.*

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
 Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one,
 Holy Zion's help for ever,
 And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved of God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody,
 God the One in Three adoring
 In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day ;
 With thy wonted loving-kindness,
 Hear thy servants, as they pray,
 And thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
 What they ask of thee to gain,
 What they gain from thee for ever
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in thy glory
 Evermore with thee to reign.

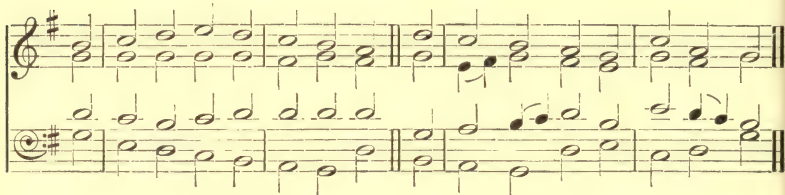
1851. J. M. Neale.

Angels' Song.

707

L. M.

O. GIBBONS, 1623.



THIS stone to thee in faith we lay ;
 We build the temple, Lord, to thee :
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And, when thou hearest, O forgive !

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of thy Son,
 Still, by the power of his great name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest ?
 Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
 And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

5 That glory never hence depart !
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone,
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

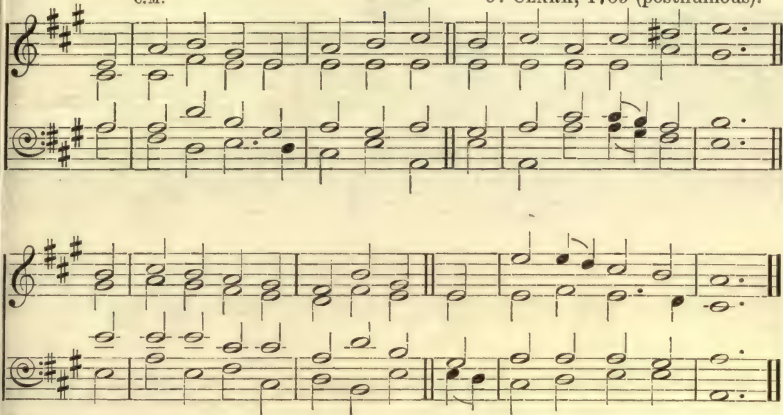
1822. *J. Montgomery.*

Nottingham (St. Magnus).

708

C.M.

J. CLARK, 1709 (posthumous).



LIGHT up this house with glory, Lord ;
 Enter, and claim thine own ;
 Receive the homage of our souls,
 Erect thy temple-throne.

2 We rear no altar—thou hast died ;
 We deck no priestly shrine ;
 What need have we of creature aid ?
 The power to save is thine.

3 We ask no bright Shekinah-cloud,
 To glorify the place ;
 Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
 A plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing, mighty wind we ask ;
 No tongues of flame desire ;
 Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
 His purifying fire.

5 Light up this house with glory, Lord,
 The glory of that love
 Which forms and saves a Church below,
 And makes a heaven above.

J. Harris, d. 1856.

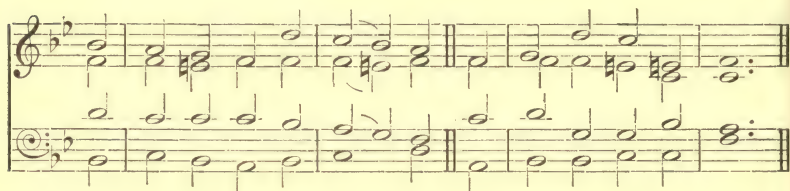
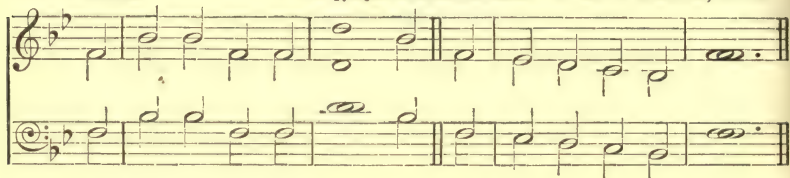
HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

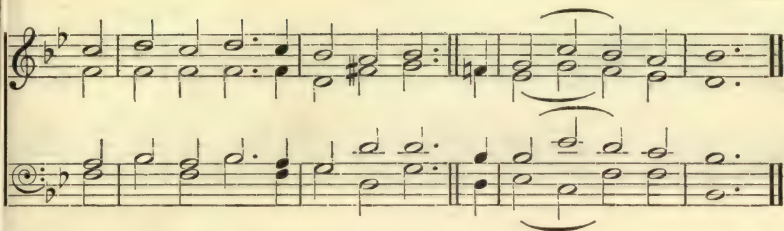
Wir pflügen.

709

76.76.76.76.66.84.

Wir pflügen und wir streuen. J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1800.





Wir pflügen und wir streuen. 1782. M. Claudius.

WE plough the fields and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine
 And soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above;
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all his love.*

2 He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star;
 The winds and waves obey him,
 By him the birds are fed;
 Much more to us, his children,
 He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food.
 No gifts have we to offer
 For all thy love imparts,
 But that which thou desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.

1861. Jane M. Campbell.

Wareham.

L.M.

710

W. KNAPP, 1738.



GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling year,
 Thy favour still has crowned our days,
 And we would celebrate thy praise.

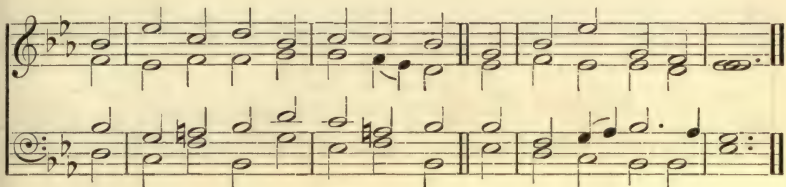
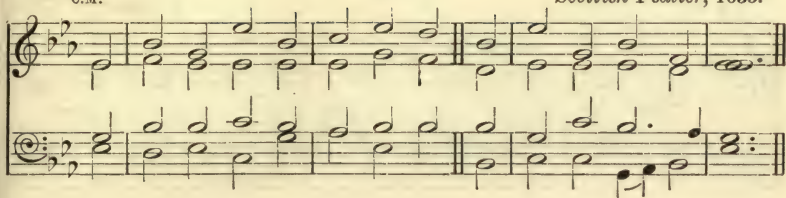
- 2 The harvest-song we would repeat,
 Thou givest us the finest wheat ;
 The joys of harvest we have known ;
 The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.
- 3 Our tables spread, our garner's stored,
 O give us hearts to bless thee, Lord ;
 Forbid it, Source of light and love,
 That hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 4 Another harvest comes apace ;
 Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
 That we may calmly meet the blow
 The sickle gives to lay us low ;
- 5 That so, when angel-reapers come
 To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
 Our spirits may be borne on high
 To thy safe garner in the sky.

1798. *E. Butcher.*

London New.

711

C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1635.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are!
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence was thine,
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gavest summer suns to shine,
 And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
 Matured the swelling grain;
 A yellow harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
 Thou dost on man bestow;
 Let him not then forget to own
 From whom his blessings flow.
- 6 Fountain of love, our praise is thine;
 To thee our songs we'll raise,
 And all created nature join
 In sweet harmonious praise.

1811. *Alice Flowerdew.*

Abridge.

C.M.

712

I. SMITH, c. 1770.



O THOU, who givest all their food,
 Causing thy sun to shine
 Upon the evil and the good,
 Earth's teeming stores are thine.

2 Thy covenant to man secures
 The harvest of his toil;
 Thy faithful word, while earth endures,
 With plenty clothes the soil.

3 The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
 Alike thy laws obey;
 Each herb and blossom knows its time,
 And feels the quickening ray.

4 Revolving seasons still proclaim
 Thy all-sustaining word;
 Seed-time and harvest speak thy name,
 The promise-keeping Lord.

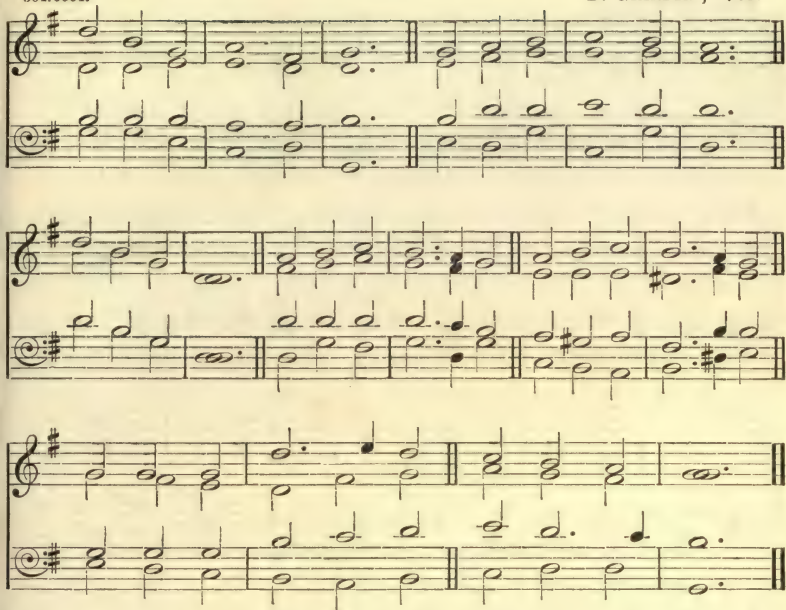
1836. *J. Conder.*

Moscow.

664.6664.

713

F. GIARDINI, 1769.

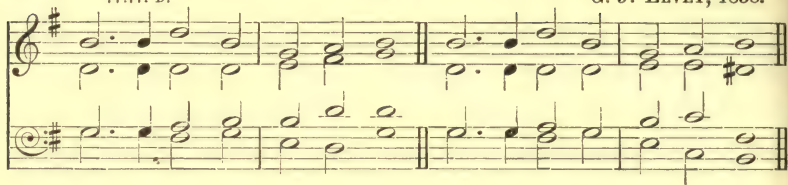


The God of harvest praise ;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart and voice ;
 The valleys laugh and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.

- 2 Yea, bless his holy name,
 And joyous thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth ;
 To glory in your lot
 Is comely ; but be not
 God's benefits forgot
 Amid your mirth !
- 3 The God of harvest praise ;
 Hands, hearts and voices raise
 With sweet accord ;
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in your harvest song
 Bless ye the Lord.

1840. *J. Montgomery.*

77.77. D.



COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home ;
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
 First the blade, and then the ear
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take his harvest home ;
 From his field shall in that day
 All offences purge away ;
 Give his angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To thy final harvest-home ;
 Gather thou thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There for ever purified,
 In thy presence to abide :
 Come, with all thine angels come,
 Raise the glorious harvest-home.

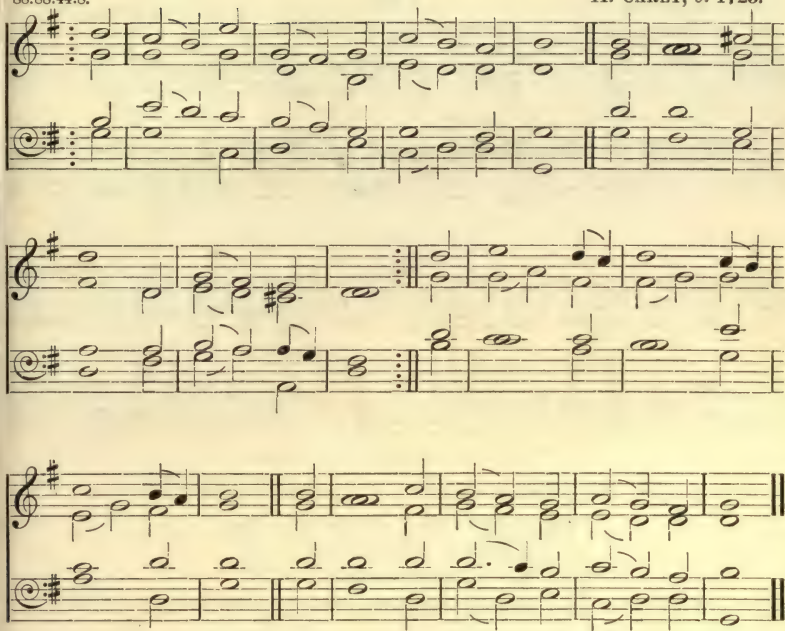
1844. H. Alford.

Surrey.

715

H. CAREY, c. 1723.

88.88.44.8.



LORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;
 Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
 The varying seasons haste their round ;
 With goodness all our years are crowned ;
 Our thanks we pay
 This holy day ;
 O let our hearts in tune be found !

2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
 When summer warms the fruitful earth,
 When winter sweeps the naked plain,
 Or autumn yields its ripened grain,—
 Still do we sing
 To thee, our King ;
 Through all their changes thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when thy liberal hand
 Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
 When sounds of music fill the air,
 As homeward all their treasures bear ;
 We too will raise
 Our hymn of praise,
 For we thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest ! all is thine ;
 The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
 The seed once hidden in the ground,
 The skill that makes our fruits abound ;
 New, every year,
 Thy gifts appear ;
 New praises from our lips shall sound.

1851. *J. H. Gurney.*

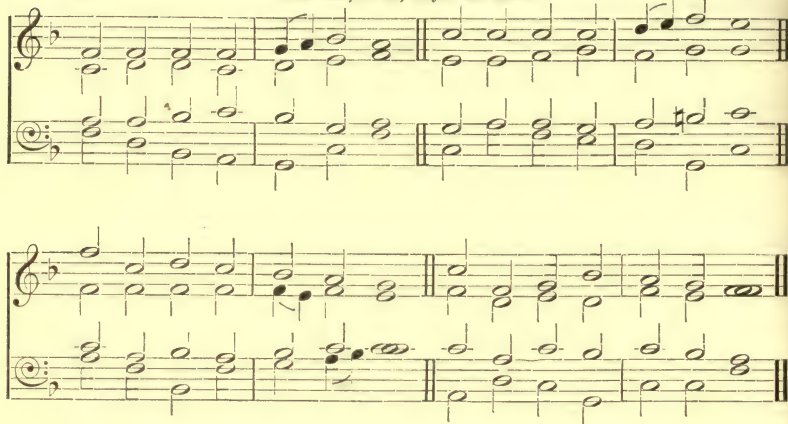
Himmel, Erde.

716

G. C. STRATTNER, 1691.

77.77.

Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 133.]

PRAISE, O praise our God and King ;
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;

3 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;

4 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;

5 Praise him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor :

6 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;

7 Glory to our bounteous King ;
Glory let creation sing ;

Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

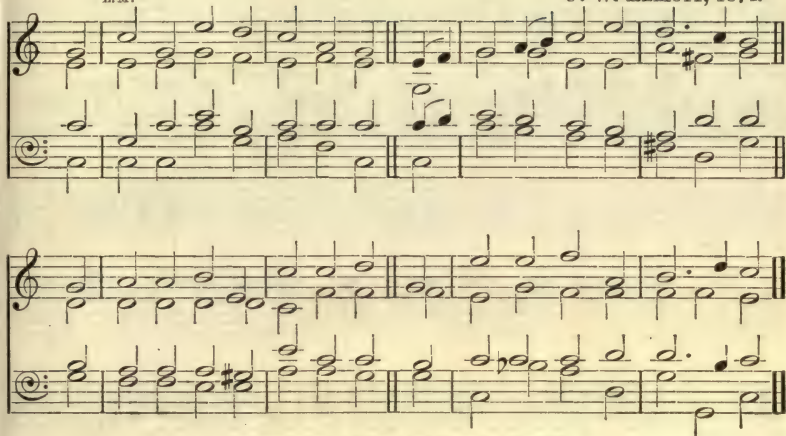
1861. H. W. Baker.

Church Triumphant.

717

L. M.

J. W. ELLIOTT, 1874.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

OUR hearts and voices let us raise,
 In songs of thankfulness and praise,
 Our heavenly Father's love to bless,
 Which crowns the year with fruitfulness.

2 Cheered by thy sun and fostering rain,
 The valleys wave with golden grain,
 The corn-fields teem with ripened shocks,
 The stalls with herds, the folds with flocks.

3 For what thy bounteous hand imparts,
 Give us the grace of thankful hearts,
 Hearts which their thankfulness may prove
 By hymns of praise and gifts of love.

4 O thou, that art the harvest's Lord,
 Send forth the sowers of thy word ;
 And may we speed them on the wings
 Of prayer and cheerful offerings.

5 May distant climes thy word receive,
 Land after land, till all believe,
 And bear the fruit that never dies,
 Till earth shall bloom like Paradise.

1862. C. Wordsworth.

Bishopgarth.

87.87. D. Iambic.

718

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1897.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

TO thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
 In hymns of adoration,
 To thee bring sacrifice of praise
 With shouts of exultation ;
 Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
 The hills with joy are ringing,
 The valleys stand so thick with corn
 That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
 Thy bounteous hand confessing,
 Before thee thankfully we lay
 The first-fruits of thy blessing.
 By thee the souls of men are fed
 With gifts of grace supernal ;
 Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
 Give us the bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
 And often toil seems dreary,
 But labour ends with sunset ray,
 And rest comes for the weary ;
 May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
 Stand at the last accepted,
 Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
 To garner bright elected.

4 O blessed is that land of God
 Where saints abide for ever,
 Where golden fields spread far and broad,
 Where flows the crystal river :
 The strains of all its holy throng
 With ours to-day are blending ;
 Thrice blessed is that harvest song
 Which never hath an ending.

Crüger.

719

From J. CRÜGER, 1640.

76.76. D.

Von Gott will ich nicht lassen. Adapted by W. H. MONK, 1861.

[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 478.]

SING to the Lord of harvest,
 Sing songs of love and praise ;
 With joyful hearts and voices
 Your hallelujahs raise :
 By him the rolling seasons
 In fruitful order move,
 Sing to the Lord of harvest
 A song of happy love.

2 By him the clouds drop fatness,
 The deserts bloom and spring,
 The hills leap up in gladness,
 The valleys laugh and sing :
 He filleth with his fulness
 All things with large increase ;
 He crowns the year with goodness,
 With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on his sacred altar
 The gifts his goodness gave,
 The golden sheaves of harvest,
 The souls he died to save :
 Your hearts lay down before him,
 When at his feet ye fall,
 And with your lives adore him,
 Who gave his life for all.

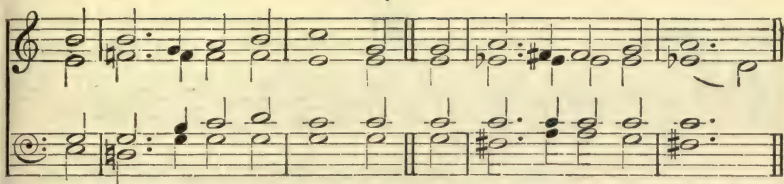
St. Beatrice.

76.76. 12 lines.

720

J. F. BRIDGE, 1875.





THE sower went forth sowing ;
 The seed in secret slept
 Through days of faith and patience,
 Till out the green blade crept ;
 And, warmed by golden sunshine,
 And fed by silver rain,
 At last the fields were whitened
 To harvest once again.

O praise the heavenly Sower,
 Who gave the fruitful seed,
 And watched and watered duly,
 And ripened for our need.

2 Behold ! the heavenly Sower
 Goes forth with better seed,
 The word of sure salvation,
 With feet and hands that bleed ;
 Here in his Church 'tis scattered,
 Our spirits are the soil ;
 Then let an ample fruitage
 Repay his pain and toil.

O fair to him the harvest
 Wherein all goodness thrives,
 And this the true thanksgiving,
 The first-fruits of our lives.

3 Within a hallowed acre
 He sows yet other grain,
 When peaceful earth receiveth
 The dead he died to gain ;
 For, though the growth be hidden,
 We know that they shall rise ;
 Yea, even now they ripen
 In sunny paradise.
 O summer land of harvest,
 O fields for ever white
 With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
 With crowns of golden light !

4 One day the heavenly Sower
 Shall reap where he hath sown,
 And come again rejoicing,
 And with him bring his own ;
 And then the fan of judgment
 Shall winnow from his floor
 The chaff into the furnace
 That flameth evermore.
 O holy, awful Reaper,
 Have mercy in the day
 Thou puttest in thy sickle,
 And cast us not away.

1874. W. St. H. Bourne.

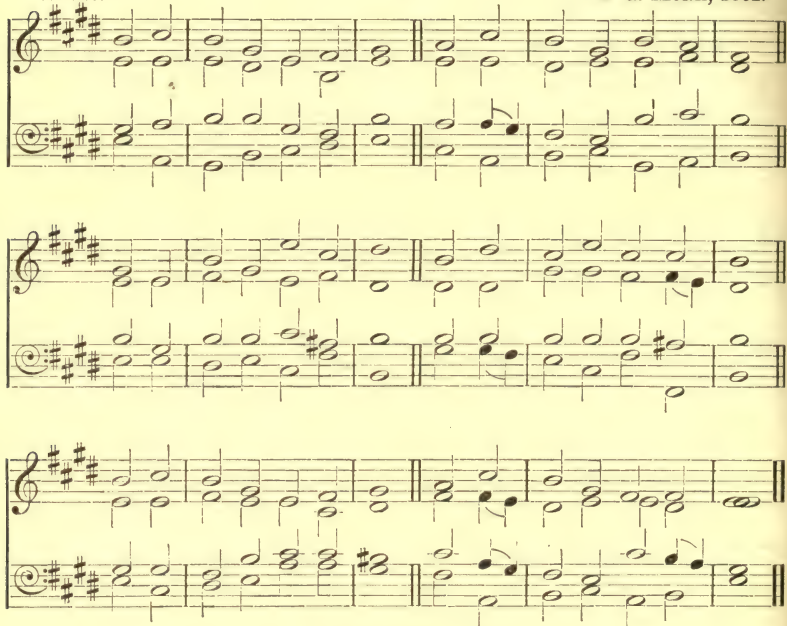
IN TIME OF SCARCITY.

St. Ninian.

721

E. G. MONK, 1862.

77.77.77.

*Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.* 1720. B. Schmolck.

WHAT our Father does is well :
 Blessèd truth his children tell !
 Though he send, for plenty, want,
 Though the harvest store be scant,
 Yet we rest upon his love,
 Seeking better things above.

- 2 What our Father does is well :
 Shall the wilful heart rebel ?
 If a blessing he withhold
 In the field or in the fold,
 Is it not himself to be
 All our store eternally ?

- 3 What our Father does is well :
 Though he sadden hill and dell,
 Upward yet our praises rise
 For the strength his word supplies.
 He has called us sons of God ;
 Can we murmur at his rod ?

- 4 Therefore unto him we raise
 Hymns of glory, songs of praise ;
 To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, three in One,
 Honour, might, and glory be
 Now and through eternity.

1861. H. W. Baker.

MORNING.

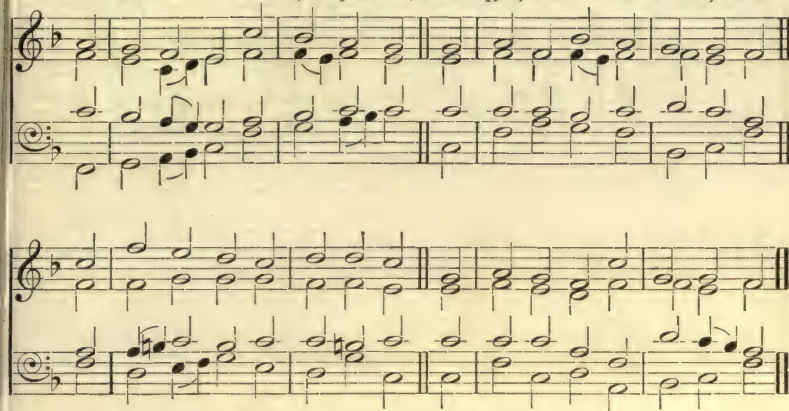
Komm, heil'ger Geist.

722

L.M.

Komm, heil'ger Geist, Du Schöpfer, Du.

G. JOSEPH, 1668.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 568.]

Splendor paternae gloriae. c. 380. Ambrose.

O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
 Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
 Thou fountain of eternal light,
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night,

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Shower down thy radiance from above,
 And to our inward hearts convey
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
 May guile depart, and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.

4 O hallowed be this opening day;
 Let meekness be our morning ray,
 And faithful love our noon-day light,
 And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

5 O Christ, with each returning morn,
 Thine image to our hearts is borne;
 O may we ever clearly see
 Our Saviour and our God in thee.

1837. J. Chandler.

Brockham.

723

L.M.

J. CLARK, 1709 (posthumous).

*Es geht daher des Tages Schein. 1531. M. Weisse.*

ONCE more the daylight shines abroad,
 O brethren, let us praise the Lord,
 Whose grace and mercy thus have kept
 The nightly watch while we have slept.

- 2 To him let us together pray
 With all our heart and soul to-day,
 That he would keep us in his love,
 And all our guilt and sin remove.
- 3 Eternal Father, from thy throne
 Send grace and help through Christ thy Son,
 That with thy strength our hearts may glow;
 And fear nor man nor ghostly foe.
- 4 Lord God! O hear us, we implore!
 Be thou our guardian evermore,
 Our mighty champion and our shield
 That goeth with us to the field.
- 5 We offer up ourselves to thee,
 That heart and word and deed may be
 In all things guided by thy mind,
 And in thine eyes acceptance find.
- 6 Thus, Lord, we bring, through Christ thy Son,
 Our morning offering to thy throne;
 Now be thy precious gift outpour'd,
 And help us for thine honour, Lord!

1858. *Catherine Winkworth.*

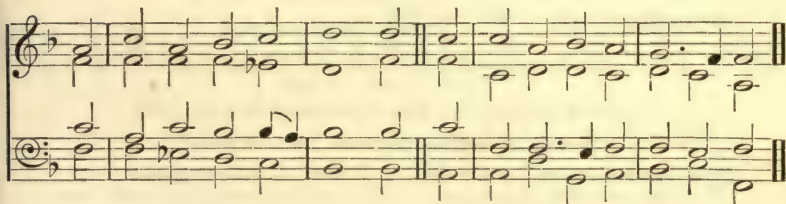
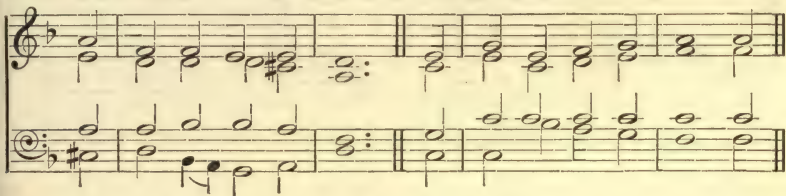
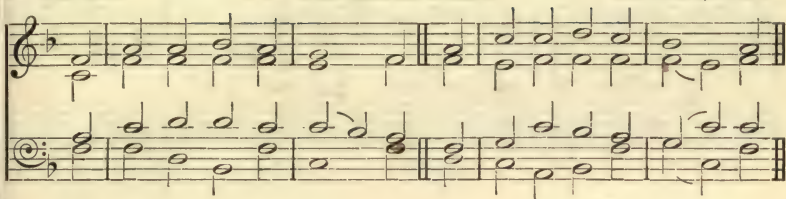
724

Nun ruben.

776.778.

Nun ruhen alle Wälder.

C. PETER, 1655.

*Aus meines Herzens Grunde (st. 6). J. Mathesius. d. 1665.*

MAY Jesus' grace and blessing
 Attend me without ceasing;
 Thus I stretch out my hand,
 And do that work with pleasure,
 Which, in my call and measure,
 My God for me to do ordained.

1754. M.

Newton.

725

C. I. LA TROBE, 1806.

77.77.77.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 746.]

Gott des Himmels und der Erden. 1632. H. Albert.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>GOD who madest earth and heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who the day and night hast given,
 Sun and moon and starry host,
 All things wake at thy command,
 Held in being by thy hand.</p> | <p>3 Ever lead me, ever guide
 All my wanderings by thy word ;
 As thou hast been, still abide,
 My defence, my refuge, Lord :
 Never safe except with thee,
 Ever thou my guardian be.</p> |
| <p>2 Help me, as each morn shall break,
 In the Spirit to arise ;
 Let my soul from sin awake,
 That when o'er the agèd skies
 Shall the morn of doom appear
 I may see it free from fear.</p> | <p>4 Mighty God, I now commend
 Soul and body unto thee ;
 All the powers that thou dost lend
 By thy hand directed be ;
 Thou my boast, my strength divine,
 Keep me with thee, I am thine.</p> |

1855. *Catherine Winkworth.*

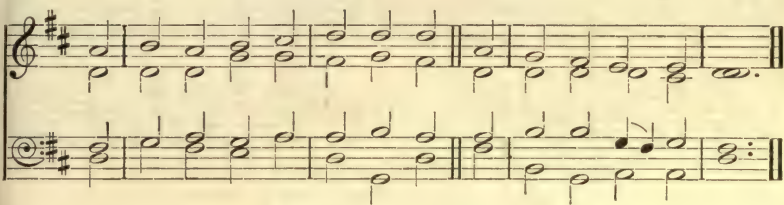
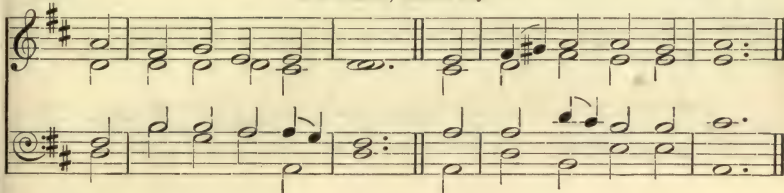
726

SPIESS's *Harpfen-Spiel*, 1745.

Adapted by W. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.

Swabia.

S.M.

Ach wachet, wachet auf.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see ;
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for thee ;

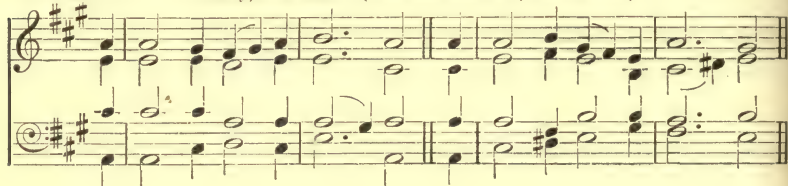
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to thee I tend :
 In all I do be thou the way,
 In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake ;
 Nothing so small can be,
 But draws, when acted for thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done to obey thy laws,
 E'en servile labours shine ;
 Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
 The meanest work divine.

G. Herbert, d. 1632 ; a. 1738. J. Wesley.

727

Wach auf.
77.77. Iambic.

N. SELNECKER, 1587.

Wach auf, mein Herz ! (Nun lasst uns Gott, dem Herren.)*Wach auf, mein Herz ! und singe. 1648. P. Gerhardt.*

MY soul awake and render
 To God, thy great defender,
 The God of all the living,
 Thy prayer and thy thanksgiving.

2 When night had closed around me,
 The darkness helpless found me ;
 But happy was my sleeping
 In his most gracious keeping.

3 With joy I still discover
 Thy light, O Lord, my Lover ;
 My thanks shall be the spices
 Of morning sacrifices.

4 Be thou my only treasure,
 Fulfil in me thy pleasure,
 Thy word my spirit feeding,
 Thy light still onward leading.

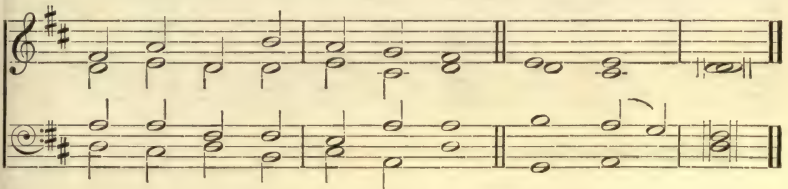
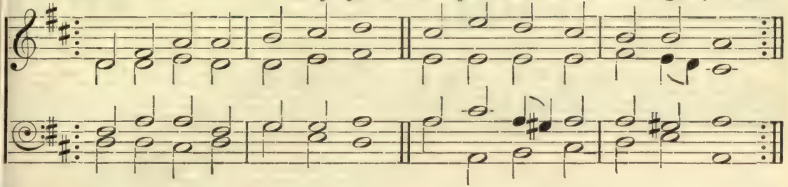
5 Thy love, which once did find me,
 To thee shall ever bind me ;
 My life to thee be tending,
 Beginning, middle, ending.

1722. J. C. Jacobi, a.

Morgenglanz.

728

77.77.73.

*Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.*J. G. C. STÖBL (?),
Psalter-Spiel, 1710.*Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit. 1684. C. Knorr von Rosenroth.*

JESUS, Sun of righteousness,
 Brightest beam of love divine,
 With the early morning rays,
 Do thou on our darkness shine,
 And dispel with purest light
 All our night.

2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
 May thy love with tender glow
 All our coldness melt away,
 Warm and cheer us forth to go,
 Gladly serve thee and obey
 All the day.

3 O, our only Hope and Guide,
 Never leave us nor forsake;
 Keep us ever at thy side
 Till the eternal morning break,
 Moving on to Zion's hill,
 Homeward still.

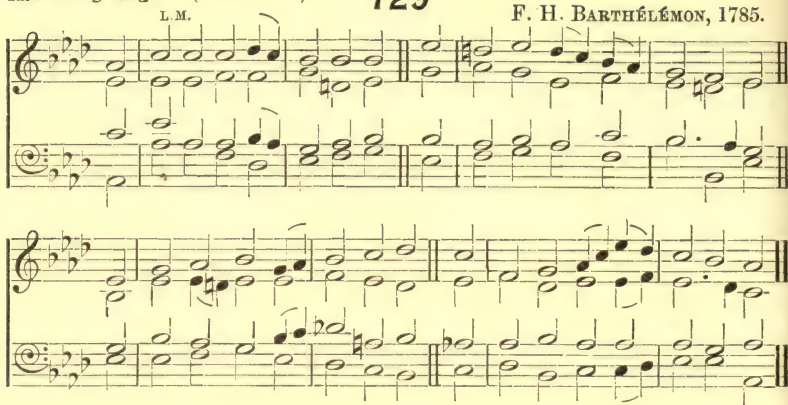
4 Lead us all our days and years
 In thy strait and narrow way;
 Lead us through the vale of tears
 To the land of perfect day,
 Where thy people, fully blest,
 Safely rest.

1855. *Jane Borthwick.*

Morning Hymn (*First Tune*).

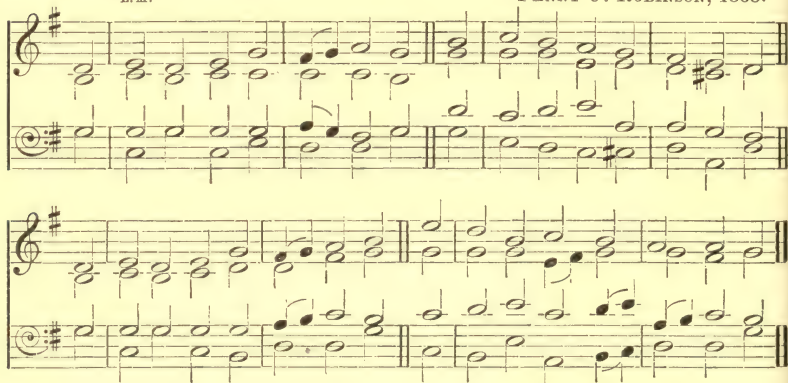
729

F. H. BARTHÉLÉMON, 1785.

St. Monica (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

FANNY J. ROBINSON, 1868.



- A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;
 Each present day thy last esteem ;
 Improve thy talent with due care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
 Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;
 Think how all-seeing God thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me whilst I slept ;

- Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless light partake !
- 5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
 Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers with all their might
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Innsbruck.

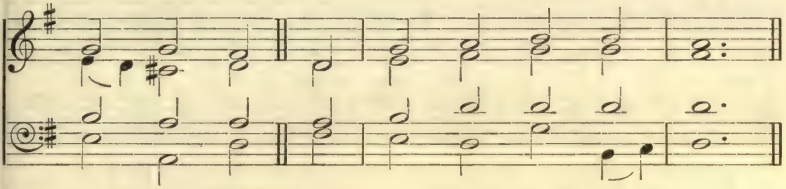
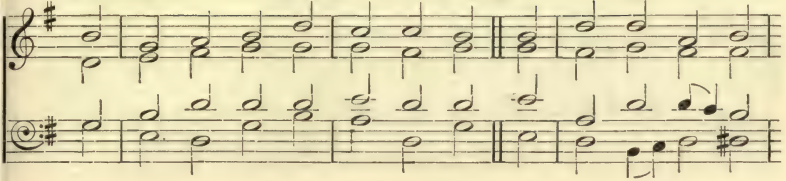
730

H. ISAAC, 1539.

886.888.

O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.

(posthumous.)

*Psalm lxxiii.*

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
 My morning prayer shall offered be,
 For thee my soul doth pant :
 To me the enjoyment of thy love
 Than life itself doth dearer prove ;
 Renewed strength from thee I want.

2 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
 When I lie down sweet sleep to find,
 And when I wake at night :
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

(761)

1696. Tate and Brady, a.

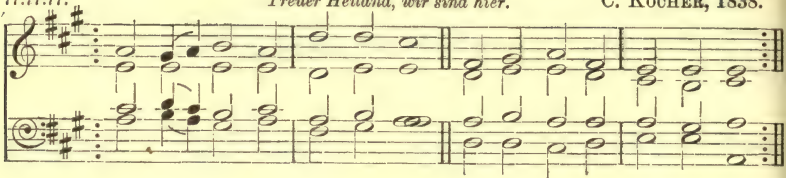
Dir.

77.77.77.

731

Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier.

C. KOCHER, 1838.



CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see,
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

1740. C. Wesley.

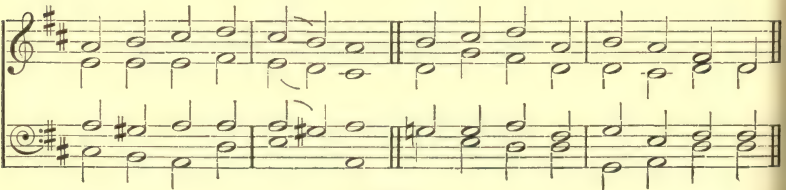
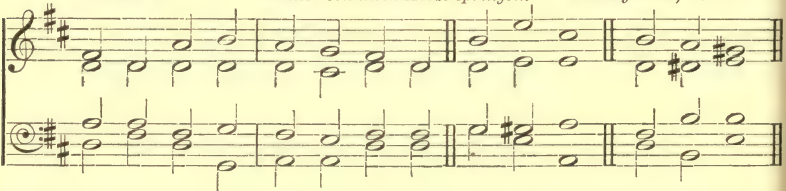
Fröhlich soll (First Tune).

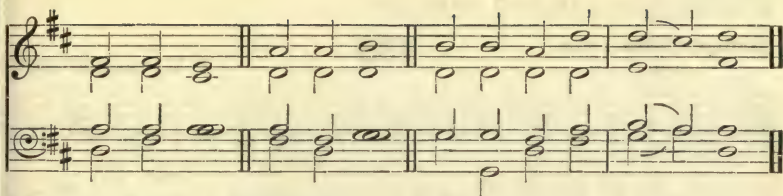
8.33.6. D.

732

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S

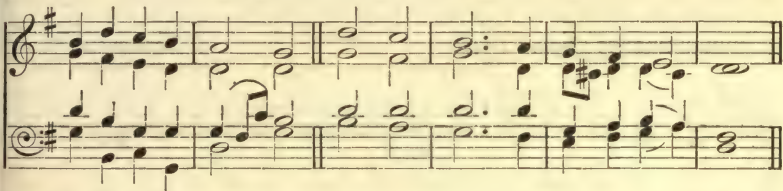
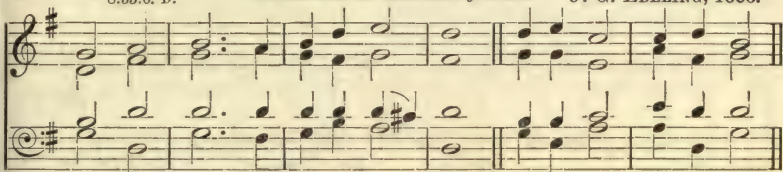
Gesangbuch, 1704.

**Warum sollt ich** (*Second Tune*).

8.33.6. D.

Warum sollt ich mich denn grämen.

J. G. EBELING, 1666.



RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker ;
 Angels praise,
 Join thy lays,
 With them be partaker :
 Father, Lord of every spirit,
 In thy might
 Lead me right,
 Through my Saviour's merit.

2 O my Lord, be ever near me,
 For thy rest,
 For thy feast,
 More and more prepare me ;
 Still assure me of my calling,
 Kept by thee,
 Let me be
 Saved from final falling.

3 Thou this night wast my protector ;
 With me stay
 All the day,
 Ever my director.
 Holy, holy, holy Giver
 Of all good,
 Life and food,
 Reign adored for ever.

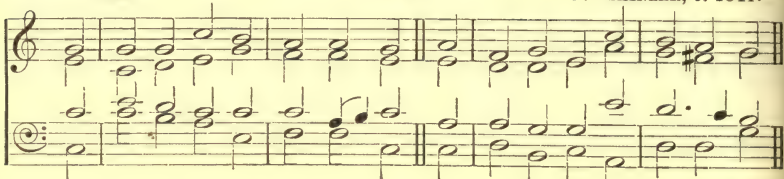
(1, 3) 1740 ; (2) 1742. *J. Cennick.*

Mainzer (*First Tune*).

L.M.

733

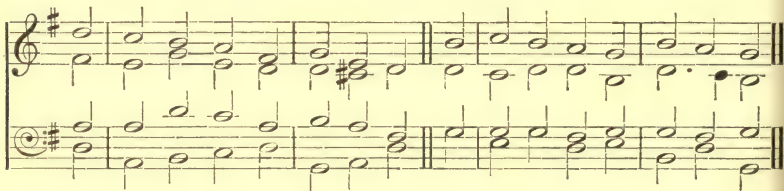
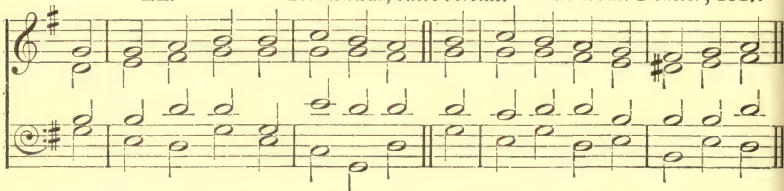
J. MAINZER, c. 1841.

**Commandments** (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

Lève le cœur, ouvre l'oreille.

L. BOURGEOIS (?).

Genevan Psalter, 1547.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have
Suggest whate'er I think or say, [me do ;
Direct me in the narrow way.

- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide ;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from thee.

- 3 Enrich me alway with thy love,
My kind protector ever prove ;
Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

- 4 Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey ;
What thou abhorrest, let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

- 5 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil ;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

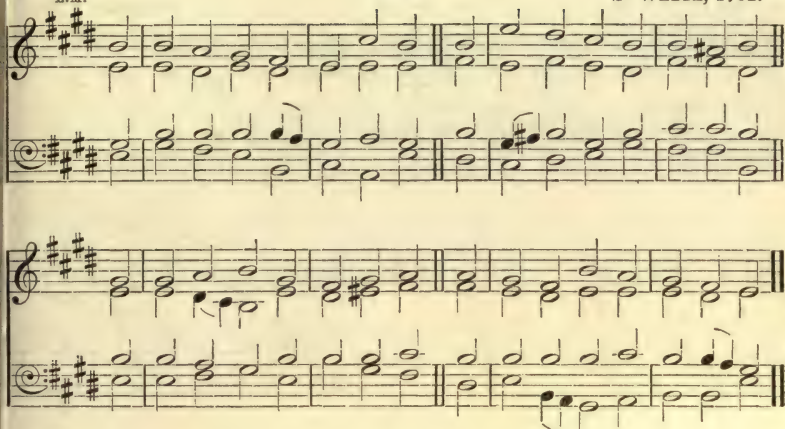
1740. *J. Cennick, a.*

Melcombe.

734

L. M.

S. WEBBE, 1782.



NEW every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove,
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life and power and thought.

2 New mercies each returning day
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask,
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

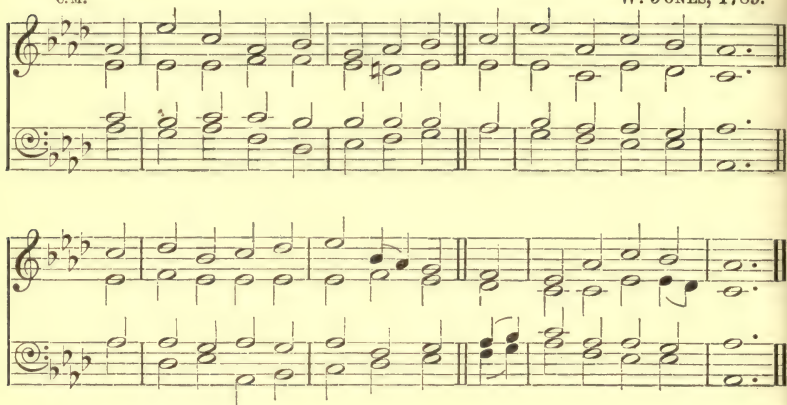
1822. *J. Keble.*

St. Stephen.

735

C.M.

W. JONES, 1789.



WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
 By stealth, unseals mine eye,
 Draws back the curtain of the night,
 And opens earth and sky?

2 'Tis thine, my God, the same that kept
 My resting hours from harm;
 No ill came nigh me, for I slept
 Beneath the Almighty's arm.

3 'Tis thine, my daily bread that brings,
 Like manna scattered round,
 And clothes me, as the lily springs
 In beauty from the ground.

4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
 And gave my pulse to beat;
 That bare me oft through flood and flame,
 Through tempest, cold and heat.

5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
 'Twould there my steps attend,
 Guide with thy staff my lonely way,
 And with thy rod defend.

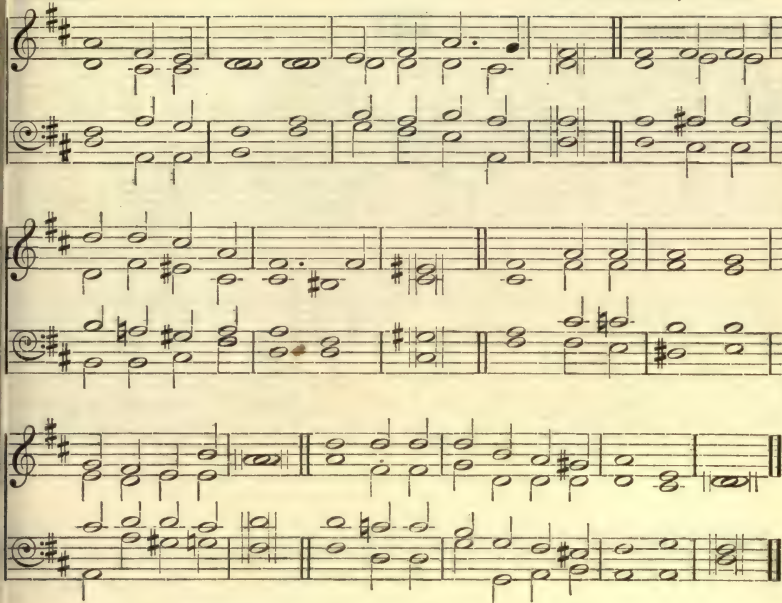
6 May that dear hand uphold me still
 Through life's uncertain race,
 To bring me to thy holy hill
 And to thy dwelling-place.

1825. *J. Montgomery.*

Dalkeith.

10.10.10.10.

T. HEWLETT, c. 1866.



FATHER of lights, again these new-born rays
 That flush the kindling east bespeak our praise :
 Shine on our hearts, true Light of Life, that we
 May mirror back thy light and shine for thee.

- 2 God of the day ! teach us to walk in light
 With*guileless hearts, as in our Father's sight :
 To hate the works of darkness, and to be
 True to ourselves, our fellow-man, and thee.
- 3 God of our time ! thy latest gift—this day,
 We render back to thee, and humbly lay
 Upon thine altar : consecrate its hours,
 That we may work thy will with all our powers.
- 4 God of our home ! we own thee Master here,
 May all be ordered in thy faith and fear ;
 Unseen but felt, O may thy presence prove
 The bond of peace, the pledge of joy and love.
- 5 And when, at last, life's eventide shall come,
 And the night gathers round our earthly home,
 O be thy face unveiled, our morning star,
 Herald of dawn in sunnier climes afar.

1885. W. H. M. H. Aitken.

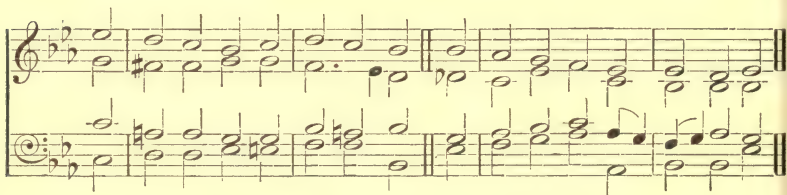
EVENING.

St. Anatólius.

737

76.76.88.

A. H. BROWN, 1862.

*τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών. 8th Cent. Anatólius.*

THE day is past and over ;
 All thanks, O Lord, to thee ;
 I pray thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over ;
 I lift my heart to thee,
 And call on thee that sinless
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over ;
 I raise the hymn to thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be thou my soul's preserver,
 O God ! for thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go :
 Lover of men ! O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.

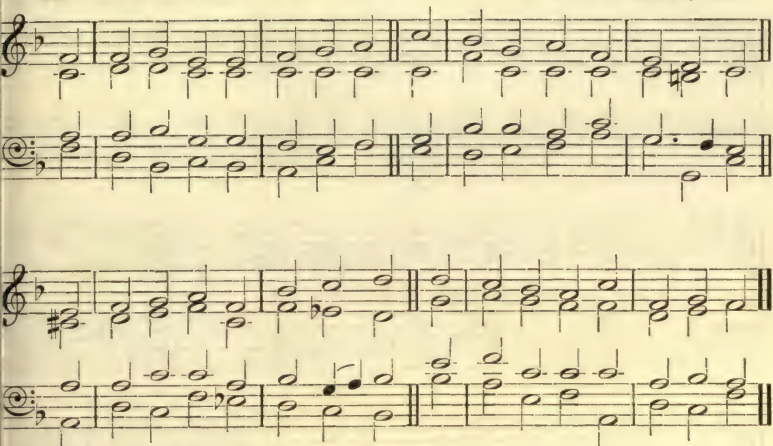
1853. J. M. Neale, a.

Woolmer's.

738

L.M.

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1861.



(1, 2) *Práci denní vykonavše.* 1561. *J. Blahoslav.*
Weil dieser Tag vergangen ist. 1566. *P. Klantendorffer.*
 (3) 1705. *E. Neumeister.*

1.

ANOTHER day is at an end,
 And night doth now its shade extend ;
 To thee, O Lord our hearts we raise,
 And thee for every mercy praise.

2.

Yet we are of defects aware ;
 Forgive them, Lord, thy children spare ;
 Our souls be precious in thy sight,
 Take us into thy care this night.

3.

Now we'll lie down and sweetly sleep,
 Lord Jesus, in thy fellowship ;
 Thus, under thy protection blest,
 Will soul and body safely rest.

(1, 2) 1754. *M.* ; (3) 1789. *F. W. Foster.*

Integer Vitae.

11.11.11.5.

739

F. F. FLEMMING (comp. c. 1810).

*Die Nacht ist kommen. 1566. P. Herbert.*

NOW God be with us, for the night is closing ;
 The light and darkness are of his disposing,
 And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us,
 For he will shield us.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us ;
 Till morning cometh, watch, Protector, o'er us ;
 In soul and body thou from harm defend us ;
 Thine angels send us.
- 3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us ;
 Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us ;
 All day serve thee, in all that we are doing
 Thy praise pursuing.
- 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
 Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us ;
 But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
 Who seek thee only.
- 5 Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom given,
 Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven ;
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us now and ever.

1863. *Catherine Winkworth.*

Genevan Psalm 42.

87.87.77.88.

740

Ainsi que la biche rée.

L. BOURGEOIS (?).

Genevan Psalter, 1551.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines, with some notes beamed together. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second and third systems also end with double bar lines and repeat dots.

Werde munter, mein Gemüthe. 1642. J. Rist.

AUTHOR of the whole creation,
 Light of light, eternal Word,
 Soul and body's preservation
 I commit to thee, O Lord :
 My Redeemer, dwell in me,
 Let me sleep and wake with thee,
 And perceive thy benediction
 Both in joy and in affliction.

2 When I close mine eyes in slumber,
 And my senses are asleep,
 Let my waking heart the number
 Of thy mercies tell and keep ;
 Fill me with thy sacred love,
 That I dream of things above,
 And bestow on me the favour
 Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
 Whether open or unknown,
 Thus removing that oppression
 Under which I else should groan :
 I confess the guilt of sin,
 But thy blood can make me clean ;
 Hear my earnest prayer, O hear me :
 Lord, thou hearest, thou art near me.

1722. J. C. Jacobi, a.

Tallis's Canon.

741

L. M.

T. TALLIS, 1567.



ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done,
 That with the world, myself and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

5 O may my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

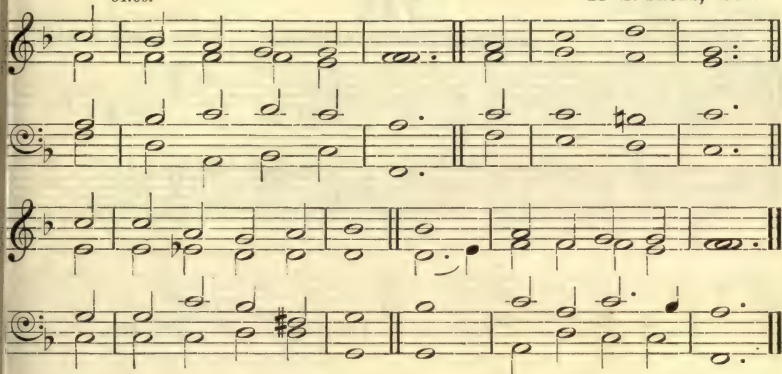
6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

1695 ; a. 1709. T. Ken.

St. Columba (*First Tune*).

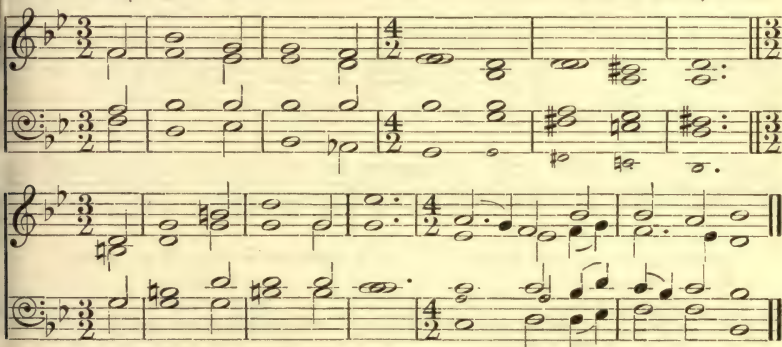
64.66.

H. S. IRONS, 1861.

Baverbill (*Second Tune*).

64.66.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

- *Sol praeceps rapitur.* 18th Cent.

- T**HE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge
In whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest—

- Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,
- 5 Save that his will be done
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me,
- 7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine;
Myself for ever his,
And he for ever mine.

1858. *E. Caswall.*

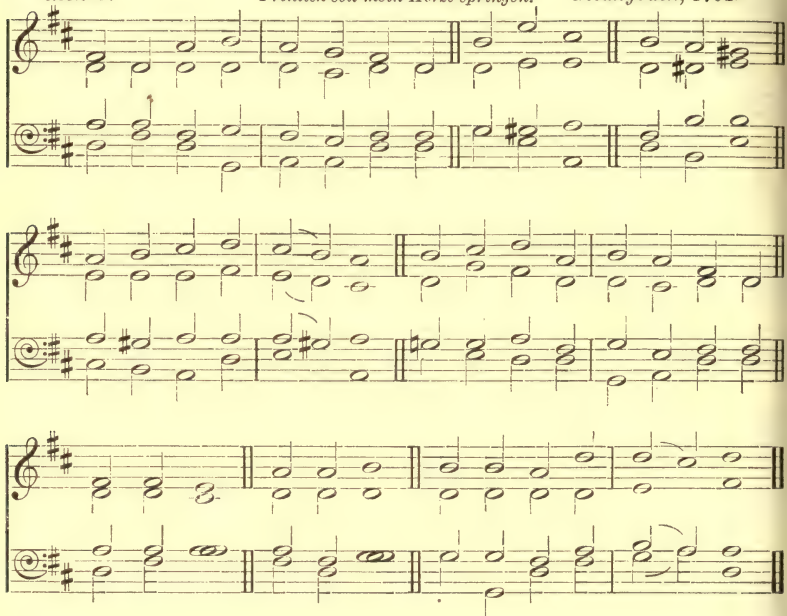
Fröhlich soll.

8.33.6. D.

743

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1704.



ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
O my Lord, what shall I render
To thy name,
Still the same,
Merciful and tender?

2 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In thy way ;
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.
Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let thy peace
Be my bliss,
*Till thou hence remove me

3 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all thy power.
So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

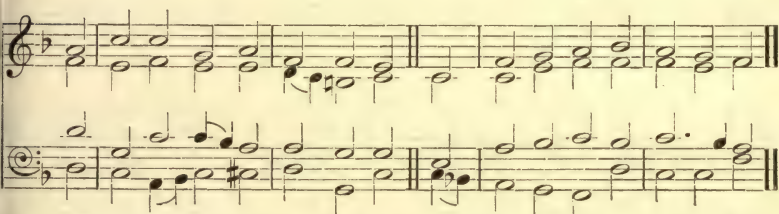
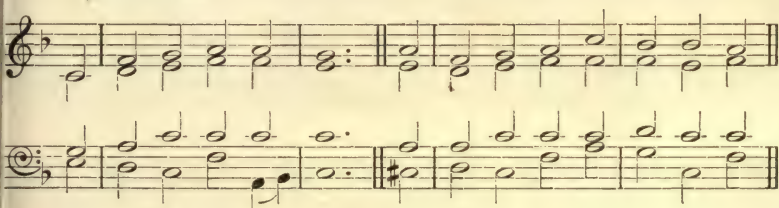
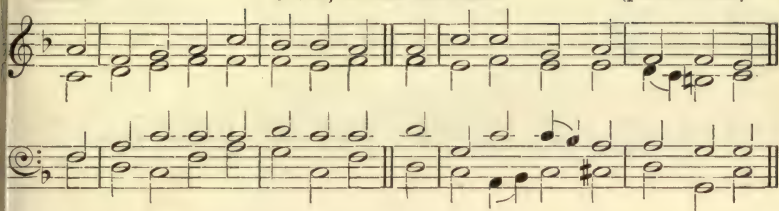
1740. J. Cennick.

Innsbruck.
886.888.

744

O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.

H. ISAAC, 1539.
(posthumous.)



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 156.]

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day ;
Abide, my Lord, with me ;
And in the morning when I wake,
Me under thy protection take ;
Thus day and night I spend with thee.

1743. *J. Cennick, a.*

SPECIAL SEASONS AND SERVICES.

Drese. (Later form of melody.)

55.88.55.

745

Seelenbräutigam.

A. DRESE, 1698.

[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 307.]

Blut'ger Schmerzensmann! 1755. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

JESUS, hear our prayer,
 For thy children care;
 While we sleep, protect and bless us,
 With thy pardon now refresh us,
 Leave thy peace divine
 With us, we are thine.

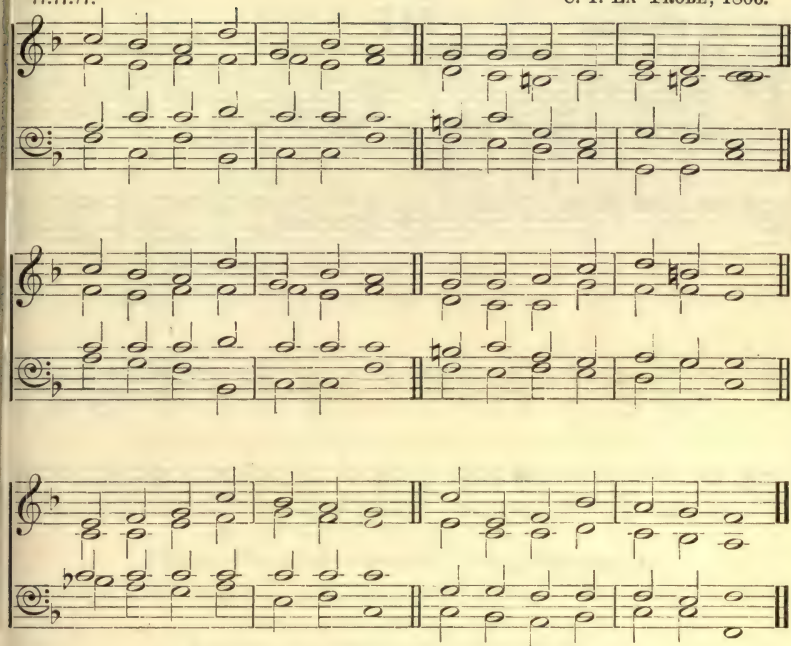
1769. M.; *re ad* 1789. J. Swertner.

Newton.

746

C. I. LA TROBE, 1806.

77.77.77.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 725.]

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On the approaching Sabbath day,
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies, multiplied each hour,
 Through the week, our praise demand,
 Guarded by almighty power,
 Fed and guided by thy hand ;
 Now from worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear ;
 And may all our Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of the joys above.

1774. *J. Newton, a.*

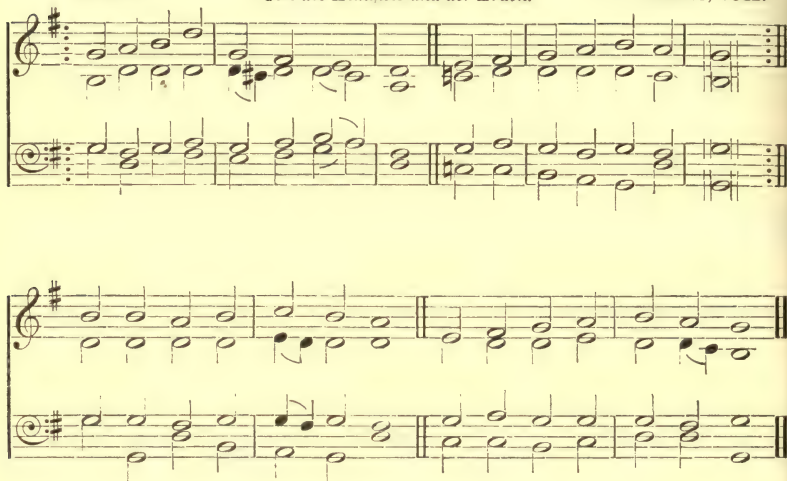
Gott des Himmels.

747

87.87.77.

Gott des Himmels und der Erden.

H. ALBERT, 1642.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 190.]

1.

THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest :
 Jesus, thou our guardian be,
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
 In thine arms may we repose ;
 And when life's brief day is past,
 Rest with thee in heaven at last.

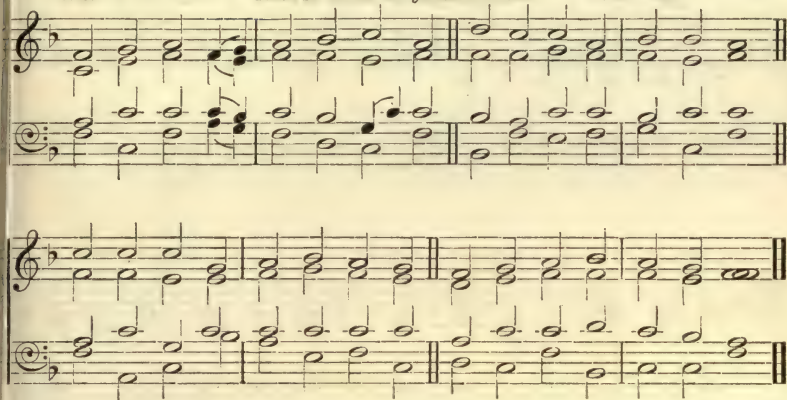
1806. *T. Kelly.*

Ringe Recht.
87.87.

748

Glick zu Kreuz von ganzem Herzen.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.),
1735—45.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 243.]

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing :
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

4 Father, to thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign ;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as thine.

5 Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

(1-3) 1820. *J. Edmeston* ; (4, 5) 1876. *E. H. Rickersteth*.

Bursley (*First Tune*).

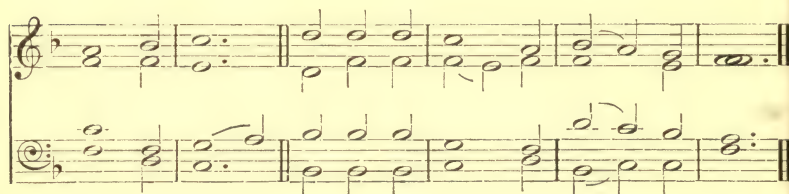
L.M.

749

Grosser Gott, dich loben wir.

Katholisches Gesangbuch,

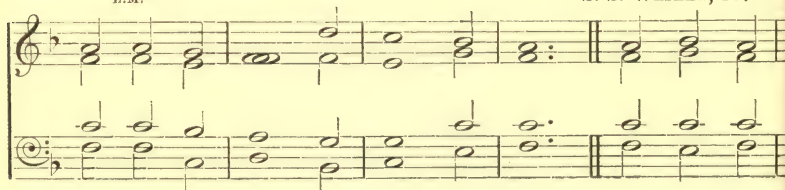
Vienna, 1774—80.

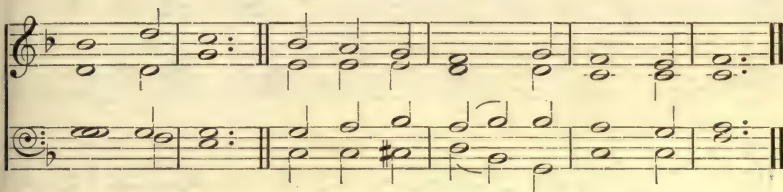


Winscott (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.





SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if thou be near;
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

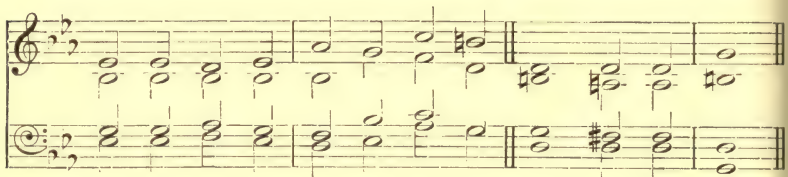
1827. J. Keble.

Bury.

84.84.8884.

750

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

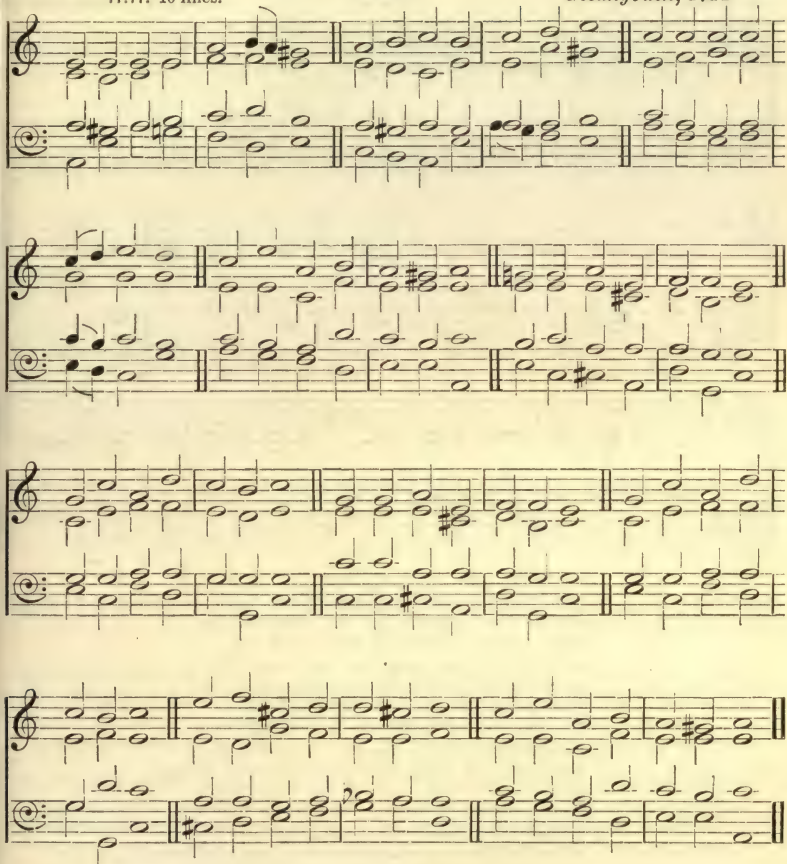
(2) *Salva nos, Domine, vigilantes.*

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light,
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night,—
 May thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
 And, when we die,
 May we, in thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie.
 When the last dread trump shall wake us,
 Do not thou, our Lord, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us
 With thee on high.

Gott, den ich als Liebe kenne. 751

77.77. 10 lines.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S
Gesangbuch, 1714.

FATHER, by thy love and power
 Comes again the evening hour ;
 Light has vanished, labours cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace ;
 Thou, whose genial dews distil
 On the lowliest weed that grows,
 Father, guard our couch from ill,
 Lull thy children to repose :
 We to thee ourselves resign,
 Let our latest thoughts be thine.

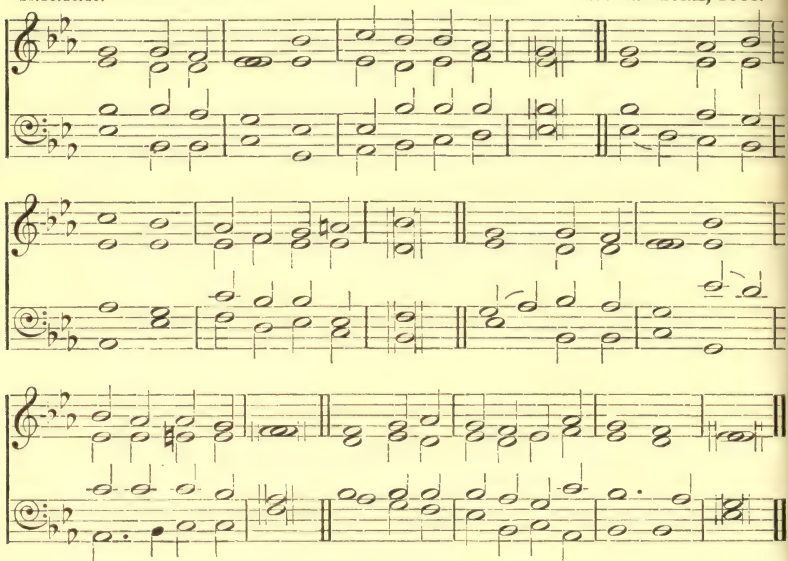
2 Father in thy love be near
 Through the hours of darkness drear ;
 Then when shrinks the lonely heart,
 Thou, O God, most present art.
 With the Son and Holy Ghost,
 Watch o'er our defenceless head ;
 Let thy angels' guardian-host
 Keep all evil from our bed,
 Till the flood of morning rays
 Wakes us to a song of praise.

Eventide.

10.10.10.10.

752

W. H. MONK, 1861.



ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

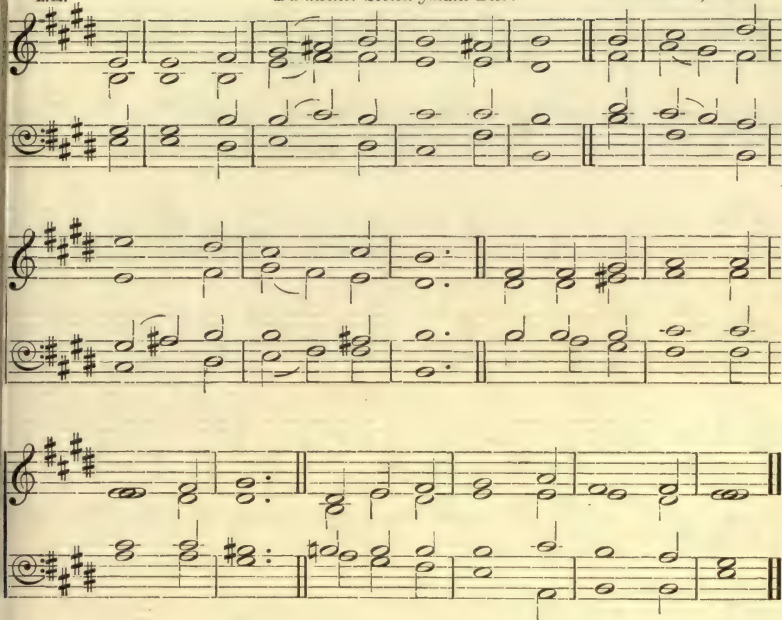
- 2 Swift to its close ebb's out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see :
 O thou, who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 4 I need thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 5 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 6 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

1847. H. F. Lyte.

Angelus.

L. M.

753

*Du meiner Seelen güldne Zier.*Derived from
G. JOSEPH, 1657.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O in what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes díspel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt,
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only thou canst cast them out;

5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

7 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

8 Thy touch-has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall:
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

1868. H. Twells.



FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
 May our evening song be telling
 Of thy mercy large and free.
 Through the day thy love has fed us,
 Through the day thy care has led us,
 With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour,
 Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
 Envy, pride, and vanity ;
 From the world, the flesh, deliver,
 Save us now, and save us ever,
 O thou Lamb of Calvary !

3 From enticements of the devil,
 From the might of spirits evil,
 Be our shield and panoply ;
 Let thy power this night defend us,
 And a heavenly peace attend us,
 And angelic company.

4 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
 Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
 With thine own serenity ;
 Softly let the eyes be closing,
 Loving souls on thee reposing,
 Ever blessed Trinity.

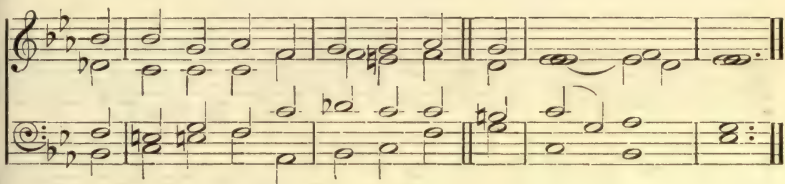
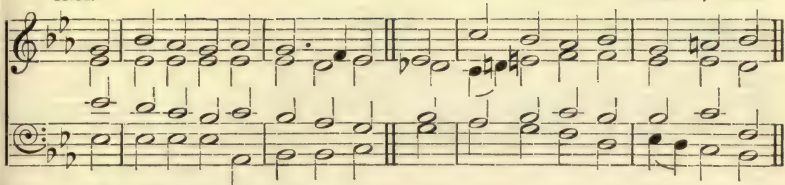
1853. *G. Rawson.*

St. Gabriel.

755

88.84.

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1868.



THE radiant morn hath passed away,
 And spent too soon her golden store;
 The shadows of departing day
 Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
 Its glorious noon how quickly past;—
 Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
 Safe home at last.

3 O by thy soul-inspiring grace
 Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
 Help us to look to that bright place
 Beyond the sky,

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall;
 Where thou, Eternal Light of Light,
 Art Lord of all!

1864. G. Thring.

MARRIAGE.

St. George.

756

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.

S.M.



HOW welcome was the call,
 And sweet the festal lay,
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
 To bless the marriage day!

- 2 And happy was the bride,
 And glad the bridegroom's heart,
 For he who tarried at their side
 Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 O Lord of life and love,
 Come thou again to-day,
 And bring a blessing from above
 That ne'er shall pass away.
- 4 Before thy gracious throne
 This mercy we implore:
 As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore.

1861. H. W. Baker.

Pearsall.

76.76. D.

757

*Singt, Heilig, heilig, heilig.*R. L. DE PEARSALL, 1863
(posthumous).

O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by thee made happy,
A love by thee kept true.

2 O Saviour, guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day thy presence
With those who call on thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them in the tasting
To know the gift is thine.

3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in thy pureness,
So tender in thy love,
That, guarded by thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by thee.

4 Except thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in thee made one;
And love thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

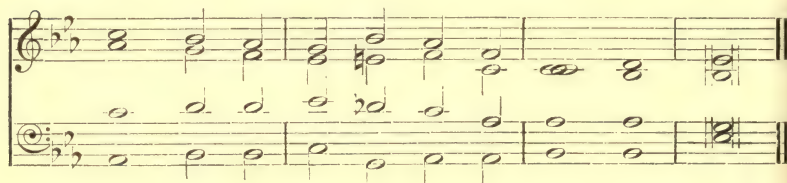
1876. J. Ellerton.

O Perfect Love.

11.10.11.10. Iambic.

758

J. BARNBY, 1889.



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O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
 That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
 Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

- 2 O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
 Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.

1883. Dorothy F. Gurney.

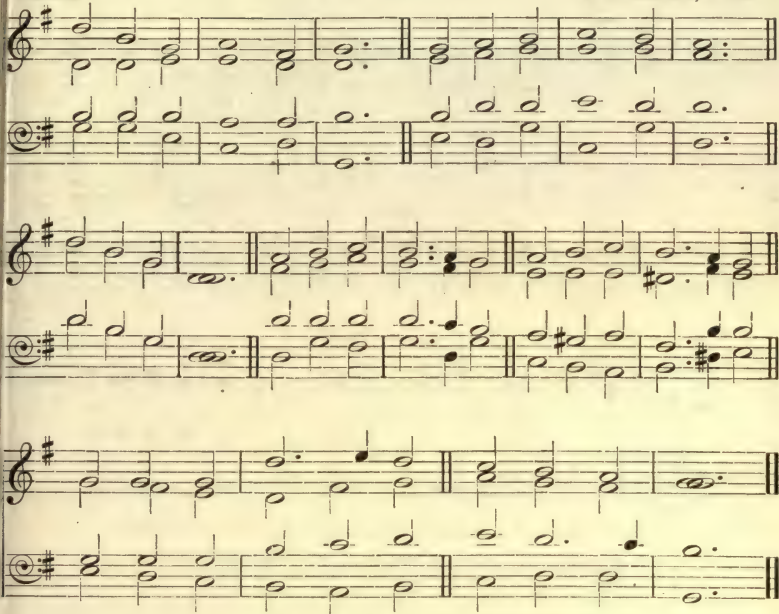
PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

759

Moscow.

664.6664.

F. GIARDINI, 1769.



Στοιμίον πώλων ἀδαῶν. * c. 200. *Clement of Alexandria.* (See No. 802.)

- S**HEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways ;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To tell thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife :
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

- 3 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song :
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial Word,
Lead us where thou hast trod ;
Make our faith strong.
- 4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing :
Children, and the glad throng,
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

1846. *H. M. Dexter.*

Welwyn.

11.10.11.10. Iambic.

760

Sir A. SCOTT-GATTY, 1900.

*O selig Haus, wo man dich aufgenommen.* 1833. C. J. P. Spitta.

O HAPPY home, where thou art loved the dearest,
 Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
 And where among the guests there never cometh
 One who can hold such high and honoured place!

2 O happy home, where two in heart united
 In holy faith and blessed hope are one,
 Whom death a little while alone divideth,
 And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
 Early to thee, in humble faith and prayer,
 To thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
 Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

4 O happy home, where each one serves thee, lowly,
 Whatever his appointed work may be,
 Till every common task seems great and holy,
 When it is done, O Lord, as unto thee!

5 O happy home, where thou art not forgotten
 When joy is overflowing, full and free,
 O happy home, where every wounded spirit
 Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to thee,—

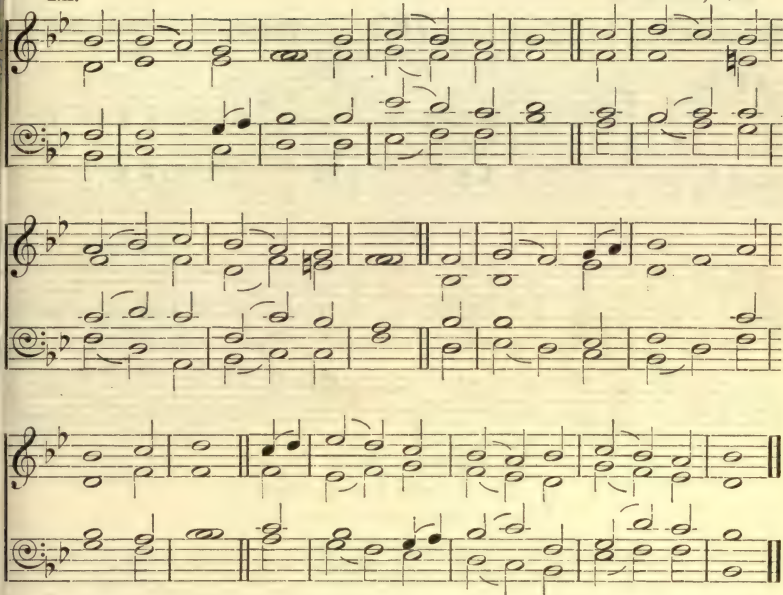
6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
 All meet thee in the blessed home above,
 From whence thou camest, where thou hast ascended,
 Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

Wareham.

761 AND 762

L.M.

W. KNAPP, 1738.



O LORD, with thankful hearts we meet
Once more before thy mercy-seat,
To offer thee our humble prayer
For all the children of our care.

2 'Tis thine, O Lord, alone to bless
Our feeble efforts with success ;

And while we teach, O grant that we
May every one be taught of thee.

3 Oft as we speak of Jesus' love,
Send down thy blessing from above ;
That all who thus thy day employ,
And sow in tears, may reap in joy.

1840. Anon. in 'Sunday School Hymn Book.'

THANKSGIVING OF MOTHERS.

762

Du Vater über alles das. 1726. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

O LORD, who number'st all our days,
Who guardest us in all our ways,
In whom we live, and move, and are,
Who know'st our wants, and hearest
prayer ;—

2 To this thy handmaid grant thy peace,
Who comes to offer thanks and praise
To thee, her faithful covenant-God,
For the support thou hast bestowed.

3 O Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
Both child and mother bless and keep ;

May they enjoy in their degree
The fruits of thy humanity.

4 Endow the parents with thy love,
And give them wisdom from above
To educate this child for thee,
As thy redeemed property.

5 Grant us and all our children grace,
So here on earth to run our race,
That we in heaven may meet, and sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King.

1801. J. Swertner.

SPECIAL SEASONS AND SERVICES.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

Herrnhut.

77.77.

763

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.),

Jesu, komm doch selbst zu mir.

1735—45.



Jesu ew'ge Sonne. 1657. J. Scheffler.

LORD, the gifts thou dost bestow
Can refresh and cheer us too;
But no gift can to the heart
Be what thou, our Saviour, art.

1789. J. Sværtner.

Bedford.

C.M.

764

W. WHEALL, c. 1720.



THEE we address in humble prayer,
 Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown ;
 Father of all, thy children hear,
 And send a blessing down.

1739. C. Wesley, a.

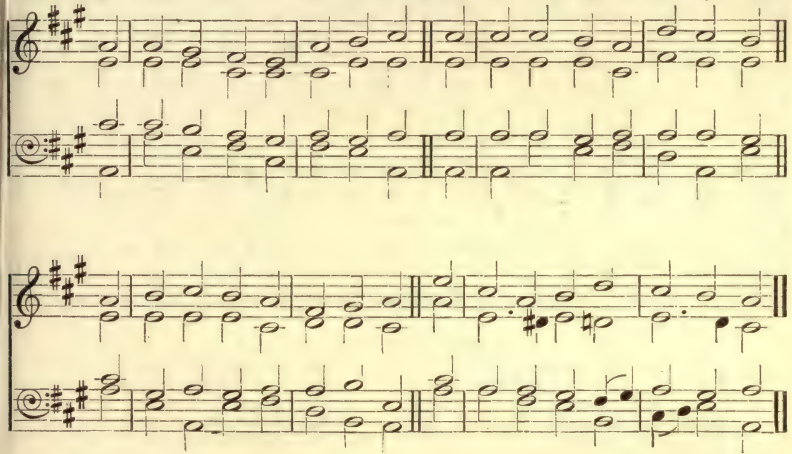
765

Old Hundredth.

L. M.

Or sus, serviteurs (Ps. 134).

L. BOURGEOIS (?).
Genevan Psalter, 1551.



BE present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and everywhere adored ;
 These creatures bless, and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with thee.

2 We bless thee, Lord, for this our food,
 But more because of Jesus' blood ;
 Let manna to our souls be given,
 The bread of life sent down from heaven.

1740. J. Cennick, a.

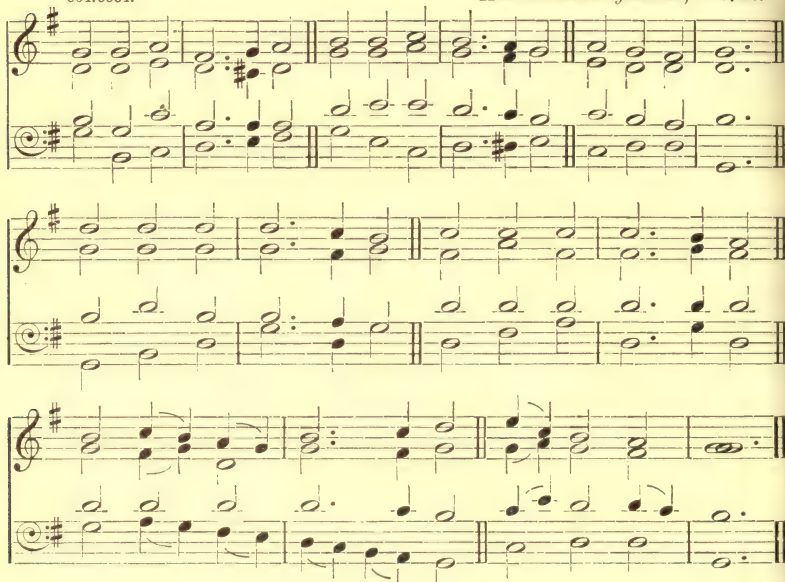
NATIONAL.

National Anthem.

664.6664.

766 AND 767

Origin uncertain.

Harmonia Anglicana, c. 1743.*O Deus Optime. 1688. Anon.*

GOD save our gracious King ;
 Long live our noble King ;
 God save the King !
 Send him victorious
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us :
 God save the King !

2 Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour ;
 Long may he reign ;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 ' God save the King !'

c. 1700. Anon. ; a. 1740. H. Carey.

767

GOD bless our native land !
 May heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard our shore ;
 May peace her sway extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's power depend
 On war no more.

2 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our isle.
 Home of the brave and free,
 Thou land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind heaven may smile.

3 And not this land alone,
 But be thy mercies known
 From shore to shore.
 Lord, make the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family,
 The wide world o'er.

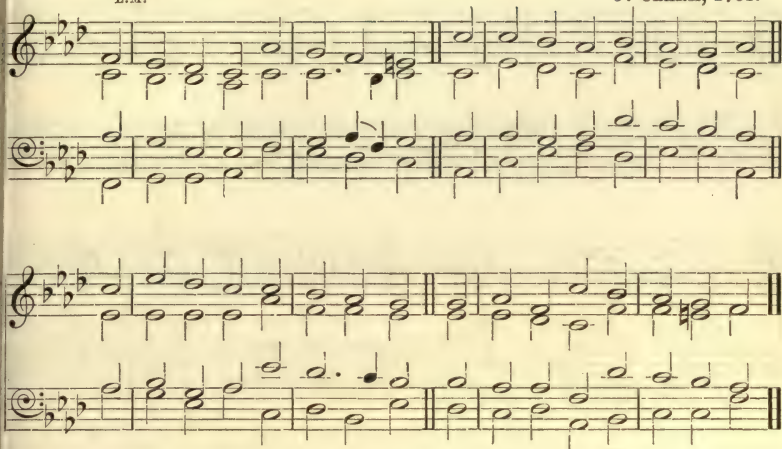
1836. *W. E. Hickson.*

768

Uffingham (St. Luke).

L.M.

J. CLARK, 1701.



GREAT God of heaven and earth, arise,
 And hear our loud, united cries ;
 See Britain bow before thy face,
 Throughout her isles, and seek thy grace.

- 2 Our trust is not in mortal hosts,
 Nor in the fleets that guard our coasts :
 Thine is the land, and thine the main,
 And human force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
 On every shore, on every town ;
 But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
 And lay thy lifted thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,
 And purge our land from all its crimes ;
 Reformed and decked with grace divine,
 Let princes, priests and people shine.

1740. P. Doddridge.

Magdalen College.

769

886.386.

W. HAYES, c. 1774.



UPON our King's anointed head,
 O Lord, thy choicest blessings shed,
 Defend him graciously ;
 Preserve him in thy fear and love,
 Give him true wisdom from above,
 To rule as pleaseth thee.

2 Be thou his great reward and shield ;
 To him thy promised succour yield ;
 Support him by thy grace :
 On all the royal family,
 Send down, O Lord, prosperity,
 And thine shall be the praise.

3 Our country with thy favour bless ;
 'Stablish the throne in righteousness ;
 Let wisdom hold the helm ;
 The counsels of our senate guide ;
 Let justice in our courts preside :
 Rule thou, and guard the realm.

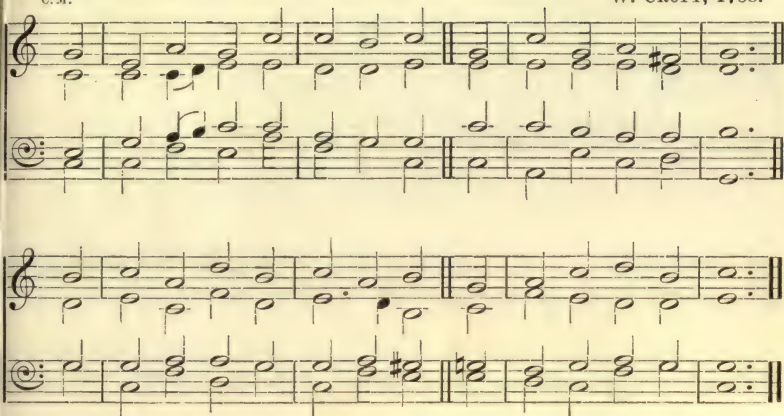
1809. *F. W. Foster, a.*

St. Anne.

770

C. M.

W. CROFT, 1708.



LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land,
 The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
 And here our kindred dwell,
 Our children too; how should we love
 Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe;
 With peace our borders bless;
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
 Our country we commend;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting Friend.

1837. J. R. Wreford.

Brockham.

771

L.M.

J. CLARK, 1709 (posthumous).



PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
 Prepared of old our glorious land,
 A garden fenced with silver sea,
 A people prosperous, strong, and free.

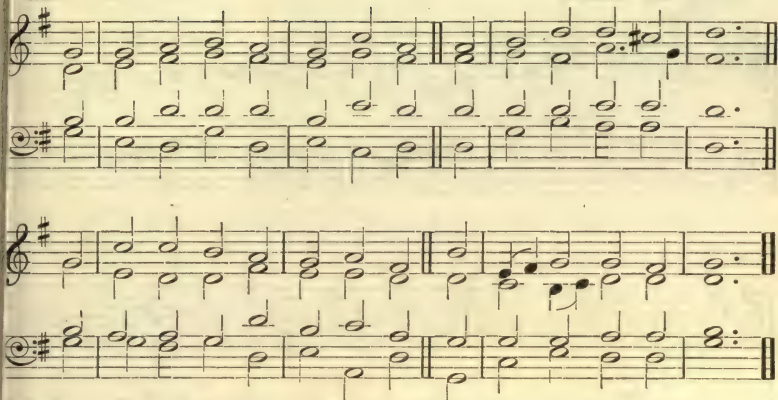
- 2 Praise to our God ; through all our past
 His mighty arm hath held us fast,
 Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
 Have brought the rich and peaceful years.
- 3 Praise to our God ; the vine he set
 Within our coasts is fruitful yet ;
 On many a shore her offshoots grow ;
 'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.
- 4 Praise to our God ; his power alone
 Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
 Sustained by counsels wise and just,
 And guarded by a people's trust.
- 5 Praise to our God ; who still forbears,
 Who still this sinful nation spares ;
 Who calls us still to seek his face,
 And lengthens out our day of grace.
- 6 Praise to our God ; though chastenings stern
 Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
 His rod and staff, from age to age,
 Shall rule and guide his heritage !

1870. J. Ellerton.

Farrant.

C. M.

772

Adapted from R. FARRANT (?),
c. 1530—80.

BEFORE A PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.

O GOD, who holdest in thy hand
The islands of the sea ;
Whose bounty makes our native land
So glorious, great, and free ;

2 We bless thee for thy guardian care,
Who dost our foes restrain,
And for the freedom, large and fair,
Our fathers died to gain.

3 Now bend our hearts to thy command,
And grant us wisdom true
To know the times, and understand
What England ought to do.

4 The heat of party strife abate,
And teach us how to choose
Good men and wise to guide the State—
The evil to refuse.

5 Let all our chosen rulers hail
The kingdom of thy Son,
And strive that virtue may prevail,
That justice may be done ;

7 That so the land thou deign'st to bless
May flourish, all our days,
In freedom, peace, and righteousness ;
And thine shall be the praise.

1885. *T. G. Crippen.*

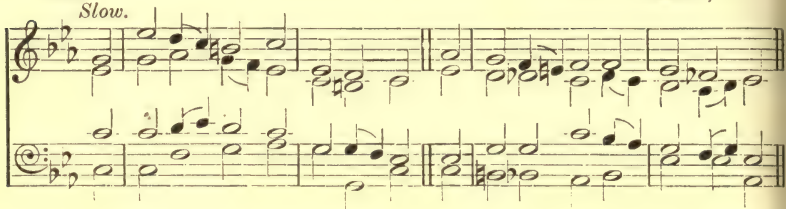
Brecknock (*First Tune*).

773

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

88.88.88.

Slow.

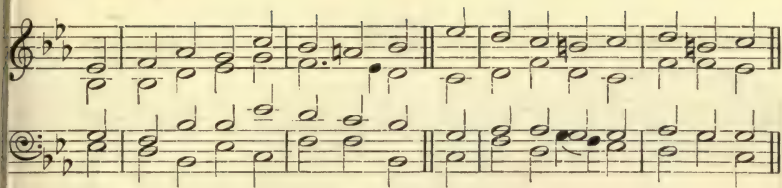


● **Herre Gott** (*Second Tune*).

88.88.88.

C. GREGOR's *Choralbuch*, 1784.





GOD of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine,—
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

- 2 The tumult and the shouting dies ;
 The captains and the kings depart ;
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !
- 3 Far-called, our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire ;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

- 4 For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust
 And guarding calls not thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on thy people, Lord !

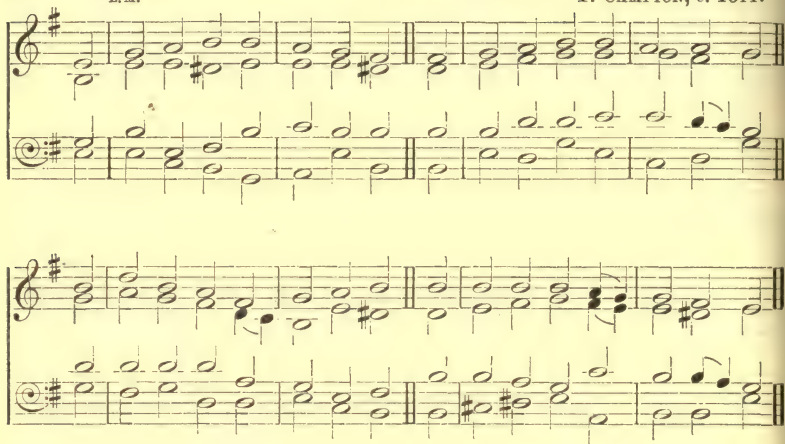
1897. *R. Kipling.*

Babylon's Streams.

774

L. M.

T. CAMPION, c. 1611.



IN TIME OF WAR.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
 Make wars throughout the world to cease;
 The wrath of sinful man restrain:
 Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
 The wonders that our fathers told;
 Remember not our sin's dark stain;
 Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
 Where rest but on thy faithful word?
 None ever called on thee in vain;
 Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
 All hearts are knit in holy love;
 O bind us in that heavenly chain:
 Give peace, O God, give peace again.

1861. H. W. Baker.

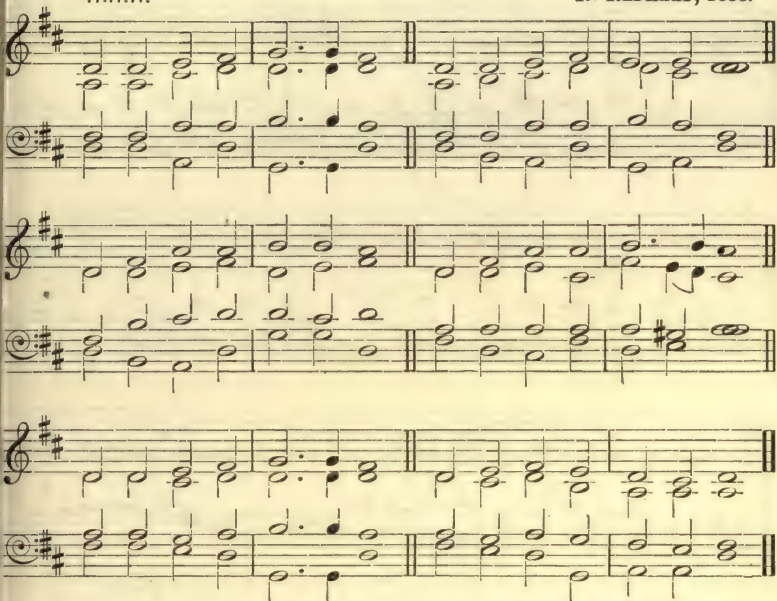
THE SICK AND HOSPITALS.

Petra (Redhead 76).

775

R. REDHEAD, 1853.

77.77.77.

[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 654².]*O Herr, sei du mein Zuversicht. 1661. J. A. Comenius.*

WHEN my lips can frame no sound,
 Saviour be my faith's sure ground ;
 When my ears no longer hear,
 May my spirit know thee near ;
 When my eyes no longer see,
 May my soul still rest in thee !

2 Lord, I trust my soul to thee,
 Let thy grace abide with me ;
 By the suffering thou hast known,
 Purge my sin before the throne ;
 Let my conscience deep within
 Feel that I am cleansed from sin.

3 Faithful God, I pray again,
 Give me patience in my pain,
 For Christ's sake grant soft release,
 Let thy servant pass in peace ;
 Then with all thy saints above
 Let me praise thy boundless love.

1903. J. N. Libbey, a.

SPECIAL SEASONS AND SERVICES.

St. Matthew.

C. M. D.

776

W. CROFT, 1708.



THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave ;
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper, with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo ! thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight ;
And youth renewed, and frenzy calmed,
Owned thee, the Lord of light ;

And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With thine almighty breath ;
To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

1864. E. H. Plumptre.

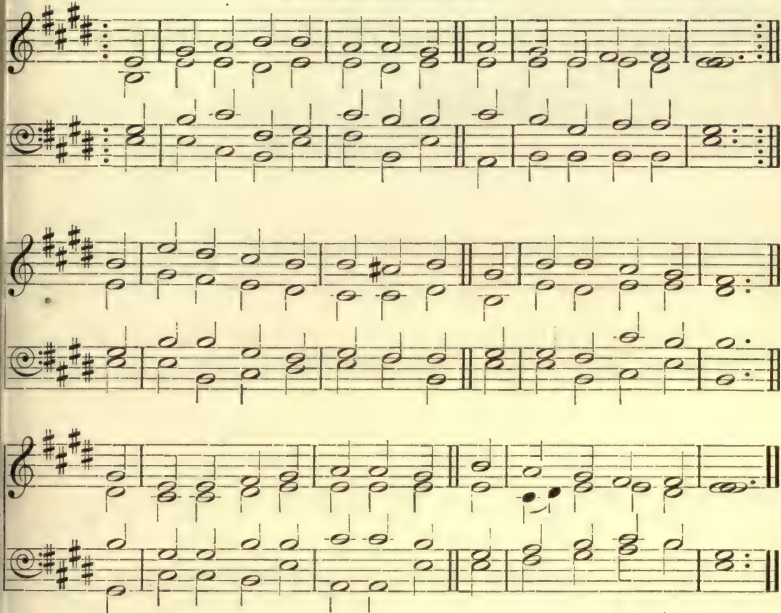
St. Simon.

777

C. M. D.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen.

J. CRÜGER, 1653.



FROM thee all skill and science flow,
 All pity, care, and love,
 All calm and courage, faith and hope ;
 O pour them from above ;
 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
 As each and all shall need,
 To rise like incense, each to thee,
 In noble thought and deed.

2 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
 When pain and death shall cease,
 And thy just rule shall fill the earth
 With health and light and peace ;
 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
 And ever green the sod,
 And man's rude work deface no more
 The Paradise of God.

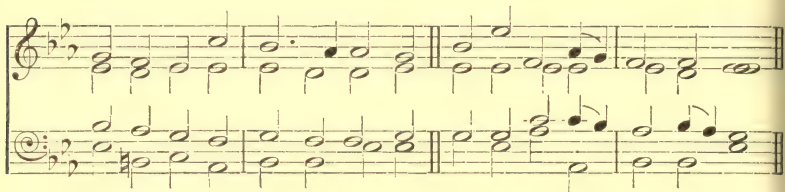
1870. C. Kingsley.

Calvary.

87.87.77.

778

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.



THOU to whom the sick and dying
 Ever came, nor came in vain,
 Still with healing words replying
 To the wearied cry of pain,
 Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
 Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care ;
 On thy higher help relying,
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart,
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant to thy mercy-seat.

4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
 To thy healing power yield,
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
 One in thee together meet,
 Pardoned at thy judgment-seat.

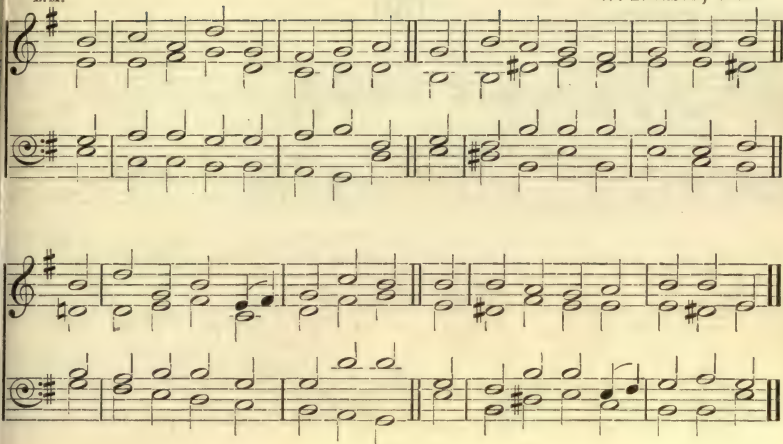
1870. *G. Thring.*

Nelson.

779

L. M.

W. NELSON, 1854.



O THOU through suffering perfect made,
 On whom the bitter cross was laid,
 In hours of sickness, grief, and pain
 No sufferer turns to thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind
 Sought not in vain thy tendance kind;
 Now in thy poor thyself we see,
 And minister through them to thee.

3 O loving Saviour, thou canst cure
 The pains and woes thou didst endure;
 For all who need, Physician great,
 Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But O, far more, let each keen pain
 And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
 Each stroke of thy chastising rod
 Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

5 O heal the bruised heart within;
 O save our souls all sick with sin;
 Give life and health in bounteous store,
 That we may praise thee evermore.

1871. W. W. How.

TRAVELLERS.

Tallis's Ordinal.

780

C.M.

T. TALLIS, 1567.



BLEST be that sacred covenant-love,
 Uniting though we part ;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.

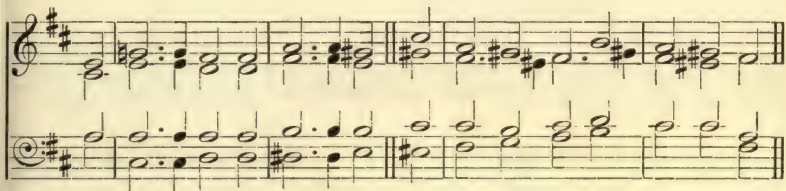
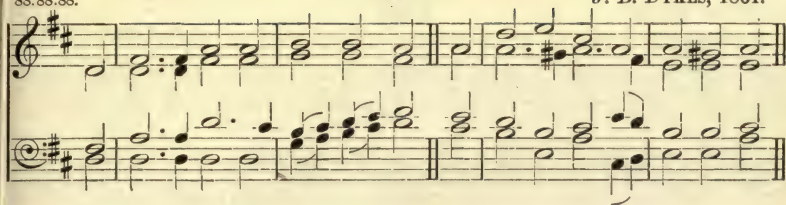
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go,
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk with him,
 And nothing know beside,
 Nought else desire, nought else esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part
 Those who, enjoying Jesus' grace,
 In him are one in heart.
- 5 Soon will he wipe off every tear,
 On Canaan's blissful shore,
 Where all who friends in Jesus are,
 Shall meet to part no more.

1742. C. Wesley, a.

Melita.

88.88.88.

J. B. DYKES, 1861.



[A lower setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 783.]

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep ;
 O hear us when we cry to thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Saviour ! whose almighty word
 The winds and waves submissive heard,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amid its rage didst sleep ;
 O hear us when we cry to thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,
 Who bad'st its angry tumult cease
 And gavest light, and life and peace ;
 O hear us when we cry to thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
 And ever let there rise to thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

1860. W. Whiting.

Verbum Pacis.

782

66.84.

G. Lomas, 1876.



WITH the sweet word of peace,
 We bid our brethren go;—
 Peace as a river to increase,
 And ceaseless flow.

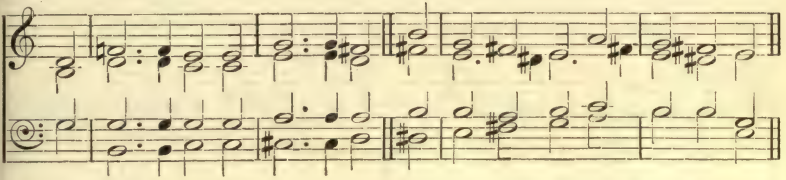
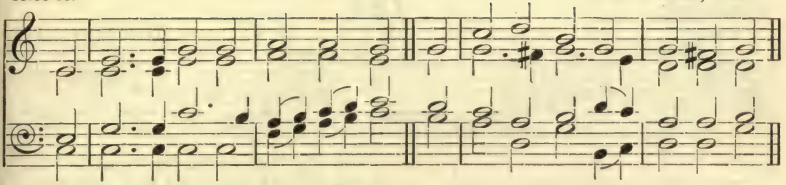
- 2 With the calm word of prayer
 We earnestly commend
 Our brethren to thy watchful care,
 Eternal Friend.
- 3 With the dear word of love
 We give our brief farewell;
 Our love below, and thine above,
 With them shall dwell.
- 4 With the strong word of faith
 We stay ourselves on thee,
 That thou, O Lord, in life and death
 Their help shalt be.
- 5 Then the bright word of hope
 Shall on our parting gleam,
 And tell of joys beyond the scope
 Of earth-born dream.
- 6 Farewell! in hope and love,
 In faith and peace and prayer;
 Till he whose home is ours above
 Unite us there.

1867. G. Watson, a.

Melita.
88.88.88.

783

J. B. DYKES, 1861.



[A higher setting of this Tune will be found at Hymn 781.]

GREAT Ruler of the land and sea,
Almighty God, we come to thee,
Able to succour and to save
From perils of the wind and wave.

*Keep by thy mighty hand, O keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep.*

2 Soothe the rough ocean's troubled face,
And bid the hurricane give place
To the soft breeze that wafts the barque
Safely alike through light and dark.

3 In storm or battle, with thine arm
Shield thou the mariner from harm,—
From foes without, from ills within,
From deeds and words and thoughts of sin.

4 O Son of God, in days of ill,
Say to each sorrow, 'Peace, be still !'
In hours of weakness be thou nigh,
'Heal thou the sickness, hear the cry.

5 Good Pilot of the awful main,
Let us not plead thy love in vain ;
Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,
Say, 'It is I, be not afraid.'

1879. H. Bonar.

Randolph,

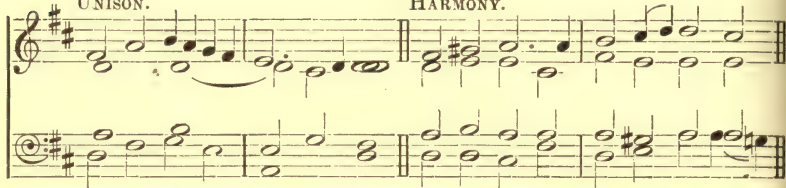
784

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1906.

9 88.9.

UNISON.

HARMONY.



UNISON.



GOD be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you:
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you:
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you:
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you:
God be with you till we meet again.

1882. J. E. Rankin,

For the Young.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

785

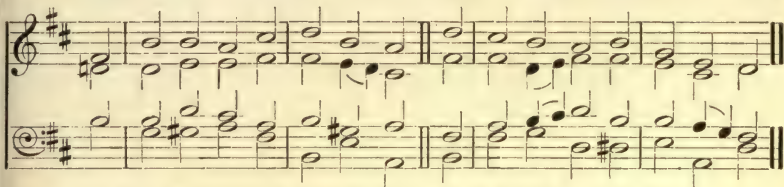
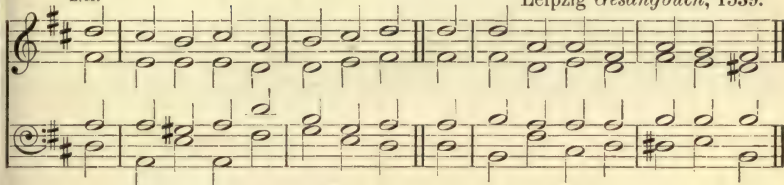
Vom Himmel.

Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.

M. LUTHER (?)

L. M.

Leipzig Gesangbuch, 1539.



Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her. 1535. M. Luther. (See No. 56.)

GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes ;
Who is it in yon manger lies ?
Who is this Child, so young and fair ?
The blessèd Christ-child lieth there.

2 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

3 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for thee.

4 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep ;
I too must sing with joyful tongue,
That sweetest ancient cradle-song :

5 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given !
While angels sing with pious mirth,
A glad New Year to all the earth .

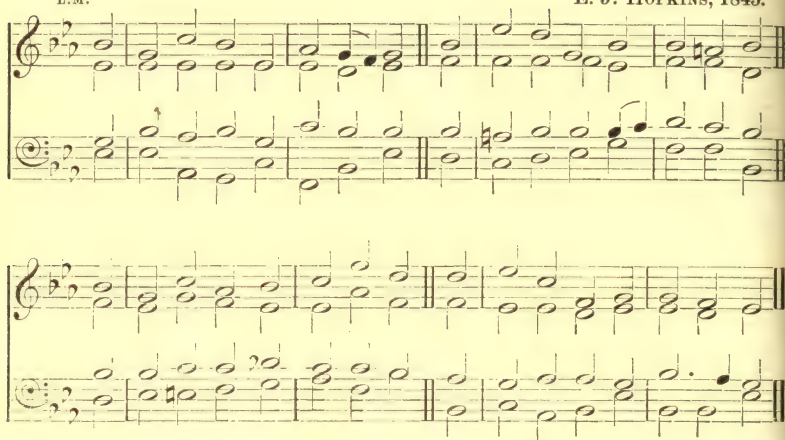
1855. Catherine Winkworth.

Shropshire.

786

L.M.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1845.



GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
 To be my Father and my Friend?
 I a poor child, and thou so high,
 The Lord of earth and air and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
 To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
 Or wilt thou listen to the praise
 That such a little one can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? Let me be
 A meek, obedient child to thee,
 And try, in word and deed and thought,
 To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
 Upon the care of such a Friend,
 And only wish to do and be
 Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5 Art thou my Father? Then at last,
 When all my days on earth are past,
 Send down and take me in thy love
 To be thy better child above.

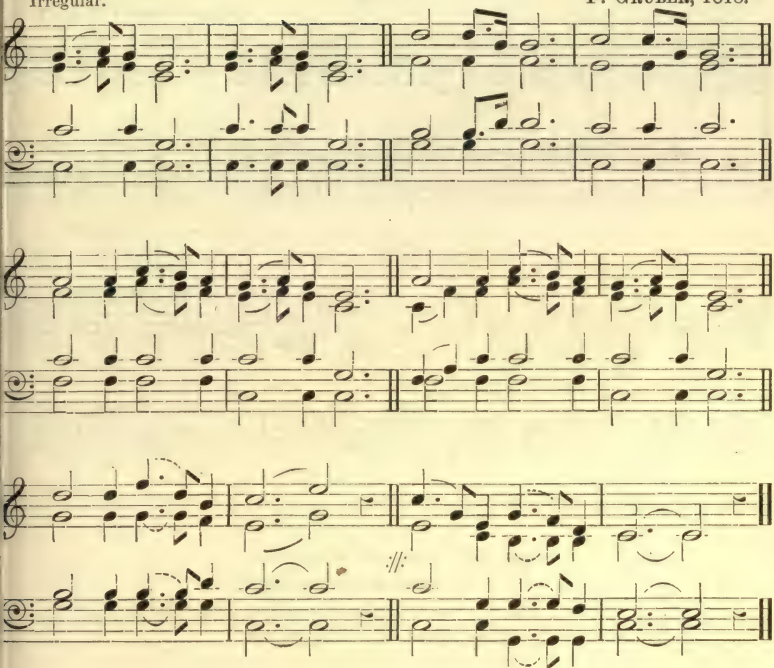
1810. *Ann Gilbert.*

Stille Nacht.

787

Irregular.

F. GRUBER, 1818.



Stille Nacht ! Heilige Nacht. 1818. *J. Mohr.*

SILENT night ! Holiest night !
 All asleep ! Lonely light,
 Where adoring watch the pair,
 Watch, as in his Father's care,
 Sleeps the Infant Christ.

2 Silent night ! Holiest night !
 Shepherds saw angels bright,
 Heard from heaven the white-robed throng
 Bearing down to earth this song,
 'Christ the Saviour is come !'

3 Silent night ! Holiest night !
 Son of God ! O how bright
 Beams the ray of heavenly grace
 In the infant Saviour's face,
 Saviour born for us !

1875. *A. Edersheim.*

Winchester Old.

C.M.

788

ESTE'S *Psalms*, 1592.
Adapted from TYE, 1553 (?).



1.

WHEN Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around ;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed
Their garments on the ground.

2.

Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King ;
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

3.

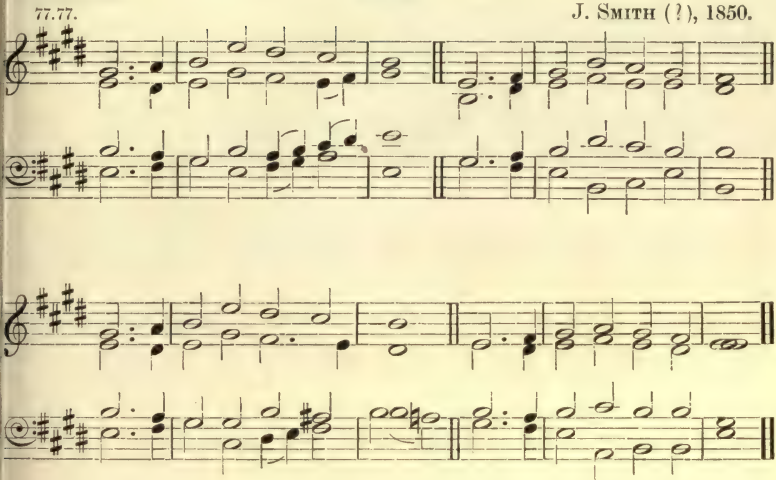
For we have learned to love his name ;
That name divinely sweet
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.

1816. *J. Montgomery.*

innocents.

789

J. SMITH (?), 1850.



GLORY to the Father give,
 God in whom we move and live ;
 Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest and King ;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost :
 Be this day a Pentecost ;
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the Gospel from above,
 For the word, that ' God is love.'

1825. J. Montgomery.

Die Himmel.

L.M.

Die Himmel rühmen des Ewigen Ehre.

J. J. QUANZ, 1760.

790



YES, God is good ; in earth and sky,
 From ocean depths and spreading
 Ten thousand voices ever cry, [wood,
 God made us all, and God is good.

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
 And downward pours his golden flood,
 Night's sparkling hosts, all join to say,
 In accents clear, that God is good.

3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
 Their song with every spring renewed,
 And balmy air, and falling rain,
 Each softly whispers, God is good.

4 I hear it in the rushing breeze ;
 The hills that have for ages stood,
 The echoing sky and roaring seas,
 All swell the chorus, God is good.

5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
 By God's own hand with speech endued
 And man, in louder notes of praise,
 Should sing for joy that God is good.

6 For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord ;
 But chiefly for our heavenly food,
 Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word
 These prompt our song, that God is good

1825. E. L. Follen ; recast 1838 and
 1851. J. H. Gurney.

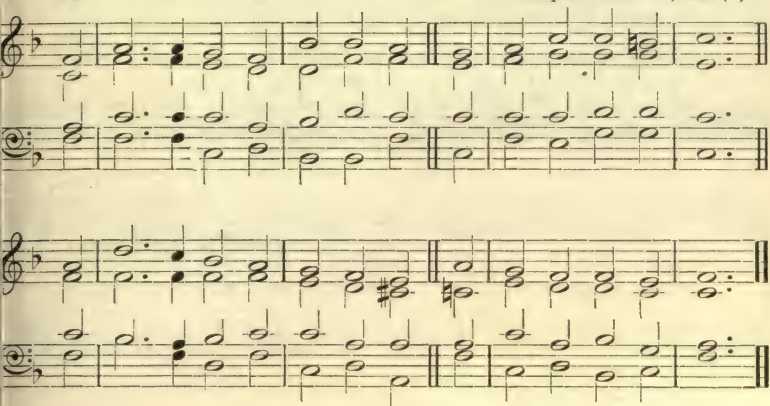
Winchester Old.

C. M.

791

ESTE's *Psalms*, 1592.

Adapted from TYE, 1553 (?).



HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

- 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.
- 4 Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to thy throne,
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.
- 5 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
- 6 O Saviour, if, redeemed by thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

1833. W. H. Havergal.

All things bright.

792

76.76.76.76. Iambic-Trochaic.

W. H. MONK, 1887.

Verse 1, and the Refrain after Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all. FINE.

Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

D.C.

Org.

*ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day,

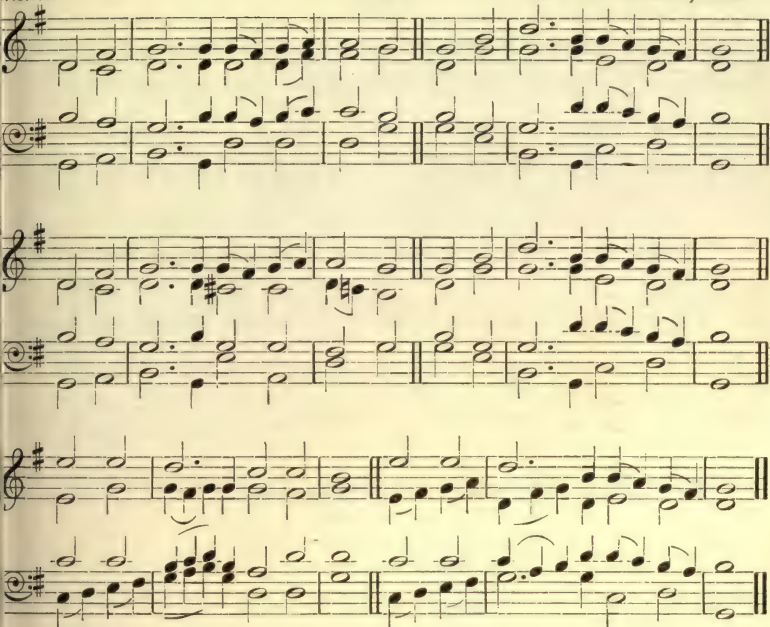
6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How good is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Jrby.

7.87.77.

793

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1850.



ONCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her baby,
 In a manger for his bed:
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And his shelter was a stable,
 And his cradle was a stall.
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all his wondrous childhood
 He would honour and obey,
 Love and watch the lowly mother,
 In whose gentle arms he lay.
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as he.

4 For he is our childhood's pattern:
 Day by day like us he grew;
 He was little, weak, and helpless;
 Tears and smiles like us he knew;
 And he feeleth for our sadness,
 And he shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see him,
 Through his own redeeming love;
 For that child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above;
 And he leads his children on
 To the place where he is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see him, but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high,
 When like stars his children, crowned,
 All in white shall wait around.

Horsley.

C.M.

794

W. HORSLEY, 1844.



THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
 What pains he had to bear;
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by his precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly has he loved!
 And we must love him too,
 And trust in his redeeming blood,
 And try his works to do.

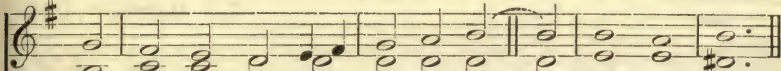
1848. C. Frances Alexander.

Christmas.


795

R. N. MATTHEWS, 1899.


Irregular.




1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth . . . Long a - go;
 2. Far a - way in a good - ly land, . . . Fair and bright,
 3. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A Child was born,
 4. He has put on his king - ly ap - par - el now, In that good - ly land;



And the an - gels of God pro - claimed his birth, . . . High and low.
 Chil-dren with crowns of . . . glo - ry stand . . . Robed in white,
 And, that they might a crown of . . . glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of thorn;
 And he leads to where foun-tains of wa - ter flow That cho - sen band;



Out on the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard;
 In white more pure than the spot-less snow; And their tongues u - nite
 And in mor - tal weak-ness, in want and pain, Came forth to die,
 And for ev - er - more, in their robes most fair And un - de - filed,



For they knew that the Child on . . . Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord.
 In the psalm which the an - gels sang long a - go On Christ-mas night.
 That the chil-dren of earth might for ev - er reign With him on high.
 Those ran - somed chil-dren his praise de - clare Who was once a Child.

1856. Emily E. S. Elliott.

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Margaret.
Irregular.

796

T. R. MATTHEWS, 1876.



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THOU didst leave thy throne
And thy kingly crown
When thou camest to earth for me ;
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For thy holy nativity.

*O come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
There is room in my heart for thee.*

2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree,
But of lowly birth
Cam'st thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility.

3 The foxes found rest,
And the birds had their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree ;
But thy couch was the sod,
O thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set thy children free ;
But with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary.
*O come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
Thy cross is my only plea.*

5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home,
Saying, ' Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee.'
*And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.*

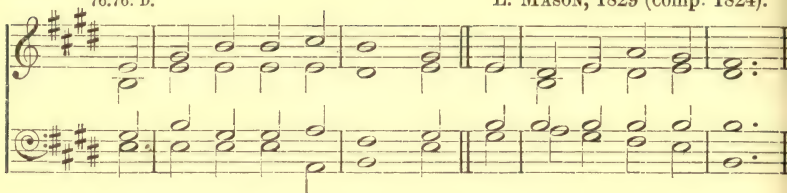
1864. *Emily E. S. Elliott.*

Missionary (First Tune).

76.76. D.

797

L. MASON, 1829 (comp. 1824).



3 love to hear (Second Tune).

76.76. D.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1875.

The musical notation for '3 love to hear (Second Tune)'. It features a vocal melody in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

I love to hear the sto-ry Which an-gel voi-ces tell,

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

FINE.

How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.

FINE.

I... am both weak and sin - ful; But this I sure - ly know,

The Lord came down to save . . me, Be - cause He loved me so.

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful;
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;

And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And, though I cannot see him,
I know he hears my praise;
For he himself has promised
That even I may go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

1867. *Emily Miller.*

87.87.



LITTLE children, wake and listen,
Songs are breaking o'er the earth ;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hear the news of Jesus' birth.

2 Long ago, to lonely meadows
Angels brought the message down ;
Still each year, through midnight shadow,
It is heard in every town.

3 What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street ?
While their voices high are swelling,
What sweet words do they repeat ?

4 Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from care are free,
Words to chase away our sadness,
Cheerless though our hearts may be.

5 Christ has left his throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found ;
Well might angels tell the story,
Well may we their words resound.

6 Little children, wake and listen,
Songs are ringing through the earth ;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth !

1869. *Anon. in App. to Psalms and Hymns (S.P.C.K.).*

799

In the field with their flocks abiding.

JOHN E. WEST, 1898.

Irregular.

Allegro grazioso.

mp



1. In the field with their flocks a - bi - ding, They
2. 'To .. you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A
- 3 And the sheep - herds came to the man - ger, And

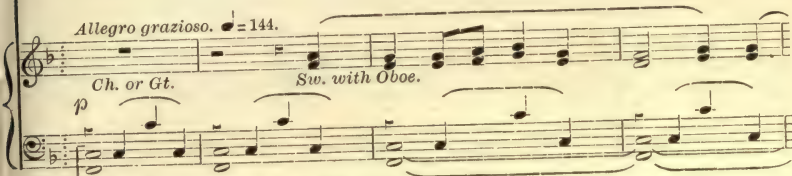


Allegro grazioso. ♩ = 144.

Ch. or Gt.

Sw. with Oboe.

p



Ped. 8 ft. only, Sw. with Oboe coupled.



lay on the dew - y ground,
Sa-viour is born to - day.
gazed on the Ho - ly Child;

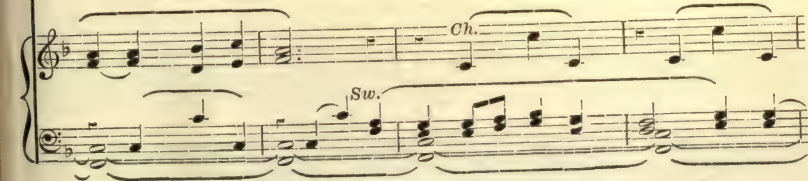
And glimm' - ring un - der the star - light, The
And sud - den a host of the heavenly ones Flashed
And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The

mp



Ch.

Sw.



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FOR THE YOUNG.

cres. poco a poco.

mf

sheep lay white a - round,
 forth to join the lay.
 vir - gin mo - ther smiled;

When the light of the Lord streamed
 O nev - er hath sweet - er
 And the sky, in the star - lit

mf

Sw.

cres. poco a poco.

mf

Gt.

add 16 ft.

o'er . . . them, And lo, from the heaven a - bove . . . An . . .
 mes - sage Thrilled home to the souls of the an - gel men; . . . And the
 si - lence, Seemed full of the an - gel lay, . . . 'To

Largamente.

ff

an - gel leaned from the glo - ry, And sang his song of
 heavens them - selves had nev - er heard A glad - der choir till
 you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A Sa - viour is born to

Largamente.

ff Gt.

GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

a tempo.

love;
then;
day.

a tempo.

He sang that first sweet
For they sang that Christ - mas
O tney sang—and I ween that

About

a tempo.

Christ - mas, The song that shall nev - er cease,—
car - ol That nev - er on earth shall cease,—
nev - er The car - ol on earth shall cease,—

dim. e poco rall.

'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good-will and peace!'

dim. e poco rall.

Thermas.

65.65. 12 lines.

800

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1871.



1.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King ;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To his throne above.

*All his work is ended,
Joyfully we sing ;
Jesus hath ascended ;
Glory to our King !*

2.

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At his Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

3

Praying for his children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

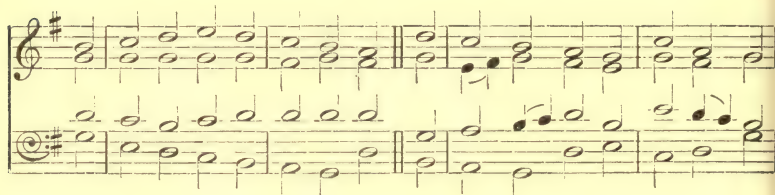
1871. *Frances R. Havergal.*

Angels' Song.

801

L. M.

O. GIBBONS, 1623.



O LITTLE children, come and sing
 To Jesus Christ, the new-born King ;
 Around his humble manger stand,
 And sing Hosanna hand in hand.

- 2 The highest King a baby mild,
 The mighty God a little child,
 Down from his heavenly glory came
 To make on earth his humble home.
- 3 He comes, but not to wear a crown,
 Jesus to seek the lost comes down ;
 Poor, that he may the poorest call,
 The servant and the friend of all.
- 4 He comes to tread a weary way,
 To watch by night, to work by day,
 To weep, but others' tears to dry,
 To bear the sinner's load, and die.
- 5 O little children, kneel, and say,
 'We give ourselves to thee to-day,
 To thee who loved us, and who died,
 The King of kings, the Crucified.'
- 6 So shall the Saviour's love divine
 Sweetly through all your conduct shine ;
 Your life will like the Saviour's be,
 All kindness and humility.

1883. *Annie Edwards.*

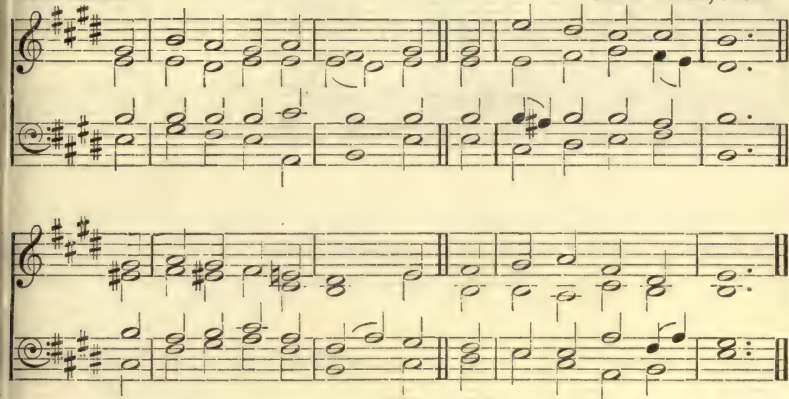
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Cecilia.

78.76. Iambic.

802

R. R. CHOPE, 1862.



Στόμιον πῶλων ἀδαῶν. c. 200. Clement of Alexandria. (See No. 759.)

LEAD, holy Shepherd, lead us,
 Thy feeble flock, we pray;
 Thou King of little pilgrims,
 Safe lead us all the way.

2 In thy blest footprints guide us
 Along the heavenward road;
 Thine age fills all the ages,
 Undying Word of God.

3 That life, O Christ, is noblest
 Which praises God the best,—
 A life celestial, nourished
 At wisdom's holy breast.

4 By her good nurture let us,
 Thy little ones, be fed,
 And by her guidance gentle
 Our wandering steps be led.

5 O fill us with thy Spirit,
 Like morning dew shed down,
 And with our praises loyal
 King Jesus we shall crown.

6 O be our lives our tribute,
 The meed of praise we bring,
 When thus we join to honour
 Our Teacher and our King.

c. 1870. H. M. Macgill.

Herrnhut.

77.77.

803

Jesu, komm doch selbst zu mir.

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.),

1735—45.



SAVIOUR, who for me hast died,
 Grant I may in thee abide ;
 Set me in a plenteous place,
 Water me with showers of grace.

2 Planted in thee I shall thrive,
 Life and strength from thee derive,
 Promise give in blossom fair,
 Fruit unto thy honour bear.

3 In thy garden here below
 Water me that I may grow ;
 When all grace to me is given,
 Then transplant me into heaven.

[4 Make my heart a garden fair,
 Which such pleasant fruit may bear,
 As affords true joy to thee,
 And thy Father, constantly.]

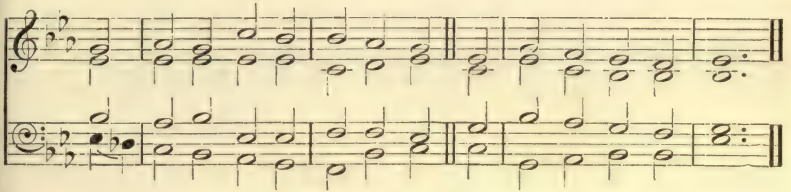
(1-3) 1745. *W. Hammond, a.* ; (4) 1789. *F. W. Foster*
from German of J. Scheffler.

St. Peter.

804

A. R. REINAGLE, c. 1830.

C.M.



THERE is a path that leads to God—
 All others go astray;
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
 And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
 And dangers must be passed;
 But those who boldly walk therein,
 Will get to heaven at last.

3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
 This dangerous path to tread?
 For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful travellers spread,

4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
 Lies near, and opens fair;
 And many turn aside, I know,
 To walk with sinners there.

5 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
 Or wander from the way,
 Lord, condescend to be my guide,
 And I shall never stray.

6 Then, I may go without alarm,
 And trust his word of old;
 'The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
 And lead them to the fold.'

7 Thus I may safely venture through,
 Beneath my Shepherd's care;
 And keep the gate of heaven in view,
 Till I shall enter there.

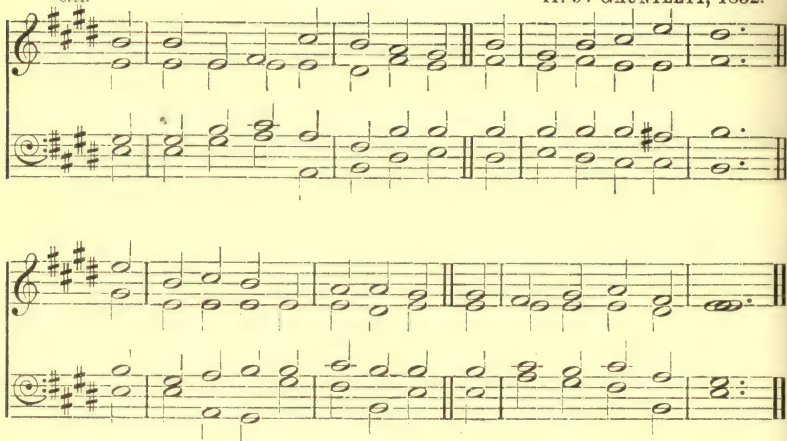
1810. *Jane Taylor.*

St. Fulbert.

805

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.

C. M.



NOW that my journey's just begun,
 My course so little trod,
 I'll stay, before I further run,
 And give myself to God.

- 2 And, lest I should be ever led
 Through sinful paths astray,
 I would begin at once to tread
 In wisdom's pleasant way.
- 3 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
 And when I sin, forgive ;
 And make it still my chief delight,
 To serve thee while I live.
- 4 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
 For me may be in store,
 Make me submissive to thy will,
 And I would ask no more.
- 5 Attend me through my youthful way,
 Whatever be my lot ;
 And when I'm feeble, old and grey,
 O Lord, forsake me not.

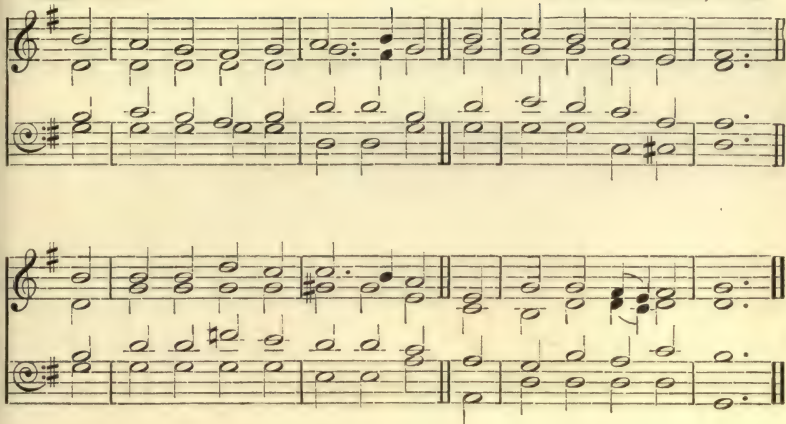
1810. *Jane Taylor.*

St. Cyril.

806

A. ST. G. PATTON, 1874.

C.M.



BY cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart with influence sweet
 Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay,
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away;
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
 And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine,
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death
 To keep us still thine own.

1812. R. Heber.

Wigan.

77.77.

807

T. GRAHAM, 1862.



GOD of mercy, throned on high,
 Listen from thy lofty seat;
 Hear, O hear our feeble cry,
 Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

- 2 Young and erring travellers, we
 All our dangers do not know,
 Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
 Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
 Cleanse us with thy blood divine;
 Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
 Save us, Lord, and keep us thine.
- 4 When perplexed in danger's snare,
 Thou alone our Guide canst be;
 When oppressed with woe and care,
 Whom have we to trust but thee?
- 5 Let us ever hear thy voice,
 Ask thy counsel every day;
 Saints and angels will rejoice,
 If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
 Hope and love on every soul!
 Hope, till time shall be no more!
 Love, while endless ages roll!

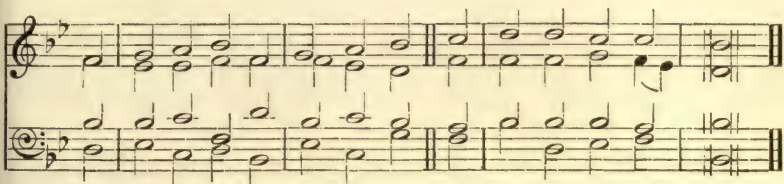
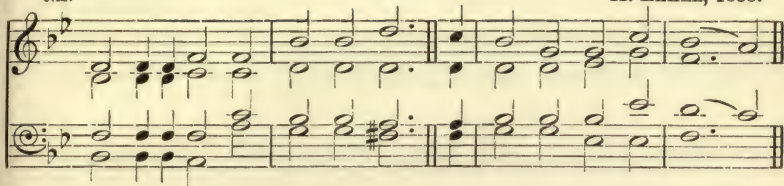
H. Neele, d. 1828.

Nativity.

808

O.M.

H. LAHEE, 1855.



Copyright of W. Garrett Horder.

COME, happy children, come and raise
 Your voice with one accord ;
 Come, sing the cheerful song of praise,
 And bless your Saviour Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of his grace,
 Who pardons all your sin,
 And says that such as seek his face
 Shall life eternal win.

3 Sing of the wonders of his love,
 And praise and glory give
 To him who left his throne above,
 And died that we might live.

4 Sing of the wonders of his power,
 Who, with his own right arm,
 Upholds and keeps us every hour,
 And shields our souls from harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of his name,
 And Jesus Christ adore ;
 Him for your Lord and God proclaim.
 And praise him evermore.

1830. *Dorothy A. Thrupp.*

St. Bernard.

C. M.

809

Tochter Sion, 1741.

Arranged by J. RICHARDSON (?).



REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days ;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
He loves thine earliest praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near ;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be ;
Then when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear ;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

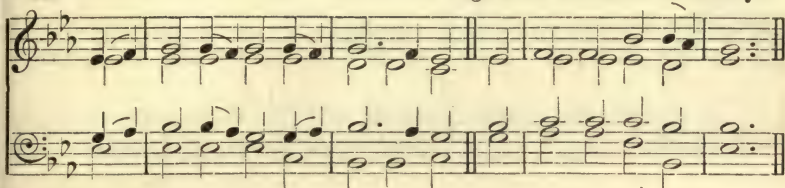
1833. *J. Burton.*

Capel.

C.M.

810

English Traditional Carol Melody.



AROUND the throne of God in heaven
 Thousands of children stand,
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is grace and joy and love?
 How came those children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean.

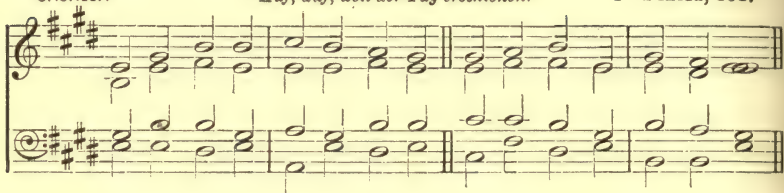
4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name;
 And now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb.

1837. *Anne Shepherd.*

Mannheim.

87.87.447.

811

*Auf, auf, weil der Tag erschienen.*Adapted from
F. FILITZ, 1847.

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tender care ;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us ;
 For our use thy folds prepare :
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us ;
 Be the Guardian of our way ;
 Keep from ill, from sin defend us ;
 Seek us when we go astray :
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Hear us children when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free :
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Early let us turn to thee.

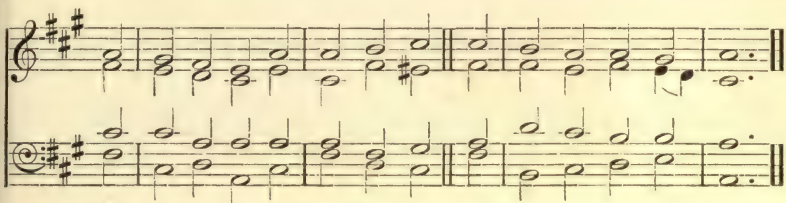
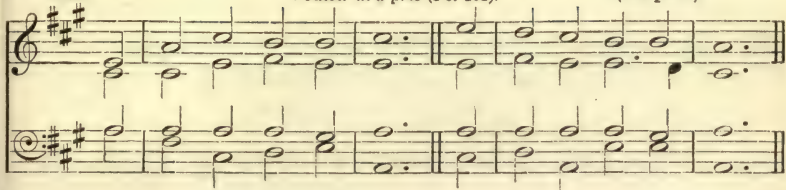
1836. H. F. Lyte.

St. Michael.

812

Genevan Psalter, 1551
(adapted).

S. M.

Vouloir m'a pris (Ps. 101).

LORD, help us as we hēar,
To treasure up thy word ;
And not to-morrow to appear
As if it were unheard.

2 Lord, help us as we sing,
To mean the words we use ;
And not to mock our heavenly King,
And all his love abuse.

3 Lord, help us as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere,
And as we run in wisdom's way,
To seek thy blessing here.

4 Lord, help us while we live,
Thy servants to abide ;
Our food and raiment kindly give,
And all we need, provide.

5 Lord, help us when we die,
To reach yon heavenly shore,
And, with thy holy ones on high,
To praise thee evermore.

Ann Gilbert, d. 1852.

Children's Voices.

813

E. J. HOPKINS, 1874.

66.66.4.44.4.



By permission of Messrs. Weekes & Co., on behalf of the Exors. of the late E. J. Hopkins.

ABOVE the clear blue sky,
 In heaven's bright abode,
 The angel host on high
 Sing praises to their God.
 Hallelujah !
 They love to sing
 To God our King,
 ' Hallelujah ! '

2 But God from children's tongues
 On earth receiveth praise ;
 We then our cheerful songs
 In sweet accord will raise.
 Hallelujah !
 We too will sing
 To God our King,
 ' Hallelujah ! '

3 O blessed Lord, thy truth
 In love to us impart,
 And teach us in our youth
 To know thee as thou art.
 Hallelujah !
 Then shall we sing
 To God our King,
 ' Hallelujah ! '

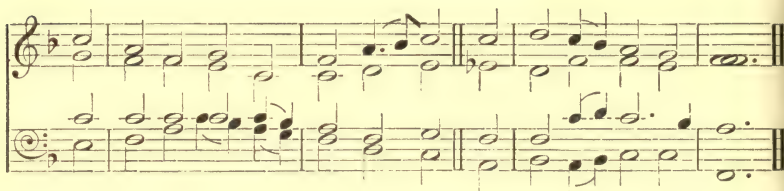
4 O may thy holy word
 Spread all the world around ;
 And all with one accord
 Uplift the joyful sound.
 Hallelujah !
 All then shall sing
 To God their King,
 ' Hallelujah ! '

1841. *J. Chandler.*

Holborn.

S.M.

814

WILLIAMS' *Universal Psalmist*, 1765.

FAIR waved the golden corn
 In Canaan's pleasant land,
 When full of joy, some shining morn,
 Went forth the reaper band.

- 2 To God, so good and great,
 Their cheerful thanks they pour,
 Then carry to his temple gate
 The choicest of their store.
- 3 For thus the holy word,
 Spoken by Moses, ran :
 'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
 The rest he gives to man.'
- 4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
 Our earliest fruits to thee,
 And pray that, long as we shall live,
 We may thy children be.
- 5 Thine is our youthful prime,
 And life and all its powers;
 Be with us in our morning time,
 And bless our evening hours.
- 6 In wisdom let us grow,
 As years and strength are given,
 That we may serve thy Church below,
 And join thy saints in heaven.

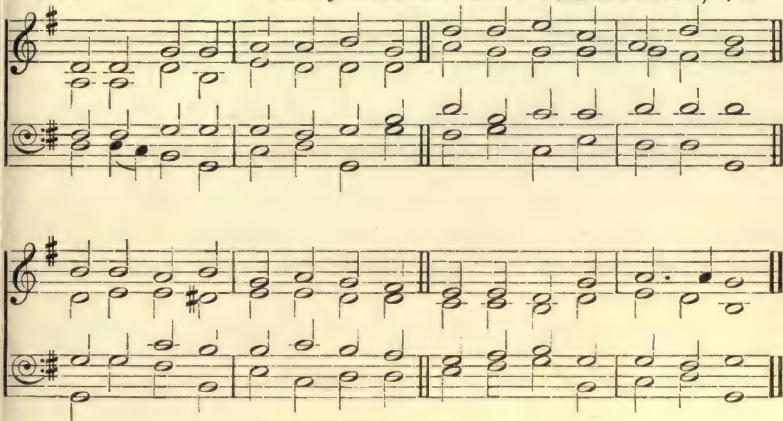
1851. *J. H. Gurney.*

Stuttgart.

815

C. F. WITT (?).

87.87.

Sollt es gleich bisweilen scheinen. Psalmodia Sacra, 1715.

L ORD, we thank thee for the pleasure
 That our happy lifetime gives,
 The inestimable treasure
 Of a soul that ever lives ;

- 2 Mind that looks before and after,
 Yearning for its home above,
 Human tears and human laughter,
 And the depths of human love ;
- 3 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
 Of our pulses flowing free ;
 E'en for every touch of sadness
 That may bring us nearer thee ;
- 4 But, above all other kindness,
 Thine unutterable love,
 Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
 Sent thy dear Son from above.
- 5 Teach us so our days to number
 That we may be lowly wise ;
 Dreamy mist or cloud of slumber
 Never dull our heavenward eyes !
- 6 Hearty be our work and willing,
 As to thee and not to men,
 For we know our souls' fulfilling
 Is in heaven,—not till then.

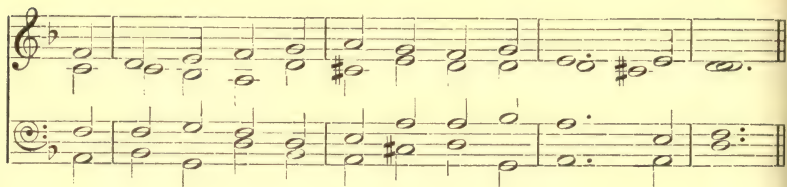
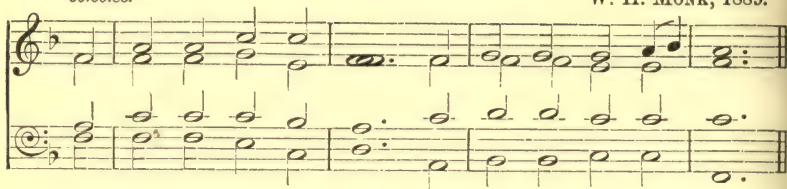
1855. T. W. Jex-Blake.

Samuel (*First Tune*).

66.66.88.

816

W. H. MONK, 1889.

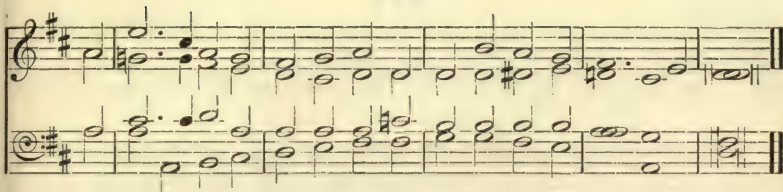


Samuel (*Second Tune*).

66.66.88.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874.





By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark,
 When suddenly a voice divine
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
 The priest of Israel, slept ;
 His watch the temple-child,
 The little Levite, kept ;
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
 The open ear, O Lord !
 Alive and quick to hear
 Each whisper of thy word ;
 Like him to answer at thy call,
 And to obey thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart !
 A lowly heart, that waits
 Where in thy house thou art,
 Or watches at thy gates
 By day and night, a heart that still
 Moves at the breathing of thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind !
 A sweet un murmuring faith,
 Obedient and resigned
 To thee in life and death,
 That I may read with childlike eyes
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

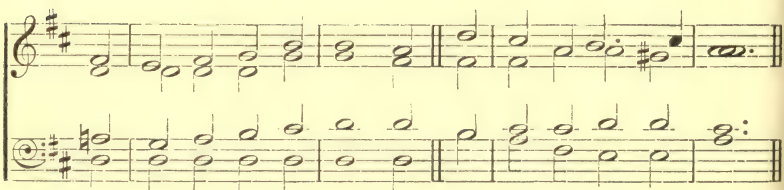
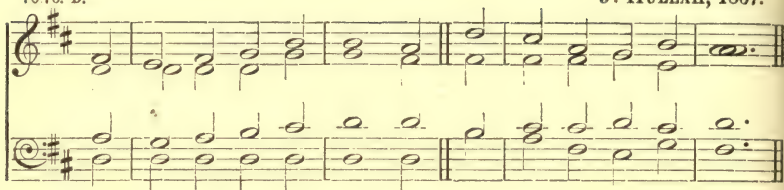
1856. *J. D. Burns.*

Bentley.

76 78. D.

817

J. HULLAH, 1867.



1.

GO thou in life's fair morning,
 Go in the bloom of youth,
 And buy for thy adorning
 The precious pearl of truth ;
 Secure this heavenly treasure,
 And bind it on thine heart,
 And let no earthly pleasure
 E'er cause it to depart.

2.

Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go, while the heart is light,
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright,
 Sell all thou hast, and buy it ;
 'Tis worth all earthly things,
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Sceptres and crowns of kings.

3.

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
 Steal o'er the bloom of youth ;
 Defer not till to-morrow,
 Go now, and buy the truth ;
 Go seek thy great Creator,
 Learn early to be wise ;
 Go, place upon his altar
 A morning sacrifice.

1860. *Anon. in Bradbury's 'Oriola.'*

Jillsley.

L.M.

818

J. BISHOP, c. 1710.



HE liveth long who liveth well !
 All other life is short and vain ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of living most for heavenly gain.

2 He liveth long who liveth well !
 All else is being flung away ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

3 Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed,
 Hold up to earth the torch divine ;
 Be what thou prayest to be made,
 Let the great Master's steps be thine.

4 Fill up each hour with what will last ;
 Buy up the moments as they go ;
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

5 Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap ;
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

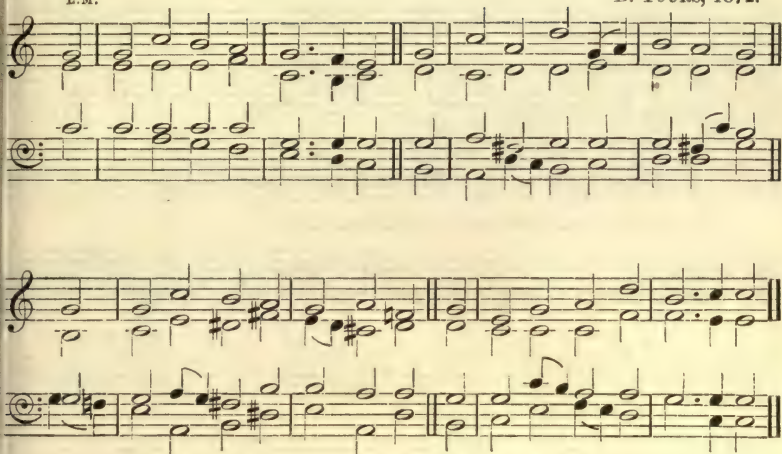
6 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest home of light.

1861. II. Bonar.

♩ happy day.

L.M.

B. TOURS, 1872.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

GO forth to life, O child of earth,
 Still mindful of thy heavenly birth;
 Thou art not here for ease or sin,
 But manhood's noble crown to win.

2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
 Thy spirit can their flames control;
 Though tempters strong beset thy way,
 Thy spirit is more strong than they.

3 Go on from innocence of youth
 To manly pureness, manly truth;
 God's angels still are near to save,
 And God himself doth help the brave.

4 Then forth to life, O child of earth,
 Be worthy of thy heavenly birth;
 For noble service thou art here,
 Thy neighbour help, thy God revere.

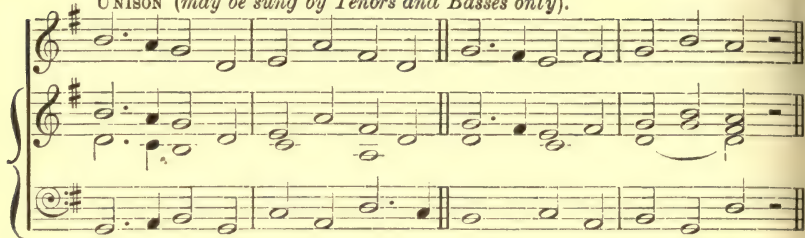
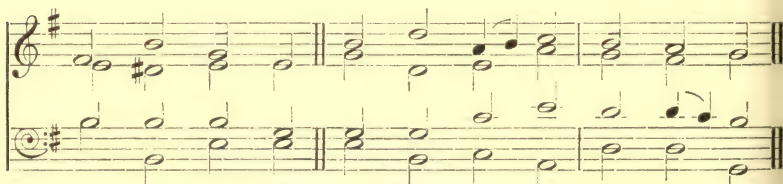
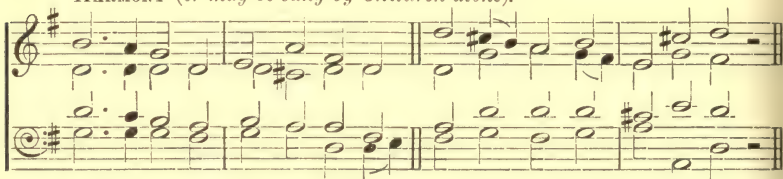
1864. *S. Longfellow.*

Pilgrim Band.

87.87.887. Trochaic.

820

J. STAINER, 1898.

UNISON (*may be sung by Tenors and Basses only*).HARMONY (*or may be sung by Children alone*).

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

- W**HITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
 Going each with staff in hand ?
 We are going on a journey,
 Going at our King's command ;
 Over hills and plains and valleys,
 We are going to his palace,
 Going to the better land.
- 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
 You a little, feeble band ?
 No ; for friends unseen are near us,
 Holy angels round us stand ;
 Christ, our Leader, walks beside us ;
 He will guard, and he will guide us,
 Guide us to the better land.

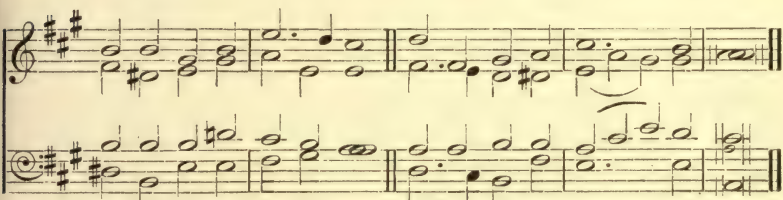
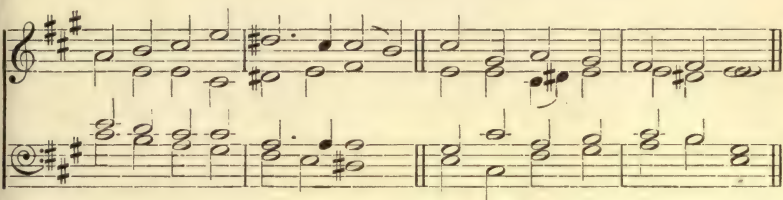
- 3 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off better land ?
 Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
 From a Saviour's loving hand ;
 We shall drink of life's clear river,
 We shall dwell with God for ever,
 In that bright and better land.
- 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 To that bright and better land ?
 Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Welcome to our pilgrim band,
 Come, O come, and do not leave us ;
 Christ is waiting to receive us
 In that bright and better land.

St. Brannock.

821

E. J. HOPKINS, 1887.

77.77.77.



By permission of Messrs. Weekes & Co., on behalf of the Exors. of the late E. J. Hopkins.

WORK is sweet, for God has blest
 Honest work with quiet rest,
 Rest below and rest above
 In the mansions of his love,
 When the work of life is done,
 When the battle's fought and won.

2 Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
 Work, ye Christians, while ye may,
 Work for all that's great and good,
 Working for your daily food,
 Working whilst the golden hours,
 Health, and strength, and youth are yours.

3 Working not alone for gold,
 Not the work that's bought and sold,
 Not the work that worketh strife,
 But the working of a life
 Careless both of good or ill,
 If ye can but do his will.

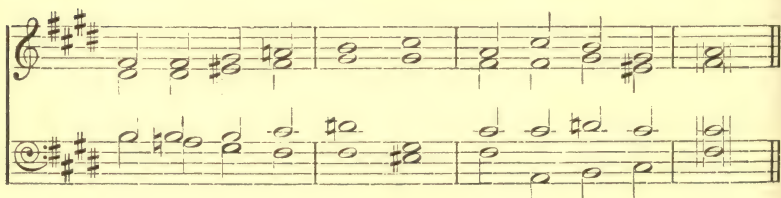
4 Working ere the day is gone,
 Working, till your work is done,
 Not as traffickers at marts,
 But as fitteth honest hearts,
 Working till your spirits rest
 With the spirits of the blest.

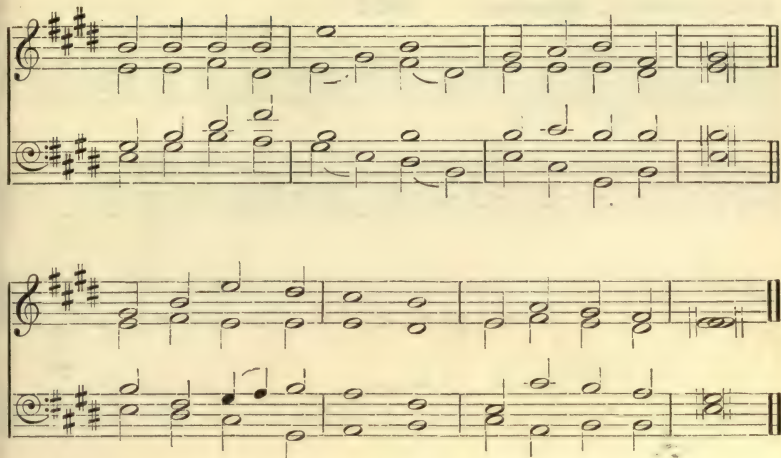
Vegillum.

65.65. 12 lines.

822

H. SMART, 1868.





BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers
 To their home on high.
 Marching through the desert
 Gladly thus we pray,
 Still, with hearts united,
 Singing on our way.

*Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers,
 To their home on high !*

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At thy sacred feet,
 Here, with hearts rejoicing,
 See thy children meet.
 Often have we left thee,
 Often gone astray ;
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.

3 Pattern of our childhood,
 Once thyself a child,
 Make our childhood holy,
 Pure, and meek, and mild.

In the hour of danger
 Whither can we flee,
 Save to thee, dear Saviour,
 Only unto thee ?

4 All our days direct us
 In the way we go ;
 Crown us still victorious
 Over every foe :
 Bid thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lour ;
 Pardon thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.

5 Then with saints and angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At thy throne of love.
 When the march is over,
 Then come rest and peace,
 Jesus in his beauty,
 Songs that never cease.

*Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers,
 To their home on high !*

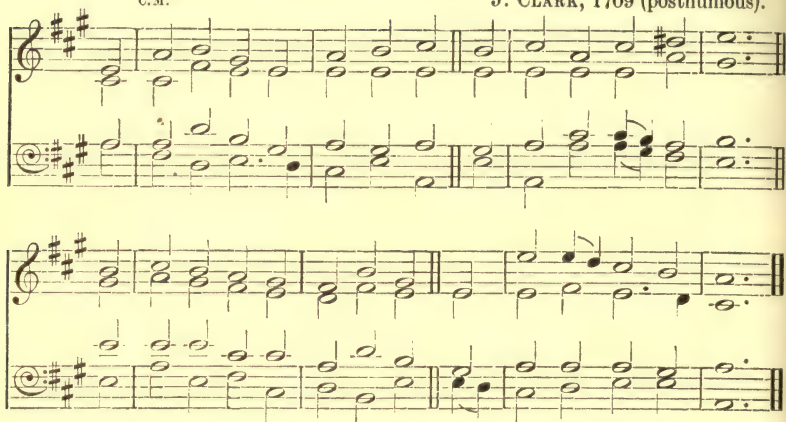
1860. T. G. Potter, a.

Nottingham (St. Magnus).

C.M.

823

J. CLARK, 1709 (posthumous).



YOUNG souls, so strong the race to run
 And win each height sublime,
 Unweary still would ye march on,
 And still exulting climb?

2 Walk with the Lord ; along the road
 Your strength he will renew ;
 Wait on the everlasting God,
 And he will wait on you.

3 Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
 Still in the Spirit strong ;
 Each task divine you still shall hail,
 And blend the exulting song.

4 Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
 And heights sublime explore ;
 Like eagles, ye shall sunward gaze ;
 Like eagles, heavenward soar.

5 Your wondrous portion shall be this,
 Your life below, above,
 Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
 And everlasting love.

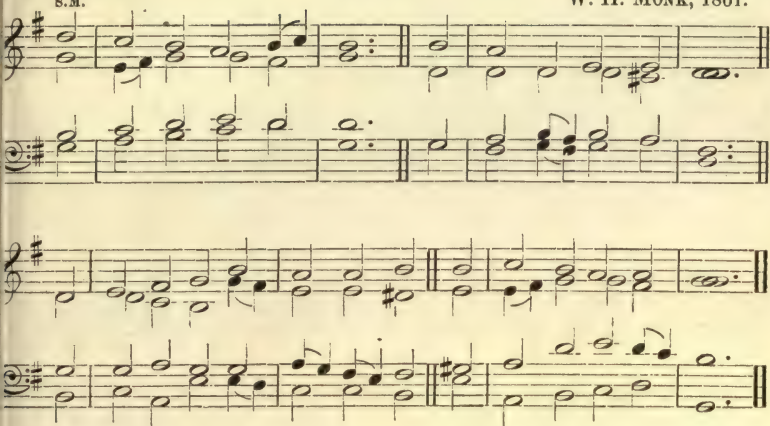
1868. T. H. Gill.

St. Ethelwald.

824

S.M.

W. H. MONK, 1861.



JESUS, we come to thee,
That we may be forgiven ;
O let us all thy children be,
And make us fit for heaven.

- 2 Though we are taught the road,
We cannot go alone ;
Unless thou lead us, O our God,
We ne'er shall reach thy throne.
- 3 Give us from thy rich store
Of wisdom from above,
That we may love and serve thee more,
And better learn thy love.
- 4 Then shall we walk aright,
While keeping close to thee,
When Satan tempts, have strength to fight,
And make the tempter flee.
- 5 O be our Guide, we pray,
While through this world we roam,
And lead us so that every day
May find us nearer home.

1869. Anon. in *Major's 'Book of Praise.'*

Buckland.

77.77.

825

L. G. HAYNE, 1863.



IN our work, and in our play,
 Jesus, be thou ever near ;
 Guarding, guiding all the day,
 Keeping in thy holy fear.

2 Thou didst toil, O royal Child,
 In the far-off Holy Land,
 Blessing labour undefiled,
 Pure and honest, of the hand.

3 Thou wilt bless our play-hour too,
 If we ask thy succour strong ;
 Watch o'er all we say or do,
 Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

4 O how happy thus to spend
 Work and playtime in his sight,
 Who that day which shall not end
 Gives to those who do the right.

1869. W. C. Dix.

Rutb.

S. 65. D.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

SUMMER suns are glowing
 Over land and sea ;
 Happy light is flowing
 Bountiful and free.
 Everything rejoices
 In the mellow rays ;
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And his banner gleameth
 Everywhere unfurled.
 Broad and deep and glorious,
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
 Thy pure radiance pour ;
 For thy loving-kindness
 Make us love thee more.
 And, when clouds are drifting
 Dark across our sky,
 Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,
 Though thou veil thy light ;
 Life is dark without thee ;
 Death with thee is bright.
 Light of light, shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way ;
 Go thou still before us
 To the endless day.

1871. W. W. How.

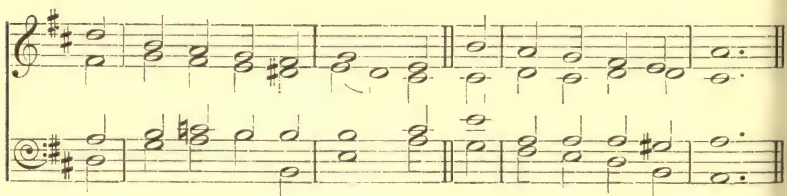
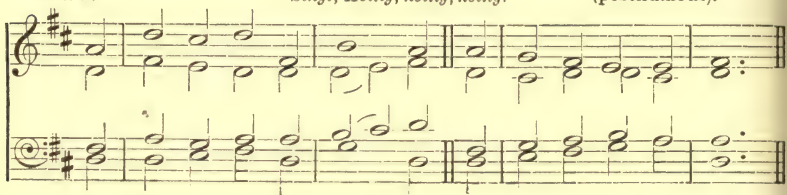
Pearsall.

76.76. D.

827

Singt, Heilig, heilig, heilig.

R. L. DE PEARSALL, 1863
(posthumous).



COME, praise your Lord and Saviour
 In strains of holy mirth ;
 Give thanks to him, O children,
 Who lived a child on earth.
 He loved the little children,
 And called them to his side ;
 His loving arms embraced them,
 And for their sake he died.

Boys. 2 O Jesus, we would praise thee
 With songs of holy joy,
 For thou on earth didst sojourn
 A pure and spotless boy.
 Make us, like thee, obedient,
 Like thee, from sin-stains free,
 Like thee, in God's own temple,
 In lowly home like thee.

Girls. 3 O Jesus, we too praise thee,
 The lowly maiden's Son ;
 In thee all gentlest graces
 Are gathered into one.
 O give that best adornment
 That Christian maid can wear,
 The meek and quiet spirit
 Which shone in thee so fair.

All. 4 O Lord, with voices blended
 We sing our songs of praise ;
 Be thou the light and pattern
 Of all our childhood's days ;
 And lead us ever onward,
 That, while we stay below,
 We may, like thee, O Jesus,
 In grace and wisdom grow.

1872. W. W. How.

Hosanna we sing.

Irregular.

828

J. B. DYKES, 1875.

1. Ho - san - na we sing, . . like the chil - dren dear
2. Ho - san - na we sing, . . for he bends . . his ear,


In the old - en days when the Lord . . lived here ;
And re - joic - es the hymns of his own . . to hear ;

He . . blessed lit - tle chil - dren, and smiled on them,
We . . know that his heart will nev - er wax cold

While they chant - ed his praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.
To the lambs that he feeds in his earth - ly fold.



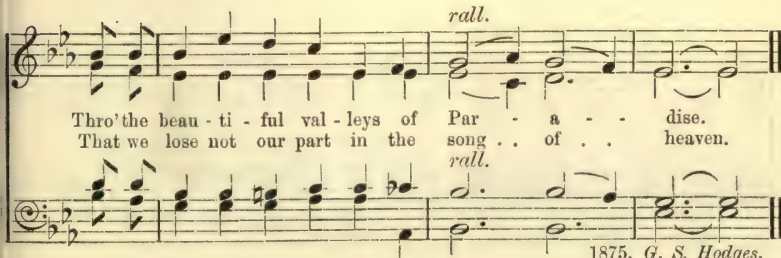
Hal - le - lu - jah we sing, like the chil - dren bright;
Hal - le - lu - jah we sing in the Church we love;



With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white,
Hal - le - lu - jah re - sounds in the Church a - bove;



As they fol - low their Shep-herd with lov - ing eyes given;
To thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given



Thro' the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - a - - dise.
That we lose not our part in the song . . of . . heaven.

1875. G. S. Hodges.

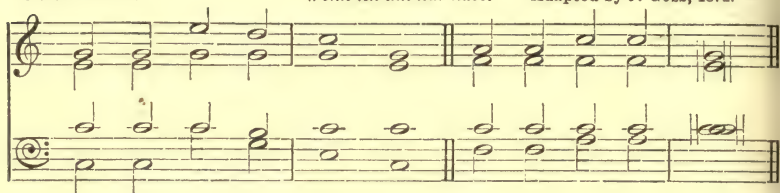
Armageddon.

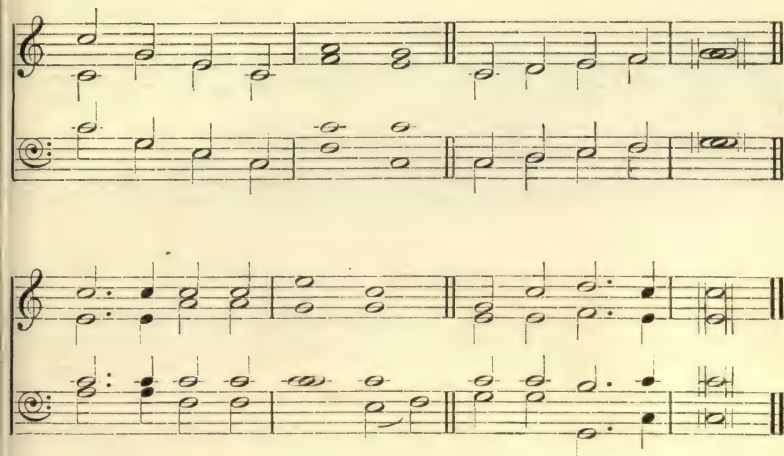
65.65. 12 lines.

829 L. REICHARDT, 1853 (posthumous).

Wenn ich ihn nur habe.

Adapted by J. Goss, 1872.





WHO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be his helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for him will go?
 By thy call of mercy,
 By thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are thine!

3 Jesus, thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with thine own life-blood,
 For thy diadem.
 With thy blessing filling
 Each who comes to thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
 By thy grand redemption,
 By thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are thine!

2 Not for weight of glory,
 Nor for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom he died,
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on his side.
 By thy love constraining,
 By thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are thine!

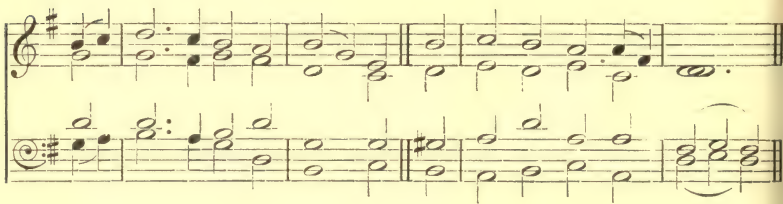
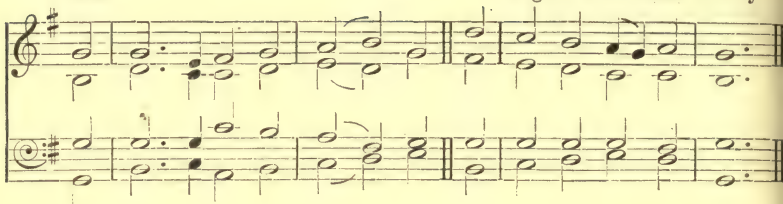
4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round his standard ranging,
 Victory is secure!
 For his truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Master, thou wilt keep us,
 By thy grace divine,
 Always on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, always thine!
 1877. *Frances R. Havergal.*

Gosterwood.

830

English Traditional Melody.

76.76. D.



1.

THE wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth,
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health ;
 We too would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King ;
 We have no wealth or learning,
 What shall we children bring ?

2.

We'll bring him hearts that love him ;
 We'll bring him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways ;
 And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.

3.

We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day ;
 We'll try our best to please him,
 At home, at school, at play ;
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King,
 Than richest gifts without them ;
 Yet these a child may bring.

c. 1880. Anon.

St. Nicolas.

831

87.87.

R. REDHEAD, 1859.



L ORD, we come to ask thy blessing,
 Humbly come on bended knee;
 O receive our resolution
 Which we offer unto thee.

2 We have joined our hearts together
 In a bond of union true,
 May our chain of prayer and promise
 Strength and courage oft renew.

3 Childish hearts and youth's devotion,
 Little gifts they seem to be;
 But we know that they are precious,
 Offered lovingly to thee.

4 Weak the strength of human effort,
 We, unaided, strive in vain;
 Thou must grant thy grace and blessing,
 If we would true victory gain.

5 So we ask for Christian courage,
 Zeal to keep our promise true,
 Grace to draw by good example
 Other hearts to join us too.

6 Bless and sanctify thy children,
 Weak and sinful though they be;
 O receive us in our spring-time,
 We would give it, Lord, to thee.

1881. *Henrietta O. de L. Dobree.*

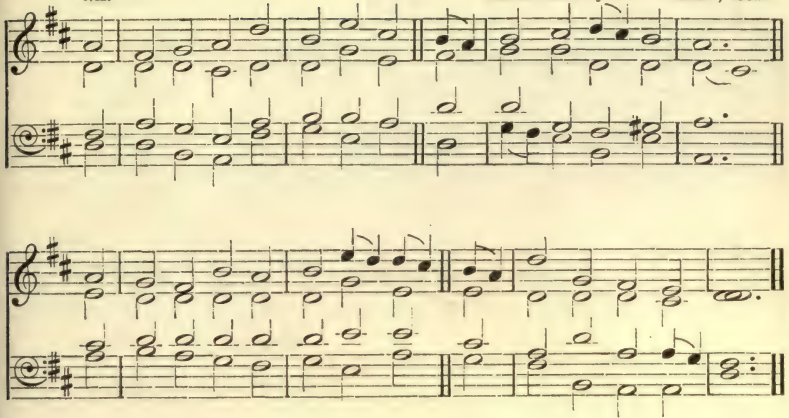
Chichester New.

832

Anon.

C. M.

Harmonized by S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



O JESUS, strong, and pure, and true,
 Before thy feet we bow;
 The grace of earlier years renew,
 And lead us onward now.

2 The joyous life that year by year
 Within these walls is stored,
 The golden hope, the glad some cheer
 We bring to thee, O Lord.

3 Our faith endow with keener powers,
 With warmer glow our love,
 And draw these halting hearts of ours
 From earth to heaven above.

4 In paths our bravest ones have trod
 O make us brave to go,
 That we may give our lives to God
 In serving man below.

5 Scorn we the selfish aim and choice,
 And love's high precept keep,
 'Rejoice with those that do rejoice
 And weep with them that weep.'

6 So hence shall flow fresh strength and grace,
 As from a full-fed spring,
 To make the world a better place,
 And life a worthier thing.

1893. W. W. How.

Lincoln's Inn.

833

C. STEGGALL, 1872.

L.M.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

FATHER in heaven who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

- 2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth,
That, in our time, thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.
- 3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.
- 4 Teach us to look in all our ends,
On thee for judge, and not our friends,
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.
- 5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak,
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.
- 6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that hath no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun !

1906. R. Kipling.

SPECIAL SEASONS AND SERVICES.

Tudor.

834

C. M.

J. P. JEWSON, 1876.

[May also be sung to *Binchester*, No. 288.]

THE morning bright,
 With rosy light,
 Has waked me up from sleep ;
 Father, I own
 Thy love alone
 Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
 I humbly pray,
 Be thou my Guard and Guide,
 My sins forgive,
 And let me live,
 Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 O make thy rest
 Within my breast,
 Great Spirit of all grace ;
 Make me like thee,
 Then shall I be
 Prepared to see thy face.

1846. T. O. Summers.

Sicilian Mariners (*First Tune*).

835

Sicilian Melody.
18th Century (?).

87.87.

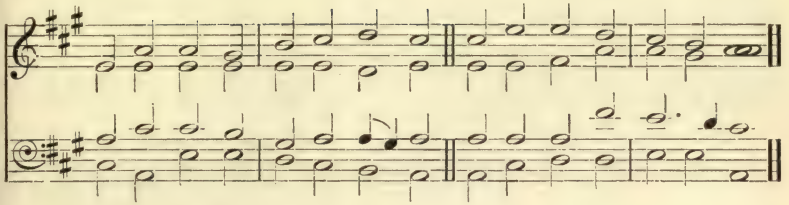


Dresden (*Second Tune*).

87.87.

R. REDHEAD, 1853.
Adapted from a German original.





FATHER, give us now thy blessing,
 Take us all beneath thy care ;
 May we all enjoy thy presence,
 And thy tender mercies share.

2 Let the seed which has been scattered,
 Bring forth plenteous fruit to thee ;
 Let this day be crowned with praises,
 Now, and in eternity.

3 Keep us through the week from danger ;
 May we all by thee be led ;
 Grant that for our souls and bodies
 We may still have daily bread.

4 Clothe and feed us, guard and bless us,
 Bless our friends and all we love ;
 All through life, O Lord, be near us,
 Then receive us all above.

5 Then we hope to praise thee better,
 When we join the heavenly host ;
 But e'en now our praise would give thee,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

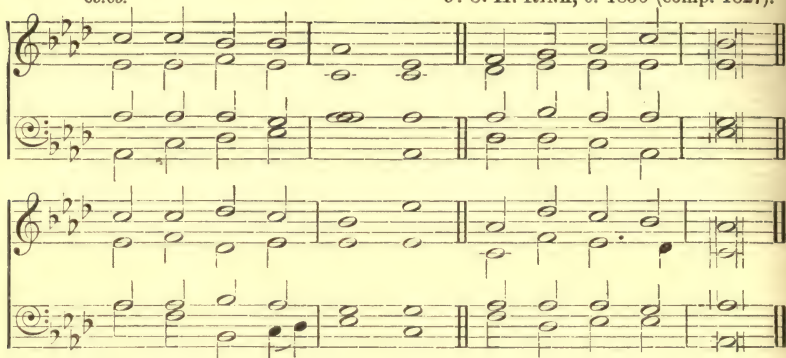
1863. *E. Hodder.*

Alle Jabre wieder.

65.65.

836

J. C. H. RINK, c. 1850 (comp. 1827).



NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee ;

Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

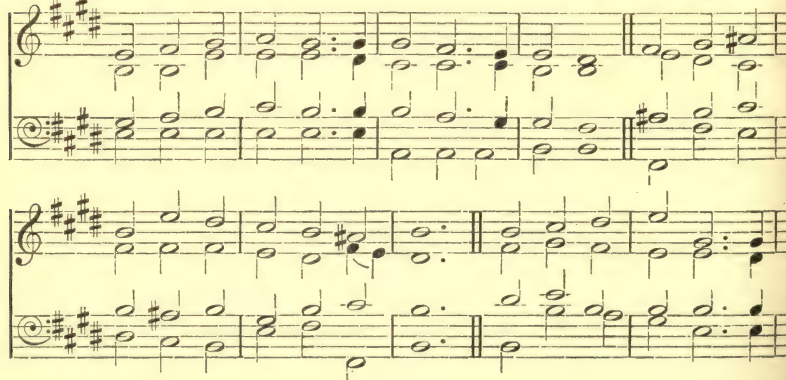
1865. S. Baring-Gould.

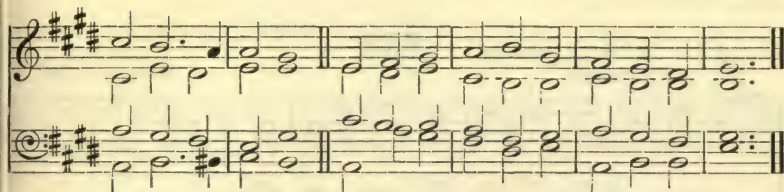
Eastwell (First Tune).

11.10.11.10. Dactylic.

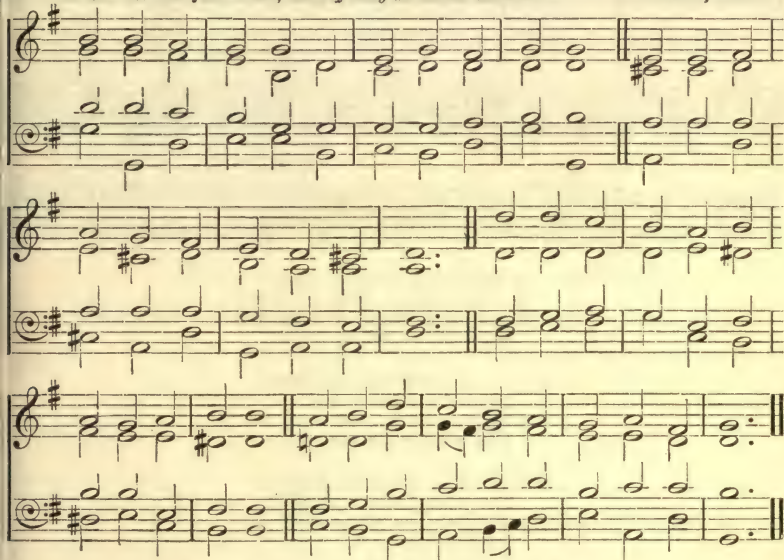
837

H. S. OAKELEY, 1856.



**Jesu, du Hoffnung (Second Tune).**11.10.11.10. Dactylic. *Jesu, du Hoffnung all deiner Geliebten.*

G. JOSEPH, 1657.



HERE, Lord, we offer thee all that is fairest,
 Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,
 Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing thou carest
 More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

- 2 Send, Lord, by these, to the sick and the dying,
 Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
 Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,
 Grant the departing a gentle release.
- 3 Raise, Lord, to health again, those who have sickened;
 Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
 Give, of thy grace, to the souls thou hast quickened,
 Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.
- 4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
 We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
 Gather us, Lord, to thy bosom for ever,
 Grant us a place in thy home in the sky.

1879. A. G. W. Blunt.

Metzler's Redhead, No. 103.

838

76.76. Iambic.

R. REDHEAD, 1859.



THE darkness now is over,
 And all the world is bright;
 Praise be to Christ, who keepeth
 His children safe at night!

- 2 We cannot tell what gladness
 May be our lot to-day,
 What sorrow or temptation
 May meet us on our way;
- 3 But this we know most surely,
 That through all good or ill,
 God's grace can always help us
 To do his holy will.
- 4 Then, Jesus, let the angels,
 Who watched us through the night,
 Be all day long beside us,
 To guide our steps aright;
- 5 And help us to remember,
 In thought and deed and word,
 That we are heirs of heaven,
 And children of the Lord.
- 6 Then, when the evening cometh,
 We'll kneel again to pray,
 And thank thee for the blessings
 Bestowed throughout the day.

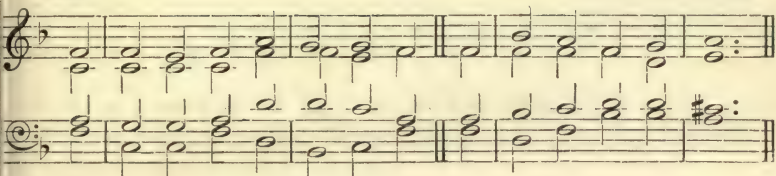
1881. E. T.

St. Flavian.

C.M.

839

DAY'S Psalms, 1562.



Ich bin ein kleines Kindelein. 1723. N. L. v. Zinzendorf.

I AM a little child, you see,
My strength is little too,
But yet I fain would savèd be ;
Lord, teach me what to do.

2 Thou, gracious Saviour, for my good
Wast pleased a child to be ;
And thou didst shed thy precious blood
Upon the cross for me.

3 Come then, and take this heart of mine.
Come take me as I am,
I know that I by right am thine,
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.

4 O Lord, preserve my heart secure
From every hurt and stain ;
First make it, and then keep it pure,
And shut to all that's vain.

5 Then, after walking in thy ways,
And serving thee in love,
Receive me, when I end my days,
To sing thy praise above.

1742. C. Kinchin, a.

Herrnbut.

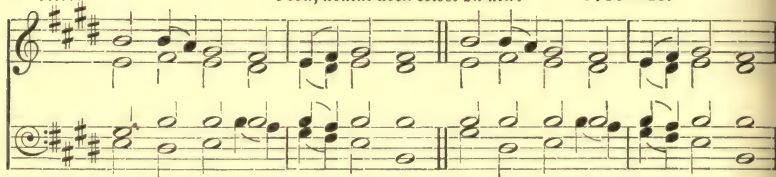
77.77.

840

Herrnhut Choralbuch (MS.),

Jesu, komm doch selbst zu mir.

1735—45.



GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child ;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought ;
 Dearest Lord, forbid it not ;
 In the kingdom of thy grace
 Give a little child a place.

3 Lamb of God, I look to thee,
 Thou shalt my example be ;
 Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
 Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as thou art,
 Give me thy obedient heart ;
 Thou art pitiful and kind,
 Let me have thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
 God my heavenly Father's will,
 Never his good Spirit grieve,
 Only to his glory live.

6 I shall then show forth thy praise,
 Serve thee all my happy days ;
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the holy Child, in me.

1742. C. Wesley.

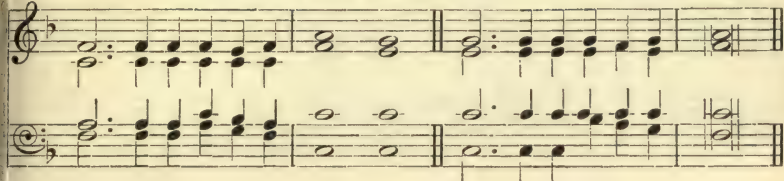
Fliedner.

87.87.

841

Milde bin ich, geh zur Ruh.

TH. FLIEDNER'S
Liederbuch, 1842.



1.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be thou near me ;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2.

Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me ;
Listen to my evening prayer.

3.

Let my sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

1839. *Mary Duncan.*

St. Kevin (*First Tune*).

11.8.11.8. D.

842

A. ST. G. PATTON, 1874.

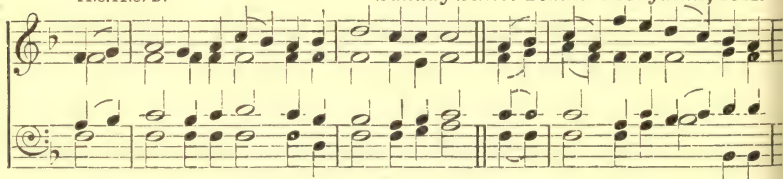


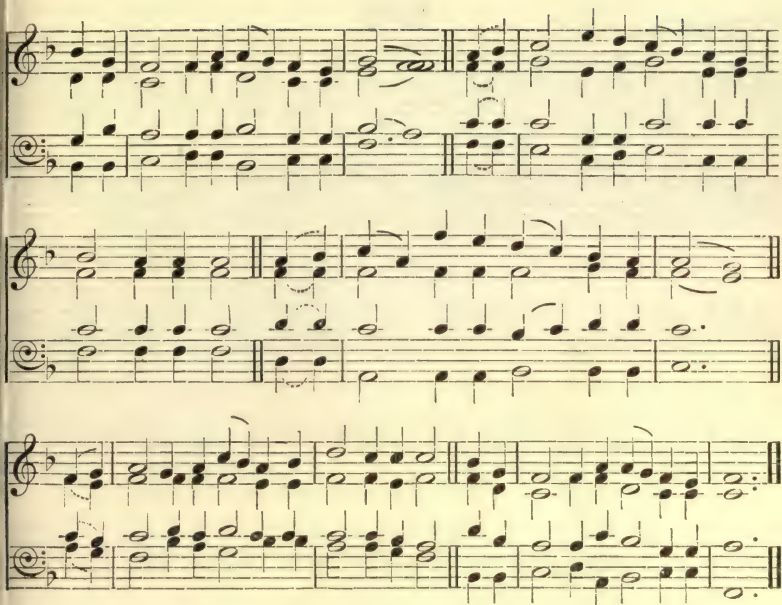
Salamis (*Second Tune*).

11.8.11.8. D.

Greek Air (?)

Sunday School Teacher's Magazine, 1841.





I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
 I should like to have been with them then ;
 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
 That his arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
 'Let the little ones come unto me.'

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love ;
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him and hear him above,
 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

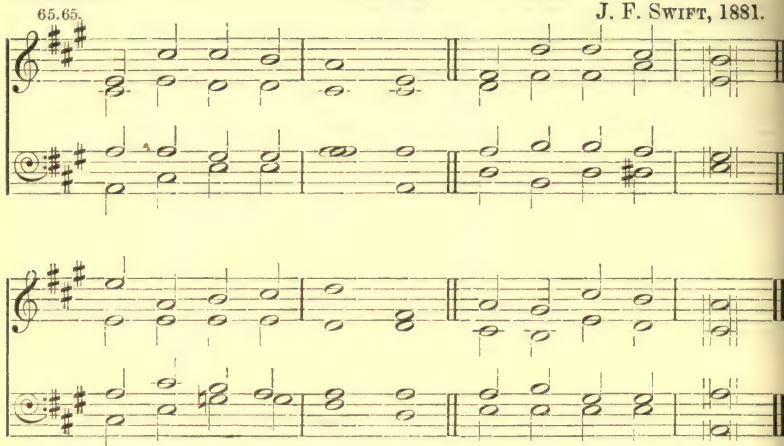
3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home ;
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.
 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

1841. *Jemima Luke.*

Ernstein.

843

J. F. SWIFT, 1881.



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LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the paths of virtue,
 Into sin to stray.

4 Little seeds of mercy,
 Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations
 Far in heathen lands.

5 Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden
 Like the heaven above.

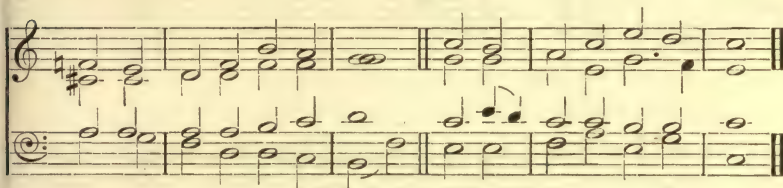
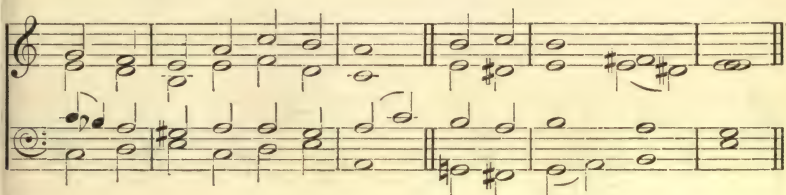
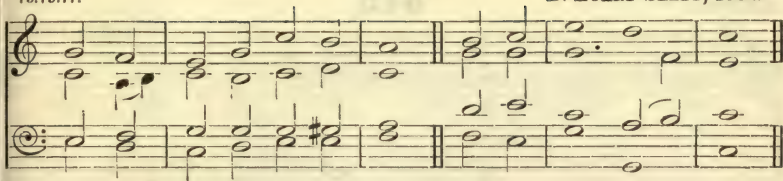
1845. *Julia A. Carney.*

Heaven.

75.75.77.

844

B. LUARD-SELBY, 1904.



EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night :
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away :
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song :
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow him ;
But we cannot see him here,
For our eyes are dim :
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see his face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land ?
All who do the right ;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white ;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

1848. C. Frances Alexander.

Alstone.

L.M.

845

C. E. C. WILLING, 1868.



WE are but little children weak,
 Nor born to any high estate ;
 What can we do for Jesus' sake
 Who is so high, and good, and great ?

2 O day by day, each Christian child
 Has much to do, without, within,—
 A death to die for Jesus' sake,
 A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
 The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
 When bitter words are on our tongues,
 And tears of passion in our eyes,

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
 Then we may check the hasty word,
 Give gentle answers back again,
 And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
 Light in our dwellings we may make,
 Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
 And still do all for Jesus' sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak
 But has his little cross to take,
 His little work of love and praise,
 That he may do for Jesus' sake.

1850. *C. Frances Alexander.*

In Memoriam (*First Tune*).

846

86.76.76.76.

J. STAINER, 1875.

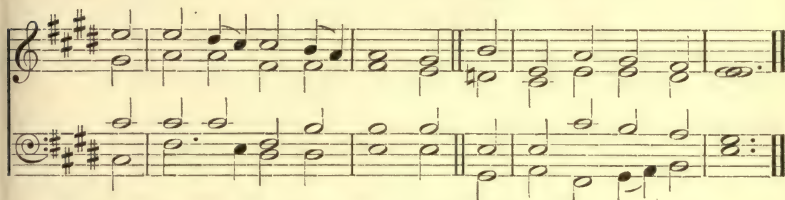
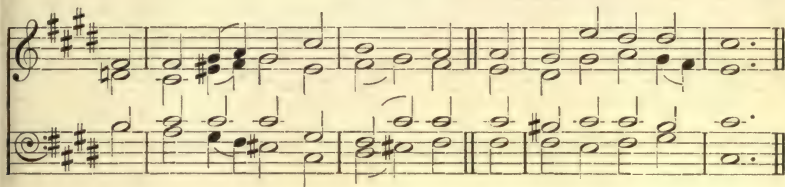
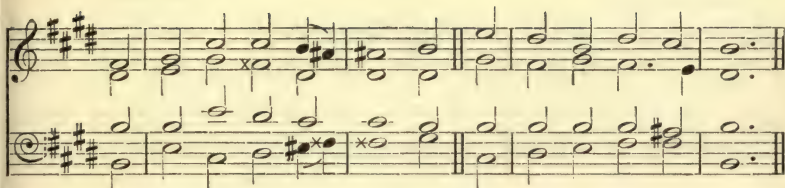


Alexandria (*Second Tune*).

86.76.76.76.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1844.





THERE'S a friend for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend who never changes,
 Whose love will never die ;
 Our earthly friends may fail us,
 And change with changing years ;
 This Friend is always worthy
 Of that dear name he bears.

2 There's a home for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy ;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare ;
 For every one is happy,
 Nor could be happier there.

3 There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually ;
 A song which even angels
 Can never, never sing ;
 They know not Christ as Saviour,
 But worship him as King.

4 There's a robe for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And a harp of sweetest music,
 And palms of victory.
 All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone ;
 O come, dear little children,
 That all may be your own.

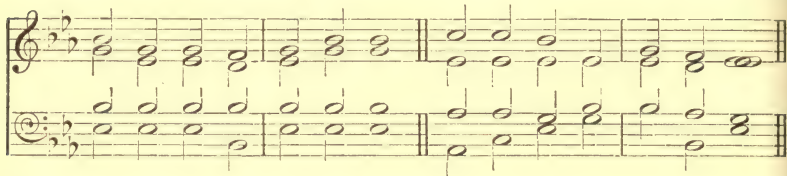
1859. *A. Midlane.*

Jesus loves me.

77.77. and Refrain.

847

W. B. BRADBURY, 1861.



JESUS loves me! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so;
 Little ones to him belong;
 They are weak, but he is strong.

*Yes! Jesus loves me!
 The Bible tells me so.*

2 Jesus loves me! he who died
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let his little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! he will stay
 Close beside me all the way,
 Then his little child will take
 Up to heaven, for his dear sake.

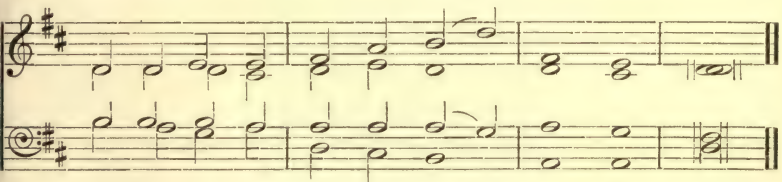
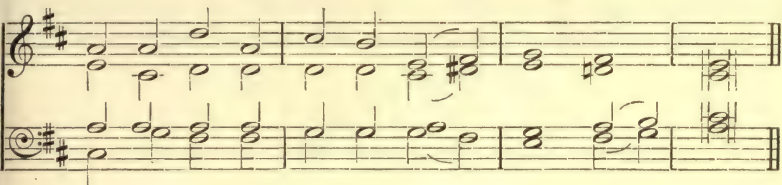
1859. Anna B. Warner.

Jesus bids us.

848

55.65.64.64.

Origin uncertain.



JESUS bids us shine
 With a pure clear light,
 Like a little candle
 Burning in the night ;
 In the world is darkness,
 So we must shine—
 You in your small corner,
 And I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine,
 First of all for him ;
 Well he sees and knows it
 If our light grows dim ;

He looks down from heaven,
 To see us shine—
 You in your small corner,
 And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine
 Then, for all around ;
 Many kinds of darkness
 In the world are found—
 Sin and want and sorrow ;
 So we must shine—
 You in your small corner,
 And I in mine.

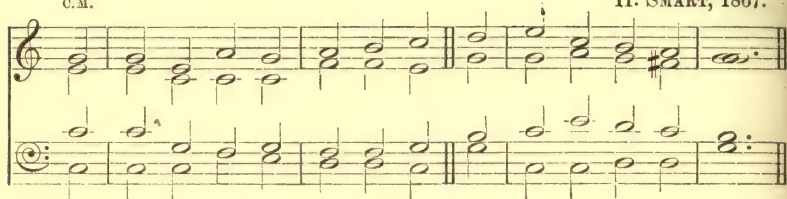
c. 1870. Susan Warner.

St. Leonard.

849

C.M.

H. SMART, 1867.



GOD make my life a little light,
 Within the world to glow ;
 A little flame that burneth bright,
 Wherever I may go.

2 God make my life a little flower,
 That giveth joy to all,
 Content to bloom in native bower,
 Although the place be small.

3 God make my life a little song,
 That comforteth the sad ;
 That helpeth others to be strong,
 And makes the singer glad.

4 God make my life a little staff,
 Whereon the weak may rest,
 That so what health and strength I have
 May serve my neighbours best.

5 God make my life a little hymn
 Of tenderness and praise ;
 Of faith—that never waxeth dim—
 In all his wondrous ways.

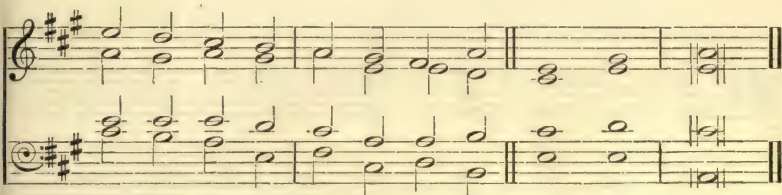
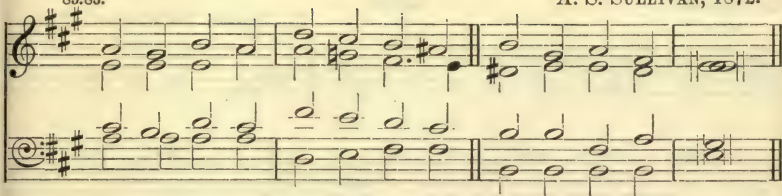
1873. *Matilda Betham-Edwards.*

Venite ad Me.

850

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

85.83.



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JESUS, Friend of little children,
Be a Friend to me;
Take my hand and ever keep me
Close to thee.

2 Teach me how to grow in goodness,
Daily as I grow;
Thou hast been a child and surely
Thou dost know.

3 Fill me with thy gentle meekness,
Make my heart like thine;
Like an altar lamp, then let me
Burn and shine.

4 Step by step, O lead me onward,
Upward into youth;
Wiser, stronger, still becoming
In thy truth.

5 Never leave me, nor forsake me,
Ever be my Friend;
For I need thee from life's dawning
To its end.

1876. W. J. Mathams

Vesperus.

L. M.

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H. BAKER, 1866 (comp. 1854).



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1.

THE day is done ;
 O God the Son,
 Look down upon thy little one.
 O Light of light,
 Keep me this night,
 And shed round me thy presence bright.

2.

I need not fear
 If thou art near ;
 Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.
 Thy gentle eye
 Is ever nigh,
 It watches me when none is by.

3.

Thy loving ear
 Is ever near
 Thy little children's prayers to hear.
 So, happily
 And peacefully
 I lay me down to rest in thee.

1882. *P. Caroline Dunsterville.*

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- AHLE, Johann Rudolph**, 1625-1673; *b.* at Mühlhausen. Organist of the Church of St. Blasius at Mühlhausen, 1649. 2.
- ALBERT, Heinrich**, 1604-1651; *b.* at Lobenstein. Organist of Königsberg Cathedral, 1632. Published a large collection of Arias in 8 volumes. 106, 190 (747).
- ALDRICH, Henry**, 1647-1710; *b.* at Westminster. Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, 1689. Chant 64 (?).
- ANACKER, August Ferdinand**, 1790-1854; *b.* at Freiberg, Saxony, where he became Cantor and Music Director in 1822. 39 (125).
- ANTES, John**, 1740-1811; *b.* at Philadelphia, Pa. Moravian Missionary at Cairo, 1769-1781. Warden at Fulneck, Yorks, 1786-1808. 117², 121 (189¹, 267).
- ATTWOOD, Thomas**, 1765-1838; *b.* in London. Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1796-1838. Chant 24.
- BACH, Johann Christoph**, 1642-1703; *b.* at Arnstadt. Uncle of J. S. Bach. Court Organist at Eisenach, 1665 183 (?).
- BACH, Johann Sebastian**, 1685-1750; *b.* at Eisenach. Cantor of the Thomasschule, Leipzig, 1723. Germany's greatest church composer. 150 (517), 357¹ (474), 655¹ (?).
- BAKER, Frederick George**, *b.* 1840, in the Isle of Wight, where he has since held posts as organist. 65¹.
- BAKER, Henry**, 1835-1910; *b.* at Nuneham. A civil engineer. 85¹.
- BAKER, Sir Henry Williams**, 1821-1877; *b.* in London. Vicar of Monkland, near Leominster, 1851. First Chairman of the Committee of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1859. 81¹.
- BARNBY, Sir Joseph**, 1838-1896; *b.* at York. Organist and Conductor. Edited *The Hymnary*, 1872. A prolific composer of hymn-tunes. 193, 443, 449, 548, 553 (682), 758; Chants 28, 51.
- BARTHÉLÉMON, François Hippolyte**, 1741-1808; *b.* at Bordeaux. A notable violinist. Composed much for the theatre and public gardens. 729¹.
- BATTISHILL Jonathan**, 1738-1801; *b.* in London. Organist of Christchurch, Newgate St., 1767. Composed first for the theatre and public gardens, but afterwards almost exclusively for the Church. 123; Chant 21.
- BEAN, James, d.** 1826. Vicar of Olney, Bucks, 1787-94; Assistant Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum from 1812-1826. 608.
- BISHOP, John**, 1665-1737. Organist of Winchester Cathedral, 1729. Published two collections of psalm-tunes. 818.
- BONNER, Carey**. Secretary of National Sunday School Union, Editor *Sunday School Hymnary*, &c. 222.
- BOOTH, Josiah, b.** 1852 at Coventry. Organist at Park Chapel, Crouch End, London, 1877. 490.
- BOURGEOIS, Louis, c.** 1500-c. 1561; *b.* at Paris. A Parisian musician, celebrated as having been in charge of the music at Geneva, 1541-1557, and having re-arranged and composed melodies for the Genevan Metrical Psalter. 34 (524, 525, 556, 557, 597, 765) (?), 97 (740) (?), 641 (650, 812) (?), 732² (?).
- BOYCE, William**, 1710-1779; *b.* in London. Organist at various churches in London. Composed oratorios, odes, and church music. Collected and edited older English church music. His *Cathedral Music* appeared 1760-1773. 459 (579).
- BOYD, William, b.** 1847. Vicar of All Saints', Norfolk Square, London, 1893. 345.
- BRADBURY, William Batchelder**, 1816-1868; *b.* at York, Maine, U.S.A. Organist and Teacher of Music. 847.
- BRIDGE, Sir John Frederick, b.** 1844, at Oldbury, Worcestershire. Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1882. 720.
- BROWN, Arthur Henry, b.** 1830, at Brentwood, Essex. Organist of the Church of St. Edward the Confessor, Brentwood, since 1858. 633, 737.
- CALKIN, John Baptiste**, 1827-1905; *b.* in London. Organist of St. Thomas's Church, Camden Town, 1870-1884. Professor at the Guildhall School of Music. 432 (514, 598.)
- CAMIDGE, Matthew**, 1764-1844; *b.* at York. Organist of York Minster, 1803-1842. Chant 68.
- CAMPION, Thomas, c.** 1567-1619. Poet, dramatist, composer, and physician. Published four books of *Ayres*, 1613. 774.
- CAREY, Henry**, 1692-1743; *b.* in London. Wrote plays, musical dramas, and burlesques. 697 (715).

- CARTER**, Edmund Sardinson, *b.* 1845, at New Malton, Yorkshire. Vicar of St. Michael-le-Belfrey, York, 1882. 12.
- CHETHAM**, John, *c.* 1700-1763: Schoolmaster and Curate at Skipton. Editor of *Chetham's Psalmody*, 1718, a collection that reached many editions and was popular for over a century and a-half. 240.
- CHOPE**, Richard Robert, *b.* 1830, at Bideford, Devon. Vicar of St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate, London, since 1865. Edited *The Congregational Hymn and Tune Book*, 1857, enlarged 1862; one of the earliest collections representing the mid-Victorian school of tune-writers. 10, 192, 802.
- CLARK**, Jeremiah, *c.* 1669-1707; *b.* in London. Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1695-1707. Wrote much for the stage. Regarded by some as the father of the modern hymn-tune. 148 (159, 555, 708, 823), 153 (723, 771), 179¹ (660, 768).
- CLARKE-WHITFIELD**, John, 1770-1836; *b.* at Gloucester. Organist of Hereford Cathedral, 1820-1832. Chant 15.
- CLEMENS**, Theodor Liley, *b.* 1858, at Baildon, Yorkshire. Moravian Missionary, Tobago, West Indies, since 1886. 298 (338).
- COLLIGNON**, Charles, M.D., 1725-1785; Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge 1753 till his death. 65²; Chant 13 (?).
- COOKE**, Robert, 1764-1814. Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1802-14. Chants 5, 44.
- COOMBS**, James Morris, 1769-1820; *b.* at Salisbury. Organist at Chippenham, Wilts, 1789-1820. 88 (309).
- COOPER**, George, 1820-1876; *b.* at Lambeth. Organist successively of many London Churches. Assistant-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1838; Chapel Royal, 1867. 258 (457, 489, 506).
- CORFE**, Joseph, 1740-1820; *b.* at Salisbury. Organist of Salisbury Cathedral, 1792-1804. Chant 4.
- COURTEVILLE**, Raphael.—It is not clear whether this was the Organist of St. James's, Westminster, 1691, who died in 1735, or the political writer who neglected his duties as organist, and died in 1772. 6 (532, 592).
- CROFT**, William, 1677-1727; *b.* at Nether Easington, Warwickshire. Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1708 till his death. Probably edited some editions of the *Supplement to the New Version of Psalms*. 3 (409) (?), 14 (516, 535) (?), 37 (317, 696, 770), 140 (428, 776), 288, 593, 652¹; Chant 29 (?).
- CROSTHWAITE**, John Clarke, 1799-1874; *b.* at Dublin. Precentor's Vicar in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, 1834; Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill with St. Andrew Hubbard, London, 1844. Chant 63.
- CROTCH**, William, 1775-1847; *b.* at Norwich. Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, at the age of fifteen. First Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, 1823. Chants 10, 35, 46.
- CRÜGER**, Johann, 1598-1662; *b.* at Guben. Cantor at St. Nicholas's, Berlin, 1622. His *Praxis Pietatis*, *c.* 1645, which ran to many editions, exercised a marked influence on German church music. 86 (354, 581, 583, 777), 96, 273 (529), 401, 478 (719), 590.
- DAMON**, William, *b.* 1540. Organist of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel. Edited *Psalms of David in English Metre*, 1579 and 1591. 236 (414, 663), 388.
- DARWALL**, John, 1731-1789; *b.* at Haughton, Staffordshire. Vicar of Walsall, 1769. 152¹ (450).
- DAVIES**, Henry Walford, *b.* 1869, at Oswestry. Organist of the Temple Church, London, 1898. 78¹.
- DAVIES**, Robert, 1814-1867. Lay Clerk at St. Asaph Cathedral, 1841-1866. Trainer of Welsh Festival Choirs. 164 (341).
- DAVIS**.—Known only by his double Chant in D, which has for long been attributed to Dr. Boyce. Chant 1.
- DAY**, John, 1522-1584; *b.* at Dunwich, Suffolk. Published Damon's *Psalms*, 1579; the *Whole Book of Psalms*, 1562. In 1563 issued the first English Psalter with the tunes in four parts. 91 (241, 572, 839).
- DOANE**, William Howard, *b.* 1832, at Preston, Connecticut, U.S.A. Published upwards of thirty collections of music for Church and Sunday School. 223².
- DRESE**, Adam, 1620-1701. *b.* presumably at Weimar. Court Musician at Weimar, 1655; Choirmaster at Arnstadt, 1683. Contributed 14 tunes to *Neumark's Lustwald*, 1657. 184 (307, 745).
- DYKES**, John Bacchus, 1823-1876; *b.* at Kingston-upon-Hull. Vicar of St. Oswald, Durham. One of the leaders of the mid-Victorian school of tune-writers. Composed about 300 hymn-tunes, seven appearing in the first edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and thirty-two in the editions of 1868 and 1875. 15, 16, 18, 52, 93¹, 120, 122, 147, 180², 189², 194¹, 197, 208 (683), 220², 275 (458², 543¹), 293, 305 (381), 368, 369², 384¹ (419), 417, 444², 612, 617¹, 781 (783), 828.
- EEBLING**, Johann Georg, 1637-1676. *b.* at Lüneburg. Cantor at St. Nicholas's, Berlin, 1662. Professor at Stettin, 1668. 59 (732²).
- EEBERHARD**, Carl Otto, 1711-1757; *b.* at Steinau, in Hanover. Joined the Moravian Church in 1740. Collaborated with Grimm in the compilation of his manuscript collection of 1755. 430.

- ELLIOTT, James William**, *b.* 1833, at Warwick. Organist of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, London, 1874-1909. Took an active part in the preparation of *Church Hymns*, 1874. 144 (547, 717), 508².
- ELVEY, Sir George Job**, 1816-1893; *b.* at Canterbury. Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, 1835-1882. Composed many kinds of sacred music. 19 (477, 714), 161, 580; Chants 3, 39, 58, 65.
- ESTE, Thomas**; *d. c.* 1609. Publisher and musician. Brought out the *Whole Book of Psalms* in 1592. 64 (206, 788, 791).
- EWING, Alexander**, 1830-1895; *b.* at Aberdeen. Though trained for the Law, entered the Army in 1855. Went to China and fought in the campaigns of 1860 and 1862. 220¹ (421, 423, 508¹).
- FABRICIUS, Werner**, 1633-1679; *b.* at Itzehoe in Holstein. Director of Music at the University Church, Leipzig, 1656, and in 1658 organist of St. Nicholas's. 312 (576).
- FARRANT, Richard**, *c.* 1530-1580. Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, *c.* 1564-1580. 322 (499, 630, 772) (?); Chant 33 (?).
- FELTON, William**, 1715-1769. Vicar-Choral of Hereford Cathedral, 1741; Vicar of Norton Canon, 1751-1769. Chants 27, 40.
- FILITZ, Friedrich**, 1804-1876; *b.* at Arnstadt. Edited *Vierstimmiges Choralbuch*, 1847; and a collection of chorales of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. 17 (811), 79, 394.
- FLEMING, Ferdinand**, 1778-1813; *b.* at Neuhausen, in Saxony. A distinguished member of the Berlin 'Liedertafel,' founded by Zelter in 1810. 739.
- FLIEDNER, Theodor**, 1800-1861; *b.* at Epstein, near Wiesbaden. Founder of many institutions of practical Christian work. Edited *Liederbuch für Kleinkinder-Schulen*, 1842. 841.
- FLINTOFT, Luke**, *d.* 1727; *b.* presumably at Worcester. Priest-Vicar of Lincoln Cathedral, 1704-1714. Chant 11.
- FOSTER, Myles Birket**; *b.* 1851, in London. Organist of the Foundling Hospital, 1880-1894. 95.
- FREYLINGHAUSEN, Johann Anastasius**, 1670-1739; *b.* at Gandersheim in Wolfenbüttel. Succeeded Francke, the Pietist, as Pastor of St. Ulrich's, Halle, 1727. His *Geistreiches Gesangbuch* of 1704, with its many editions, was epoch-making as regards church music. 5 (272, 644), 61, 62 (433, 483), 83 (200), 218¹, 250, 380, 410, 497, 528, 561, 567, 582 (667), 605², 687, 732¹ (743), 751.
- FRITZSCH, Ahasverus**, 1629-1701; *b.* at Mülcheln, Province of Saxony. Jurist; became Chancellor and President of the Consistory of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. 494.
- GARRETT, George Mursell**, 1834-1897; *b.* at Winchester. Organist of Madras Cathedral, 1854; St. John's College, Cambridge, 1857; to the University, 1873. Wrote much Church music. 239, 246 (360).
- GASTORIUS, Severus**. Cantor at Jena about 1670. 181 (703).
- GAUNTLETT, Henry John**, 1805-1876; *b.* at Wellington, Shropshire. Organist of several London churches from 1827. A prolific composer of hymn-tunes. Edited a large number of hymnals of different kinds from 1847. 25², 32 (456, 468, 805), 40 (538, 756), 442, 137, 201, 331, 364 (632²), 422, 793, 797², 846².
- GEE, Samuel**, 1834-1892; *b.* at Congleton, Cheshire. Organist of St. Mark's Church, Lewisham; later at Leek, Staffordshire. 285.
- GERLE, Hans**, *d.* 1570; *b.* at Nürnberg. A celebrated lute player and composer for his instrument. Edited *Musica Teutsch*, 1532. 374 (693).
- GIARDINI, Felice de**, 1716-1796; *b.* at Turin. Lived in England from 1750-1784. A celebrated violinist. Died at Moscow. 713 (759).
- GIBBONS, Orlando**, 1583-1625; *b.* at Cambridge. Organist of the Chapel Royal, 1604, Westminster Abbey, 1623. One of the greatest of English musicians and composers. 284 (661, 707, 801).
- GLADSTONE, William Henry**, 1840-1891; *b.* in London. Compiled *A Selection of Hymns and Tunes*, 1882. 49, 300 (366), 668.
- GOSS, Sir John**, 1800-1880; *b.* at Fareham Hants. Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1838-1872. Edited *Parochial Harmony*, 1826, and Mercer's *Church Psalter and Hymn Book*, 1855. 45, 152²; Chants 20, 37, 69.
- GRAHAM, Thomas**, 1800-1867. Organist of Wigan Parish Church, Lancs. Composer of vocal music. 531 (807).
- GREGOR, Christian**, 1723-1801; *b.* at Dirsdorf, Silesia. Organist at Herrnhut, 1742. Edited the first printed German Tune-book of the Renewed Moravian Church, 1784. From it are taken the following, probably composed by Gregor:—1, 69 (488, 549), 100, 111, 199 (460), 252 (379), 642, 671, 773²; Canticles 13 and 14. (See also Preface.)

- GRIMM, Daniel Johann, 1719-1760; *b.* at Stralsund, Pomerania. A teacher of music and composer of Arias, &c. Director of the music at Marienborn, 1748, and later Tutor at Hennesdorf, where he compiled his manuscript collection in 1755, from which are taken:—107, 109 (138, 570, 675), 115, 430, 585 (673, 677, 678); and from the Appendix: 332², 657 (662).
- GRUBER, Franz, 1787-1863; *b.* at Hochburg, Upper Austria. Roman Catholic Choir-master at Hallein. 787.
- HADOW, William Henry, *b.* 1859, at Ebrington, Glos. Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford, 1888. Lecturer and editor. 335.
- HARRISON, Ralph, 1748-1810; *b.* at Chinley, Derbyshire. Minister of Cross Street Unitarian Chapel, Manchester, 1771, till his death. Compiled *Sacred Harmony*, 2 vols. 1784-1791. 469.
- HASSLER, Hans Leo, 1564-1612; *b.* at Nürnberg. A musician employed in the service of Count Pügger, 1585, and in 1608 of the Elector of Saxony. Among many vocal compositions, he wrote two books of *Kirchengesänge*. 98.
- HAVERGAL, Frances Ridley, 1836-1879; *b.* at Astley, Worcestershire. Edited *Havergal's Psalmody*. 334, 702 (800).
- HAVERGAL, William Henry, 1793-1870; *b.* at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire. Father of the foregoing. Rector of Astley, Worcestershire, 1829-1842. Published a reprint of *Ravenscroft's Psalter*, 1844; *Old Church Psalmody*, 1847; *A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes* (original), 1859. 218², 336²; Chant 61.
- HAYDN, Franz Joseph, 1732-1809; *b.* at Rohrau, Lower Austria. Entered the service of Prince Esterházy in 1760. Wrote some hymn-tunes for Tattersall's *Improved Psalmody*, 1794, but known as a tune-writer chiefly through the use of his Austrian Anthem. 455 (543²).
- HAYES, Philip, 1738-1797; *b.* at Shrewsbury. Organist successively of three Oxford Colleges. University Professor, 1777. Chant 22.
- HAYES, William, 1706-1777; *b.* at Hanbury, Worcestershire. Organist of Magdalen College, Oxford, 1734-1777. 495 (769); Chant 54.
- HAYNE, Leighton George, 1836-1883; *b.* at St. David's Hill, Exeter. Rector of Mistley and Vicar of Bradfield, Essex, 1871. Edited, with Rev. H. W. Sergeant, *The Merton Tune Book*, 1863. 27 (825), 66 (485).
- HERBST, Martin, 1654-1681; *b.* at Röthenbach, in Bavaria. Rector of the Grammar School, 1680, and Pastor at Eisleben, where he died of the plague. 237 (259)(?).
- HERMAN, Nicolaus, c. 1485-1561. For a long time Cantor at Joachimsthal in the north of Bohemia. Published a versification of the Gospels, with tunes, 1560. 155¹.
- HERVEY, Frederick Alfred John, 1846-1910. Rector of Sandringham, 1878-1907; Domestic Chaplain to the King, 1901. 249 (437¹).
- HEWLETT, Thomas, 1845-1874; *b.* at Oxford. Held various posts as organist in Scotland. 736.
- HIGGINS, Edward, *d.* 1769. Vicar-Choral of Christchurch and St. Patrick's Cathedrals, Dublin, 1765. Chant 62.
- HINDLE, J. Chant 26.
- HOPKINS, Edward John, 1818-1901; *b.* at Westminster. Organist of the Temple Church, London, from 1843-1898. Editor of the *Temple Church Choral Service Book*, 1867. Composer of works for the organ and much Church music. 90 (370, 577), 163 (424, 471), 211 (786), 212, 337, 436 (821), 664, 813; Chants 6, 25, 31.
- HORSLEY, William, 1774-1858; *b.* in London. Organist of Belgrave Chapel, Grosvenor Place, 1812; Charterhouse, 1837. Edited two collections of Psalm Tunes. 340 (794).
- HOWARD, Samuel, 1710-1782; *b.* in London. Organist of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and St. Clement Danes, Strand. Wrote for the stage and public gardens as well as for the Church. 104 (434², 632¹).
- HULLAH, John Pyke, 1812-1884; *b.* at Worcester. Professor of vocal music. King's College, London, 1844-1874. Organist of the Charterhouse, 1858. Musical editor of R. Palmer's *Book of Praise*, 1858. 38 (817).
- IRONS, Herbert Stephen, 1834-1905; *b.* at Canterbury. Organist of Southwell Minster, Notts, 1857-1872; of St. Andrew's, Nottingham, 1876-1905. 363 (425), 742¹.
- ISAAK, Heinrich, c. 1450-c. 1517; *b.* in the Netherlands, or, according to some, at Prague. Choirmaster of the Church of St. Giovanni, Florence, c. 1488; Innsbruck, c. 1510. A prolific composer of motetts, masses, and chorales. 156 (387, 564, 730, 744).
- JACKSON, Thomas, c. 1715-1781. Organist and Master of the Song School at Newark, 1768. Composer of psalm-tunes and chants. 4 (28, 185, 566); Chant 2.
- JACOBS, William. Chaplain of New College, Oxford. Chant 43.
- JENNER, Henry Lascelles, 1820-1898; *b.* at Chislehurst, Kent. Vicar of Preston, near Sandwich, Kent, 1854; Bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand, 1866; returned to Preston, 1870. One of the Cambridge group which revived ancient hymnology, plainsong and ecclesiology. 402 (418).

- JEWSON, James Pentland, 1825-1889**; *b.* at Scarborough. Organist of Parish Church, Stockton-on-Tees. 270 (834).
- JONES, J.** Chant 8.
- JONES, William, 1726-1800**; *b.* at Lowick, Northamptonshire. Perpetual curate of Nayland, Suffolk, *c.* 1776. Wrote theological, philosophical, and scientific works in addition to Church music. 149 (596, 735).
- JOSEPH, Georg.** A musician in the service of the Bishop of Breslau in the middle of the seventeenth century. Wrote most of the tunes for Scheffler's *Heilige Seelenlust*, 1657. 21 (491, 537), 58 (568, 722), 328 (753).
- JOULE, B. St. John the Baptist, 1817-1895**; *b.* at Salford. Organist of St. Peter's Church, Manchester, 1853. Chant 67.
- JOWETT, Joseph, 1784-1856.** Rector of Silk-Willoughby, Lincolnshire, 1813. Editor of sacred music. 263 (440).
- KING, Robert, d. after 1711.** Musician in the band of William and Mary and of Queen Anne. 36.
- KINGHAM, Miss Millicent Douglas, b. 1866.** Formerly organist of St. Andrew's, Hertford. 492.
- KNAPP, William, 1698-1768**; *b.* at Wareham, Parish clerk of St. James's, Poole, Dorsetshire, for thirty-nine years. Published *A Sett of New Psalms and Anthems*, 1738; and *New Church Melody*, 1753. 504 (591, 710, 761, 762).
- KNECHT, Justin Heinrich, 1752-1817**; *b.* at Biberach, Württemberg. Director of music at the Biberach 'Latin School,' 1771-1792. Contributed 97 tunes to the Tune Book for Württemberg (*Vollständige Sammlung*), 1799, and 49 to the Bavarian *Choralbuch*, 1820. 174 (244, 623²), 269, 296, 355 (544).
- KNORR VON ROSENROTH, Christian, 1636-1689**; *b.* at Alt-Raudten, in Silesia. Entered the service of Count Palatine Christian August at Sulzbach in 1668. 324(?).
- KOCHER, Conrad, 1786-1872**; *b.* at Ditzingen. Organist of the Stiftskirche at Stuttgart, 1827-1865. Published his *Zionsharfe*, 1854-1855. 77 (484, 731).
- KONIG, Johann Balthasar, 1691-1758**; *b.* at Waltershausen, near Gotha. Director of the music in several churches at Frankfurt-am-Main. His *Harmonischer Liederschatz*, 1738, the richest tune-book of the eighteenth century, contains 1913 tunes. 9 (146)(?), 397 (616).
- KRIEGER, Adam, 1634-1666**; *b.* at Driesen in Brandenburg. Court Organist at Dresden, *c.* 1657. His *Arien* came out in 1667. 227¹ (562).
- LA TROBE, Christian Ignatius, 1758-1836**; *b.* at Fulneck, Yorks. Moravian Mission Secretary, 1784-1836. Edited the English Moravian Tune Book, 1790; enlarged edition, 1826; *Selection of Sacred Music*, 6 vols., 1806-1825. 110, 114 (229¹, 654¹), 151, 171¹ (213), 172 (674), 287 (645), 385 (536, 649), 725 (746).
- LA TROBE, Peter, 1795-1863**; eldest son of the foregoing; *b.* in London. Moravian Mission Secretary, 1836-1863. Edited the English Moravian Tune Book, 1854. 25¹ (136), 102¹ (470, 640), 214 (254, 306).
- LAHEE, Henry, 1826-1912**; *b.* at Chelsea. Organist of Holy Trinity, Brompton, 1847-1874. Edited tune-books and wrote cantatas, anthems, glees, &c. 365 (808).
- LAMPE, Johann Friedrich, 1703-1751**; *b.* in Saxony. Came to England as a bassoon player about 1725. Wrote the tunes for Charles Wesley's *Hymns on the Great Festivals*, 1746. 205².
- LANCASTER, Joseph, 1833-1880**; *b.* at Hunslet, Leeds. Organist at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds. Edited *Leeds Tune Book*, 1868. Composed Church music, ballads, dance music, &c. 700.
- LANGDON, Richard, c. 1729-1803**; *b.* at Exeter. Organist of Exeter Cathedral. 1753-1777. Chant 23.
- LANGRAN, James, 1835-1909**; *b.* in London. Organist of St. Paul's Church, Tottenham, from 1870. Edited the *New Mitre Hymnal*, 1875. 299 (339), 605¹.
- LAWES, Henry, 1595-1662**; *b.* at Dinton, Wiltshire. Organist of the Chapel Royal, 1660. 669¹; Chant 4.
- LEGGE, Alfred, b. 1843**, at Cambridge. Organist of the Parish Church, Ashford, Kent, 1865. 281.
- LEISENTRITT, Johann 1527 (?) - 1586**; *b.* in Olmütz. R. C. Dean of Bautzen. Editor of early R. C. Hymnals. 176 (435).
- LOCKHART, Charles, 1745-1815**; *b.* in London. First organist of the Lock Chapel, 1772, and from 1790-1797. Composed *A Sett of Hymn Tunes and Anthems for Three Voices*, 1810. 600.
- LOMAS, George, 1834-1884**; *b.* at Birch Hull, Bolton, Lancs. Organist at Didsbury and Barlow Moor. 224 (782).
- LUARD-SELBY, Bertram, b. 1853**, at Ightham, Kent. Organist of Rochester Cathedral since 1900. Nos. 117¹, 669¹, 844.
- LUTHER, Martin, 1483-1546**; *b.* at Eisleben, in Saxony. The great leader of the Reformation in Germany, and "Father of German Hymnody." Collaborated with Walther in providing his own and earlier hymns with tunes. 56 (785)(?), 256 (462, 623¹)(?), 373 (481, 552).
- MACFARREN, Sir George Alexander, 1813-1887**; *b.* in London. Professor of Music at Cambridge, 1875. Chant 57.
- MACLAGAN, William Dalrymple, 1826-1910**; *b.* in Edinburgh. Archbishop of York, 1891. 261.

- MACMEIKAN, John Alexander, *b.* 1849. Barrister and amateur musician. 8 (175).
- MAINZER, Joseph, 1801-1851; *b.* at Trèves. Trained for an engineer at Saarbrück, but entered the Church and became an abbé. Successful as a teacher and organiser of singing classes. 33 (57, 733¹).
- MAKER, Frederick Charles; *b.* 1844, at Bristol. From 1882 organist of Redland Park Congregational Church, Bristol. 50, 300 2, 666.
- MARTIN, Sir George Clement, *b.* 1844 at Lambourne, Berks. Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1888. Chant 71.
- MARTIN, George William, 1828-1881. Organist and conductor. Edited the *Journal of Part Music*, 1861-62. 434¹.
- MASON, Lowell, 1792-1872; *b.* at Medfield, Massachusetts. A great reformer of psalmody in the States. Combined with G. J. Webb in musical propaganda at Boston. 482 (797¹), 507.
- MATTHEWS, Richard Northon, *b.* 1860 at North Coates, near Grimsby. Vicar of Tetney, Lincs, from 1902. 795.
- MATTHEWS, Timothy Richard, 1826-1910; *b.* at Colmworth, near Bedford. Rector of North Coates, West Grimsby, 1869-1908. Edited the *North Coates Supplemental Tune-Book*, 1874. 796.
- MEDLEY, John, 1804-1892; *b.* in London. Bishop of Fredericton, 1845; Metropolitan of Canada, 1879. Chant 52.
- MEEN, Josiah Fountain, 1846-1909; *b.* at Hackney, London. Professor of the organ at the Guildhall School of Music, 1886. 221¹.
- MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, Jakob Ludwig Felix, 1809-1847; *b.* at Hamburg. Conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, 1835. 67.
- MERRICK, George Purnell, *b.* 1842, at Clifton, Bristol. Held various prison chaplaincies from 1877-1897. 498.
- MILLER, Edward, 1735-1807; *b.* at Norwich. Organist of Doncaster Parish Church, 1756-1807. Edited *Psalms of David*, 1790. 102² (291, 316, 651).
- MONK, Edwin George, 1819-1900; *b.* at Frome, Somersetshire. Organist of York Minster, 1859-1883. Editor of various hymnals and chant-books. 227² (367), 294 (721), 554.
- MONK, William Henry, 1823-1889; *b.* in London. Organist of St. Matthias's, Stoke Newington, 1853-1889. Musical editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and other important collections. 124, 154 (391, 551), 165, 198, 325 (824), 336¹, 416 (609, 621), 526, 603, 670, 752, 792, 816¹.
- MORNINGTON, Garret Wellesley, First Earl of, 1735-1781; *b.* at Dangan, Ireland. Father of the Duke of Wellington. First musical Professor of Dublin University, 1764. Chants 48, 72.
- NARES, James, 1715-1783; *b.* at Stanwell. Organist of York Minster, 1734-1756; Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, 1757-1780. Chant 41.
- NEANDER, Joachim, 1650-1680; *b.* at Bremen. Rector of the 'Latin School' at Düsseldorf. From his *Glaub- und Liebesübung*, 1680, are taken 74 (475) (?), 534 (?).
- NELSON, William, 1807-1866. Organist at Fulneck, Yorkshire, 1831-1866. 43 (356, 362), 89 (353, 565, 779); Chant 73.
- NEUMARK, Georg, 1621-1681; *b.* at Langensalza. Studied law and became Librarian of the Archives at Weimar, 1651. 26.
- NICOLAI, Philipp, 1556-1608; *b.* at Mengerhausen, Waldeck. Rector of St. Catherine's Church, Hamburg, in 1601. Two of the greatest German tunes, taken from his *Freudenspiegel*, 1599, are attributed to Nicolai. 157 (168, 389, 560, 684, 689) (?), 283 (672) (?).
- NORRIS, Thomas, 1741-1790; *b.* at Mere, Wilts. Lay Clerk of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, 1767. Chant 60.
- OAKELEY, Sir Herbert Stanley, 1830-1903; *b.* at Ealing, Middlesex. Professor of music at Edinburgh University, 1865-1891. 323, 420, 602, 837¹; Chant 53.
- OLIVERS, Thomas, 1725-1799; *b.* at Tregynon, Montgomeryshire. A shoemaker, converted through the preaching of George Whitefield. One of John Wesley's preachers. 171².
- OUSELEY, Sir Frederick Arthur Gore, 1825-1889; *b.* in London. Founder of St. Michael's College, Tenbury. Professor of music in Oxford University, 1855. 118, 215 (541, 738), 395¹, 444¹, 755; Chant 36.
- PAPE, Heinrich. Organist at Altona, 1640-1660. Composed tunes for Rist's hymns. 99.
- PARRATT, Sir Walter, *b.* 1841, at Huddersfield. Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, since 1882. Chant 66.
- PARRY, Sir Charles Hubert Hastings, *b.* 1848, at Bournemouth. Professor of music in Oxford University, 1900. 295 (574), 437².
- PARRY, Joseph, 1841-1903; *b.* at Merthyr Tydvil, S. Wales. Began life as a Welsh iron-worker. Wrote oratorios, operas, and choral works of all kinds, with some instrumental music. 384².
- PATTON, Arthur St. George, 1853-1892; *b.* at Belfast. Organist of St. Anne's, Dublin, 1881. Composer of hymn-tunes and editor. 487, 806, 842¹.
- PEACE, Albert Lister, 1844-1912; *b.* at Huddersfield. Organist of Glasgow Cathedral, 1879; St. George's Hall, Liverpool, 1897. Edited several Scotch hymnals. 195.
- PEARSALL, Robert Lucas de, 1795-1856; *b.* at Clifton. Barrister. Settled at Wartensee Castle, on the Lake of Constance, in 1832. Wrote Church music both for Roman Catholic and Anglican use. 757 (827).

INDEX OF COMPOSERS AND EDITORS.

- PETER, Christoph, 1626-1669; Cantor at Guben. Composer of tunes and editor. 636 (724).
- PLAYFORD, Henry, 1657-1710; *b.* in London. Publisher of music. Brought out *Harmonia Sacra*, 1687-1693; *Divine Companion*, 1701; third edition, 1709. 36, 1791 (660, 768), 288, 148 (159, 555, 708, 823), 153 (723, 771), 593.
- PURCELL, Henry, 1658-1695; *b.* presumably in London. * Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1680. Chants 56 (?), 77 (?).
- PURCELL, Thomas; *d.* 1682. Uncle of the foregoing. Master of the King's Band, 1672. Chants, 32, 34, 38.
- PYE, Kellow John, 1812-1901; *b.* at Exeter. Pianist and composer. Connected with the management of the Royal Academy of Music. Chant 9.
- QUANZ, Johann Joachim, 1697-1773; *b.* at Oberscheden, Hanover. Celebrated flute-player; entered the service of Frederick II. of Prussia in 1741. 790.
- RANDALL, John, 1715-1799; Organist of King's College, Cambridge, 1743-1799. Chants 13 (?), 49.
- RANGO, Conrad Tiburtius, 1639-1700; *b.* at Colberg. Distinguished both as Naturalist and as orthodox Lutheran Theologian. Professor and Pastor at Greifswald, 1690.
- RAVENSCROFT, Thomas; *b.* 1592. Chorister at St. Paul's Cathedral. Best known by his *Whole Book of Psalms*, 1621. 23 (187), 441 (392), 386 (681).
- REAY, Samuel, 1822-1905; *b.* at Hexham, Northumberland. Organist of the Parish Church, Newark-upon-Trent, 1864-1901. 301 (318).
- REDHEAD, Richard, 1820-1901; *b.* at Harrow, Middlesex. Organist of St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, 1864-1894. Edited *Church Hymn Tunes*, 1853; *Ancient Hymn Melodies*, 1859. 216 (371, 831), 229² (654 2, 775), 231 (260), 311 (452), 519, 838.
- REICHARDT, Luise, 1780-1826; *b.* at Berlin. Teacher of singing at Hamburg in 1814. 829.
- REIMANN, Johann Balthasar, 1702-1749; *b.* at Breslau. Organist at Hirschberg in 1729. 103.
- REINAGLE, Alexander Robert, 1799-1877; *b.* at Brighton. Organist of St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford, 1822-1853. Published two collections of hymn-tunes. 87 (247, 615, 804), 203 (441, 699).
- RENDALL, Edward Davey, *b.* 1858, at St. Rollright, Oxon. Music Master at Dulwich College, 1884; at Charterhouse School, 1901. 404 (415).
- RICHARDSON, John, 1816-1879; *b.* at Preston. Organist of St. Nicholas's Catholic Chapel, 1837, for over twenty years. 527.
- RIMBAULT, Edward Francis, 1816-1876; *b.* in London. Organist of the Swiss Chapel, Soho, 1832; St. Peter's, Vere Street, 1866-1871. An eminent musical antiquary. 529.
- RINK, Johann Christian Heinrich, 1770-1846; *b.* at Elgersburg, in Gotha. Court organist at Darmstadt, 1813. Celebrated as the Organ Prince of his day. 836.
- ROBINSON, Fanny (*née* Arthur); *b.* at Southampton. Published a sacred cantata, *God is love*, 1868, from which her tune *St. Monica* is taken. 431 (511, 729²).
- ROBINSON, John, 1682-1762. Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1727-1762. Chant 42.
- ROSENMÜLLER, Johann, *c.* 1615-1686; *b.* in the Electorate of Saxony. Court Musician at Wolfenbüttel. 412 (429, 638) (?).
- ROSENROTH (*see* Knorr von Rosenroth).
- RUSSELL, William, 1777-1813; *b.* in London. Organist of the Foundling Hospital, 1801. Chant 7.
- SANGSTER, Walter Hay, 1835-1899; *b.* in London. Organist of St. Saviour's, Eastbourne, 1880-1899. 611.
- SANKEY, Ira David, 1840-1908; *b.* at Edinborough, Pa., U.S.A. Associated with Moody as musical evangelist. 221 2.
- SCHEIN, Johann Hermann, 1586-1630; *b.* at Grünhain, in Saxony. Precentor at St. Thomas's School, Leipzig, 1615. Best known by his *Cantional*, 1627. 182 (264).
- SCHICHT, Johann Gottfried, 1753-1823; *b.* at Reichenau in Saxony. Cantor at the Thomasschule, Leipzig, 1810. His *Allgemeines Choralbuch*, 1819, contains nearly 300 tunes of his own composition. 359 (691).
- SCHLICHT, Ludolph Ernst, 1714-1769; *b.* at Berlin. Joined the Moravian Church in 1739; and served as Minister in various congregations in Germany and England. 107.
- SCHMID, Bernhard. Organist at Strasburg in 1577. 676.
- SCHMIDLIN, Johannes, 1722-1772; *b.* at Zürich. From 1743 pastor successively at Dietlikon, Wetzikon, and Seegraben. 145.
- SCHOLEFIELD, Clement Cotterill, 1839-1904; *b.* at Edgbaston, Birmingham. Conduct of Eton College, 1880; Vicar of St. Trinity, Knightsbridge, 1890-1895. 522, 614.
- SCHOP, Johann, *d.* 1664; *b.* probably at Hamburg. Choirmaster of the city of Hamburg. A celebrated violinist. Composed 97 tunes for Rist's hymns. 22 (131).
- SCHULZ, Johann Abraham Peter, 1747-1800; *b.* at Lüneburg. Court musician at Rheinsberg, 1780; Copenhagen, 1787. 20 (251), 709.
- SCOTT-GATTY, Sir Alfred, *b.* 1847 at Ecclesfield, Yorkshire. Pursuivant of Arms, Heralds' College, London, 1880. 760.

SELLE, Thomas, 1599-1663; *b.* at Zörbig, in Saxony. Cantor at Itzehoe, 1630; Hamburg Cathedral, 1641. 186 (286), 584.

SELNECKER, Nikolaus, 1528-1592; *b.* at Hersbrück, near Nürnberg. Court preacher at Dresden, 1557; Wolfenbüttel, 1570. Set music to the Passion. 727.

SEVERN, Thomas Henry, 1801-1861; *b.* in London. Teacher and composer of songs. 542.

SHEELES, John. Known only from his settings of the *Divine Odes and Hymns taken out of the Spectator*, c. 1721. 31.

SHRUBSOLE, William, 1760-1806; *b.* at Canterbury. Organist of Bangor Cathedral, 1782-1784. Afterwards organist of Spa Fields Chapel, London, of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, till his death. 1552.

SMART, Sir George Thomas, 1776-1867; *b.* in London. Organist of the Chapel Royal, 1822. Conductor of the earliest Philharmonic Concerts, and of provincial Festivals. 390.

SMART, Henry Thomas, 1813-1879; *b.* in London. Nephew of the foregoing. Organist of St. Luke's, Old Street, 1844-1864; St. Pancras Church, 1865-1879. Composer of operas, cantatas, organ pieces, part-songs, and Church music of every kind. 47, 68 (539), 108, 127 (344, 694), 143 (177), 188 (332¹), 266, 330 (446), 351 (849), 438¹, 822; Chant 19.

SMITH, Henry Percy, 1825-1898. Perpetual curate of St. Michael's, York Town, Farnborough, Surrey, 1851-1868; Vicar of Great Barnington, Suffolk, 1868-1882; Canon of Gibraltar, 1892. 51 (179², 289).

SMITH, Isaac; *d.* c. 1800. Clerk to the Alle Street Meeting House, London. 257 (665, 712).

SMITH, Samuel; *b.* 1821, at Eton. Organist of Windsor Parish Church, 1861-1895. 826.

SOHREN, Peter, *d.* c. 1692. Cantor at Elbing, c. 1683. Edited chorale books. 290.

SPIESS, Johann Martin; *b.* 1715, *d.* after 1766. Professor of Music and Organist of St. Peter's Church, Heidelberg; thence removed to Berne. 265 (573, 726).

STAINER, Sir John, 1840-1901; *b.* in London. Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1872-1888. Professor of Music in Oxford University, 1889-1899. 398, 442¹, 445, 820, 846¹; Canticle 15.

STEGGALL, Charles, 1826-1905; *b.* in London. Professor of the Royal Academy, 1851. Organist of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, 1855; Lincoln's Inn, 1864. Edited the 1904 edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. 113 (141), 130, 226 (833), 395², 426 (705), 613.

STEINER, Johann Ludwig, 1688-1761; *b.* at Zürich. Town trumpeter and singing master at Zürich, 1705. 458¹.

STEWART, Sir Robert Prescott, 1825-1894; *b.* in Dublin. Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, 1844. Professor at Dublin University, 1861. Edited the *Irish Church Hymnal*, 1874. Wrote cantatas, anthems, services, glees, and songs. 81² (704), 238, 320.

STÖRL, J. Georg Christian, 1675-1719; *b.* at Kirchberg, on the Jaxt. Court Choir-master and Organist at Stuttgart, 1704. 728 (?).

STRATTNER, Georg Christoph, c. 1650-1704; *b.* in Hungary. Choirmaster at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, 1682-1692. 133 (716).

SULLIVAN, Sir Arthur Seymour, 1842-1900; *b.* in London. Latterly confined himself chiefly to composing the music for Gilbert's comic operas. Wrote anthems, services, and hymn-tunes. Edited *Church Hymns*, 1874. 75, 126, 142 (692), 347, 405, 493 (718), 816², 850.

SUMMERS, James Lea, 1837-1881; *b.* in London. Composer and pianist. 277 (520).

SUMMERS, Joseph; *b.* 1843 in Somerset. Organist of Holy Trinity Church, Weston-super-Mare, 1863; at Melbourne, 1865. 297.

SWIFT, James Frederick; *b.* 1847, at Manchester. Organist of St. Bride's, Liverpool. Published many songs under the name of 'Godfrey Marks.' 843.

TALLIS, Thomas, c. 1520-1585. Organist at Waltham Abbey till 1540; Chapel Royal c. 1575-1585. Composed much Church music. An important link between pre- and post-Reformation Church music. 196 (503, 780), 741.

TANSUR, William, 1699-1783; *b.* at Dunchurch, Warwickshire. A somewhat eccentric musician. His *Compleat Melody; or The Harmony of Zion*, 1734, ran to many editions and some of the tunes in it are probably by Tansur himself. 228 (319) (?).

TESCHNER, Melchior. Cantor at Fraustadt, c. 1615. Later pastor at Oberprietschen. 24 (60, 82, 376).

THRUPP, Joseph Francis, 1827-1867. Vicar of Barrington, Cambridge. 1852. Theologian and hymn-writer. 73.

TORRANCE, George William, 1835-1907; *b.* in Dublin. Organist in Dublin till 1865. Acting-Principal of Trinity College, Melbourne, 1869. Composed oratorios and smaller pieces. Edited the *Irish Church Hymnal*, 1864. 80, 233 (399).

TOURS, Berthold, 1838-1897; *b.* at Rotterdam. Wrote much Church music, part-songs, &c. Musical adviser to Novello & Co., from 1878. 333¹ (819).

TROYTE, Arthur Henry Dyke, 1811-1857; *b.* at Killerton, near Exeter. Writer of devotional literature. Chant 54.

- TURLE, James, 1802-1882; *b.* at Somerton, Somersetshire. Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1831-1875. Composed little beyond chants and hymn-tunes. 92 (186¹, 427, 695), 158, 207, 343 (569), 357², 454, 617²; Chants 50, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78.
- TURNER, William, 1651-1740; *b.* at Oxford. Vicar-Choral of St. Paul's and Lay-Vicar of Westminster Abbey. 209 (413, 679) (?); Chant 17 (?).
- TURTON, Thomas, 1780-1864; *b.* in Yorkshire. Bishop of Ely. 1845. 35 (160, 479, 502).
- TYE, Christopher, *c.* 1497-1572; *b.* at Westminster. Organist of Ely Cathedral, 1541-1562. Commenced, but never completed, a rhythmical paraphrase of the Acts of the Apostles, 1553, from which the following tunes have probably been adapted:—64 (206, 788, 791) (?), 124, 288 (?).
- URHAN, Chrétien, 1790-1845; *b.* at Montjoie, near Aix-la-Chapelle. A celebrated violinist. Organist at St. Paul's Church, Paris. 439.
- VULPIUS, Melchior, *c.* 1560-1615; *b.* at Wasungen in Thuringia. Cantor at Weimar about 1600. Edited *Ein schön geistlich Gesangbuch*, 1609, from which are taken 271 (563), 647.
- WAGNER, Johann Gottlieb. Organist at Langenöls, Silesia, *c.* 1740. The date of his MS. collection is uncertain. 30 (348).
- WAINWRIGHT, John, 1723-1768; *b.* at Stockport. Organist of the Collegiate Church, Manchester, 1767. 71.
- WAINWRIGHT, Robert, 1748-1782. Organist of St. Peter's, Liverpool (now the Cathedral), 1775. 268.
- WALMISLEY, Thomas Attwood, 1814-1856; *b.* at Westminster. Organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1833; University Professor of Music, 1836. Chant 59.
- WALTHER, Johann, 1496-1570; *b.* in Thuringia. Luther's principal fellow-worker in the founding of Protestant Church music. It is uncertain how much in the early Lutheran collections is the Reformer's work and how much is Walther's. 53 (85), 225, 448, 634, 680.
- WEBB, George James, 1803-1887; *b.* at Rushmore Lodge, near Salisbury. Went to America in 1830. Organist at Boston. Associated with Lowell Mason in the spread of musical culture. 342.
- WEBBE, Samuel, 1740-1816; *b.* in Minorca. Organist of the Sardinian Chapel, London, about 1793. Composed glees and hymn-tunes. 278 (646, 701) (?), 594 (604, 618, 620, 734); *see also* 102².
- WEISSE, Michaël, 1480-1534; *b.* at Neisse, Silesia. A monk at Breslau. Moravian minister at Landskron and Fulnek. Edited the first German Moravian Hymn Book, 1531. 302, 447.
- WESLEY, Charles, 1757-1834; *b.* at Bristol. Son of Charles Wesley, the hymn-writer. Organist for many years at St. George's, Hanover Square. 84 (315), 635 (754).
- WESLEY, Samuel, 1766-1837; *b.* at Bristol. Son of Charles Wesley, the hymn-writer. Organist of Camden Chapel, now the Parish Church of Camden Town, 1824. 327 (480, 501); Chants 30, 47, 70.
- WESLEY, Samuel Sebastian, 1810-1876; *b.* in London. Son of Samuel Wesley. Organist successively of Hereford, Exeter, Winchester, and Gloucester Cathedrals. One of the foremost English Church composers. Edited the *European Psalmist*, 1872. 11 (464), 48 (465), 54, 93², 162 (248), 173, 178, 204, 205¹, 234, 235, 245 (280), 253 (773¹), 262 (463), 274, 279 (521), 282, 292, 346, 369¹, 372 (610), 375, 378 (595), 400, 438², 442², 509 (601, 749²), 742², 750, 778; Chant 12.
- WESSNITZER, Wolfgang; *c.* 1615-*c.* 1680. Court organist at Celle, *c.* 1655. 361 (393).
- WEST, John Ebenezer, *b.* 1863 at South Hackney. Organist at St. Mary's, Berkeley Square; then S. Hackney Parish Church. Composer of choral and organ music. Musical adviser to Novello & Co. 799.
- WEST, Lewis Renatus, 1753-1826; *b.* in London. Moravian minister in England. A great promoter of the study and practice of sacred music. 533 (606, 698).
- WHEALL, William, *d.* 1727. Organist of St. Paul's, Bedford, *c.* 1715. 403 (764).
- WILLIAMS, Aaron, 1731-1776. Published several collections of tunes. 102² (291, 316, 651), 152¹ (450), 546 (814).
- WILLIAMS, R. Vaughan, *b.* 1872 at Down Ampney, Wilts. Composer; Musical Editor of the *English Hymnal*, 1906. 784.
- WILLING, Christopher Edwin Cummings, 1830-1904; *b.* in Devon. An eminent conductor. Organist at the Foundling Chapel, 1848-79. Edited *The Book of Common Praise*, 1868. 845.
- WILSON, Hugh, 1766-1824; *b.* at Fenwick, Ayrshire. Originally a shoemaker, but later manager of a mill. Teacher and precentor. 350 (648).
- WITT, Christian Friedrich, *c.* 1660-1716; *b.* at Altenburg. Court organist at Gotha. Edited *Psalmodia Sacra*, 1715. 119 (304, 815) (?).
- WOODWARD, Richard, 1744-1777; *b.* in Dublin. Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, 1765. Chants 18, 45.

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Dix	77.77.77.	77, 484, 731
Dominica	S. M.	602
Dominus regit me	87.87 (Iambic).	194 ¹
Dresden	87.87.	46, 352, 835 ²
Drese (original form)	55.88.55.	184
Drese (later form)	55.88.55.	307, 745
Du bist, ja, Jesu, &c. <i>See</i> Selle		
Du Geist des Herrn	10.10.10.10.	605 ²
Du Lebensbrot	87.87.887.	290
Du meiner Seelen güldne Zier. <i>See</i> Angelus		
Dundee	C. M.	7, 191, 377
Easter Hymn	77.77 (with Hallelujahs).	123
Eastham	76.86 D.	444 ¹
Eastwell	11.10.11.10 (Dactylic).	837 ¹
Ebenezer	87.87 D.	217 ¹
Eccles	66.66 (Iambic).	669 ¹
Edina	65.65 D.	420
Egham	S. M.	209, 413, 679
Ein' feste Burg	{ 87.87.66.66.7. <i>or</i> 88.88.66.66.8. }	{ 373, 481, 552
Eisenach	88.88.88.	182, 264
Ellers	10.10.10.10.	664
Ely	L. M.	35, 160, 479, 502
Ely Place	L. M. D.	102 ¹ , 470, 640
Epiphany	11.10.11.10 (Dactylic).	73
Epworth	87.87 D.	204
Er wird es thun	10.11.10.11.10.4.	252, 379
Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort. <i>See</i> Spires		
Ermuntert euch	76.76 D.	169, 358
Ernststein	65.65.	843
Erskine	88.86.	668
Es ist das Heil	87.87.887.	530, 545

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Evelyns	65.65 D.	165
Eventide (Monk)	10.10 10.10.	752
Eventide (Smart)	C.M.	330, 446
Everton	87.87 D.	68, 539
Ewing	76.76 D.	220 ¹ , 421, 423 508 ¹
Excelsior	65.65 (18 lines).	346
Fahre fort, Zion	33.78.78.933.	5, 272, 644
Fairfield	S.M.D.	25 ¹ , 136
Farrant	C.M.	322, 499, 630, 772
Fatherland	55.88.55.	285
Fiat Lux	664.6664	16
Fliedner	87.87.	841
Forest Green	86.86.76.86.	78 ²
Franconia	S.M.	397, 616
Freuen wir uns	L.M.	447
Fröhlich soll	8.33.6 D.	732 ¹ , 743
Fulneck	66.77.77.	151
Genevan Psalm 42	87.87.77.88.	97, 740
Genevan Psalm 75	77.77 D.	135, 255, 451
Gerontius	C.M.	52
Gethsemane (Ouseley)	77.77.77.	118
Gethsemane (Tye-Monk)	77.77.77.	124
Gilboa	65.65 D.	372, 610
Gilead	87.87.	54
Glück zu, Kreuz. <i>See</i> Ringe recht		
Gobaith	87.87 D.	164, 341
Görlitz	L.M.	453, 505, 518, 589, 622
Gosterwood	76.76 D.	830
Gott, den ich als Liebe kenne	77.77 (10 lines).	751
Gott des Himmels	87.87.77.	190, 747
Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser. <i>See</i> Austria		
Gott sei Dank in aller Welt. <i>See</i> Lübeck		
Gott sei gelobet	5676.5676.99.33.76.	448
Gott will's machen	87.87.	458 ¹
Gottes Sohn ist kommen. <i>See</i> Ave		
Hierarchia	C.M.	590
Gräfenberg	87.87.	199, 460
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Haddo	S.M.D.	357 ²
Hamilton	S.M.	364, 632 ²
Hammersmith	86.886.	300 ¹ , 366
Hanover	55.55.65.65 or 11.11.11.11.	14, 516, 535
Haverhill	64.66.	742 ²
Hawarden	66.66 D. (Iambic).	442 ²
Hawkhurst	L.M.	201
Hawkridge	86.86.88.86.	378, 595
Heathlands	77.77.77.	266
Heaven	75.75.77.	844
Heil'ger Geist	777.	582, 667
Helmsley	87.87.447.	171 ²
Herbert	10.4.66.66.10.4.	526
Hermas	65.65 (12 lines).	702, 800
Herr Jesu	66.66.66 (Iambic).	218 ¹
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Görlitz		
Herr Jesu Christ, mein's Lebens Licht.		
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Herzlich lieb	887.887.88.88.4448.	676
Herzliebster Jesu	11.11.11.5.	96
Hesperus	L.M.	851
Hier liegt	86.86.88.86.	359, 691
Hill Top	11.10.11.10 (Iambic).	404, 415
Himmel, Erde	77.77.	133, 716
His for ever	87.87 D. (Iambic).	193
Höchster Priester	77.77.	567
Höchster Priester (Gregor). <i>See</i> Gregor's		
Twelfth		
Holborn	S.M.	546, 814
Hollingside	77.77 D.	384 ¹ , 419
Horbury	64.64.664.	369 ²
Horsley	C.M.	340, 794
Hosanna we sing	Irregular.	828
Houghton	55.55.65.65.	44 ²
How sweet thy dwellings	88.88.10.10.	287, 645
Hursley	L.M.	749 ¹
I love to hear	76.76 D.	797 ²
I will rejoice	98.98.99.664.	586
Ich dank' dir schon	L.M.	639
Ich halte treulich still	S.M.D.	357 ¹ , 474
Ich seh' in bangen Bussideen	98.98 D.	657, 662
Ich wart' auf dich	10.10.10.10.	83, 200
Ich werd' erfreut	76.76 (Trochaic).	653 ²
Ihr Christen	76.76 D.	401
Illsley	L.M.	818
In Christo	55.5.11.	202, 496, 627
In Memoriam (Maker)	888.4.	666
In Memoriam (Stainer)	86.76.76.76.	846 ¹
In the field with their flocks abiding	Irregular.	799
Innocents	77.77.	314, 789
Innsbruck	886.888.	156, 387, 564, 730, 744
Integer vitae	11.11.11.5.	739
Irby	87.87.77.	793
Irene	777.5.	522
Irish	C.M.	232, 406, 631
Jedburgh	77.77 D.	117 ²
Jesu, du Hoffnung	11.10.11.10 (Dactylic).	619, 837 ²
Jesu, Jehovah	11.10.11.10.11.10.	223 ¹
Jesu, komm	77.77.	312, 576
Jesu, komm doch selbst zu mir. <i>See</i>		
Herrnhut		
Jesu, Kraft	87.87.447.	324
Jesu Kreuz	77.77 D.	647
Jesu Kriste	888.4.	134
Jesu, meines Lebens Leben. <i>See</i> Wessnitzer		
Jesus bids us	55.65.64.64.	848
Jesus Christus	76.76 (Trochaic).	653 ¹
Jesus loves me	77.77 (with Refrain).	847
Jesus, meine Zuversicht	78.78.77.	310, 408
Kerry	S.M.	263, 440
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La Trobe	77.77.77.	114, 229 ¹ , 654 ¹
Laudes Domini	666.666.	548
Laus tibi Christe	11.11.11.11 (Trochaic).	550
Lea	C.M.	277, 520
Leintwardine	88.88.88.	375
Leominster	S.M.D.	434 ¹
Leoni	66.84 D.	540, 578
Lève le cœur, ouvre l'oreille. <i>See</i> Com- mandments		
Liebe, die du mich	87.87.77.	183
Liebster Jesu, liebstes Leben	877.8.877.3.877.12.14.	625
Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier	78.78.88.	2
Limpsfield	73.73.7773.	490
Lincoln's Inn	L.M.	226, 833
Llangloffan	76.76 D.	219
Lo, He cometh	87.87.447.	171 ¹ , 213
Lob Gott	76.76 D.	374, 693
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London New	C.M.	29, 170, 276, 711
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Macht hoch die Thür	88.88.88.66.	528
Magdalen College	886.886.	495, 769
Mainzer	L.M.	33, 57, 733
Manchester New	C.M.	268
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Mara	66.86.88.	234
Margaret	Irregular.	796
Martyrdom	C.M.	350, 648
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Mein Jesu	98.98.99.	642
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Mein Jesu, der du mich. <i>See</i> Rambach		
Meine Hoffnung	77.77.77.	655 ²
Meiningen	77.77.77.	575
Melcombe	L.M.	594, 604, 618, 620, 734
Melita	88.88.88.	781, 783
Mendelssohn	77.77 D. (with Refrain).	67
Metzler's Redhead, No. 14	L.M.	311, 452
Metzler's Redhead, No. 66	C.M.	231, 260
Metzler's Redhead, No. 103	76.76 (Iambic).	838
Miles' Lane	C.M.	155 ²
Mir nach, spricht Christus. <i>See</i> Eisenach		
Mirfield	87.87 D.	476
Missionary	76.76 D.	482, 797 ¹
Mit Freuden zart	87.87.887.	303
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Moccas	S.M.	203, 441, 699
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Morgenstern	77.837.	61
Morning Hymn	L.M.	729 ¹

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Moscow	664.6664.	713, 759
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Munich	76.76 D.	349
Narenza	S. M.	176, 435
National Anthem	664.6664.	766, 767
Nativity	C. M.	365, 808
Nelson	L. M.	89, 353, 565, 779
Neumark	98.98.88.	26
Newington	77.77.	261
Newton	77.77.77.	725, 746
Nicea	11.12.12.10.	18
Nicht so traurig (Bach)	77.77.77.	655 1
Nicht so traurig. <i>See</i> Meiningen		
Noel	C. M. D.	75
Nottingham (St. Magnus)	C. M.	148, 159, 555, 708, 823
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Nun das alte Jahr ist hin	77.77.77.	561
Nun freut euch. <i>See</i> Luther's Hymn		
Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland. <i>See</i> Veni Redemptor		
Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben. <i>See</i> Wittenberg		
Nun lasst uns Gott dem Herren. <i>See</i> Wach auf, mein Herz		
Nun ruhen	776.778.	636, 724
Nun seht und merket. <i>See</i> Atonement		
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Nun treiben wir	L. M.	105
O Anblick, der mir's Herze bricht	889.889.	111
O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte	88.88.88.	30, 348
O der alles hätt' verloren	87.87.	380
O der alles hätt' verloren (Gregor). <i>See</i> Gregor's Sixteenth		
O du Hüter Israel	7.84.73.88.7.	497
O du Liebe	87.87 D.	332 2
O gesegnetes Regieren	87.87 D.	512, 587, 688
O happy day	L. M.	333 1, 819
O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden. <i>See</i> Passion Chorale		
O Herre Gott	88.88.88.	773 2
O Jesu, sieh	L. M.	1
O Mensch sieh, wie hie auf Erdreich. <i>See</i> Stabat Mater		
O perfect Love	11.10.11.10 (Iambic).	758
O Seigneur, loué sera. <i>See</i> Genevan Ps. 75		
O tell me no more	55.11.	313
O Ursprung	11.11.66.11.11.	186, 286
O Welt, ich muss dich lassen. <i>See</i> Innsbruck		
O Welt, sieh	886.888.	100
O wie sehr lieblich. <i>See</i> Aj jak sou mili Ohne Rast und unverweilt. <i>See</i> Vienna		
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Pax Dei	10.10.10.10.	612
Pearsall	76.76 D.	757, 827
Pentecost	L.M.	345
Petra (Redhead 76)	77.77.77.	229 ² , 654 ² , 775
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Pilgrims	11.10.11.10.9.11.	438 ¹
Potsdam	S.M.	150, 517
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Preis, Lob	89.89.10.12.	690
Psalm 32	66.66 (Iambic).	669 ²
Pulford	S.M.D.	25 ²
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Rambach	665.665.	643
Ramoth	77.77 D.	432, 514, 598
Randolph	9.88.9.	784
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Rest (Stainer)	88.88.88.	445
Rex gloriæ	87.87 D.	108
Ringe recht	87.87.	243, 748
Rivaulx	L.M.	15
Rockingham	L.M.	102 ² , 291, 316, 651
Ruth	65.65 D.	826
Rutherford	76.76.76.75.	439
St. Aëlred	888.3.	93 ¹
St. Agnes	10.10.10.10.	605 ¹
St. Agnes, Durham	C.M.	180 ²
St. Albinus	78.78.4.	137
St. Alphege	76.76 (Iambic).	422
St. Anatolius	76.76.88.	737
St. Anne	C.M.	37, 317, 696, 770
St. Austin	664.6664.	395 ¹
St. Barnabas	65.65 D.	334
St. Basil	L.M.D.	70, 94
St. Beatrice	76.76 (12 lines).	720
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St. Bernard (Monk)	L.M.	154, 391, 551
St. Bernard (Richardson)	C.M.	41, 571, 809
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St. Clement	98.98.	614
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St. Columba (McMeikan)	C.M.	8, 175
St. Constantine	65.65.	603
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St. Fulbert	C. M.	32, 456, 468, 805
St. Gabriel	88.84.	755
St. George (Gauntlett)	S. M.	40, 538, 756
St. George (Herman)	C. M.	155 1
St. George's, Windsor	77.77 D.	19, 477, 714
St. Gertrude	65.65 (12 lines).	347
St. Godric	66.66.88.	147
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St. Hugh	C. M.	90, 370, 577
St. James	C. M.	6, 532, 592
St. John	66.66.88.	558
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St. Lambert	65.65.	192
St. Lawrence (Hayne)	L. M.	66, 485
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St. Mary	C. M.	112, 659
St. Matthew	C. M. D.	140, 428, 776
St. Matthias	88.88.88.	416, 609, 621
St. Michael	S. M.	641, 650, 812
St. Monica	L. M.	431, 511, 729 2
St. Nicolas	87.87.	216, 371, 831
St. Ninian	77.77.77.	294, 721
St. Oswald	87.87.	275, 458 2, 543 1
St. Peter	C. M.	87, 247, 615, 804
St. Peter's, Westminster	87.87.447.	158
St. Philip (Barnby)	10.10.10.44.	443
St. Philip (Monk)	777.	198
St. Raphael	87.87.47.	337
St. Saviour	C. M.	65 1
St. Sepulchre	L. M.	258, 457, 489, 506
St. Silas	86.86.86.	700
St. Simon	C. M. D.	86, 354, 581, 583, 777
St. Stephen	C. M.	149, 596, 735
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St. Thomas	87.87.447 or 87.87.87.	607, 706
St. Werburgh	64.64.664.	238
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Salve Caput	76.76 D.	298, 338
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Sinners' Redeemer	64.64.10.10 or 10.10.10 10.	321, 510
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Southwell (Irons)	C.M.	363, 425
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Stabat Mater	888.	326
Stephanos	85.83.	81 ¹
Stille Nacht	Irregular.	787
Stockport	10.10.10.10.10.10.	71
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Stuttgart	87.87.	119, 304, 815
Supplication	77.77 D.	117 ¹
Surrey	88.88.88 <i>or</i> 44.8.	697, 715
Swabia	S.M.	265, 573, 726
Sweeter sounds	77.77.	214, 254, 306
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Tallis's Ordinal	C.M.	196, 503, 780
Tantum ergo	87.87 D.	278, 646, 701
Tara	C.M.	88, 309
Taunton	886.888.	172, 674
Tetworth	87.887.	239
The Blessed Home	66.66 D. (Iambic).	442 ¹
The Ninety and Nine	Irregular.	221 ²
Theodora	54.54 D.	281
Tichfield	77.77 D.	527
'Tis finished now	466.57.44.	110
Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier. <i>See</i> Dix		
Trinity College	L.M.	305, 381
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Uffingham (St. Luke)	L.M.	179 ¹ , 660, 768
Ulm	77.77.	411, 513, 515
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University College	77.77.	331
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Vater unser	88.88.88.	256, 462, 623 ¹
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Vaughan	5.5.11 D.	212
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Veni Immanuel	88.88.88.	166
Veni Redemptor	77.77.	53, 85
Veni Sancte Spiritus	88.88.88.99.44.	680
Venite ad Me	85.83.	850
Verbum Pacis	66.84.	224, 782
Vexillum	65.65 (12 lines).	822
Vienna	77.77.	355, 544
Vigil	64.64.6764.	487
Vigilate	77.73.	336 ¹
Vom Himmel	L.M.	56, 785
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